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Six-metres rounding the second mark in the first race of the recent series off San Pedro. *Maybe* leading, followed by *Lanai, Ayayay* and *Priscilla.*

East and West Meet on the Pacific

Mid-Winter Regatta off Los Angeles Brings Together a Fine Fleet and Furnishes Excellent Sport

By HERBERT L. STONE

FOR the first time in the history of yachting in this country a fleet of Eastern boats was sent to the Pacific in March to meet the West Coast sailors in their home waters, and intersectional racing between the two seaboards was thus inaugurated. The resulting series, sailed off Los Angeles Harbor between March 10th and 18th, was intensely interesting and fully justified the efforts of those who arranged the meeting, and who visioned in it a widening interest and a broadening outlook in yacht racing.

Now it's a long way from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific, but when after the successful mid-winter regatta of last year, promoted by the newly formed Skippers Club of Los Angeles, the Western yachtsmen invited the Eastern sailors to participate in this year's event, the distance did not deter the latter from sending a ready acceptance and taking steps to get a representative fleet together to make the long journey. As the Eastern boats had to be shipped out by steamer, via the Panama Canal, the 20-rater and the 6-metre classes were the ones decided upon in which to sail. This was all very well for the Easterners, but while the west coast yachtsmen had a fine fleet of "R's," they had no "Sixes" at all and were unprepared to race in that class. With characteristic energy they immediately set about correcting the deficiency, and the San Francisco sailors purchased three "Sixes," while at Los Angeles they ordered two new ones to be built which, with one they already had, gave them three. In the R Class, San Francisco responded with the entry of the *Lady Gay*, while the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club, in British Columbia, sent down its best 20-rater in order to lend an international aspect to the racing.

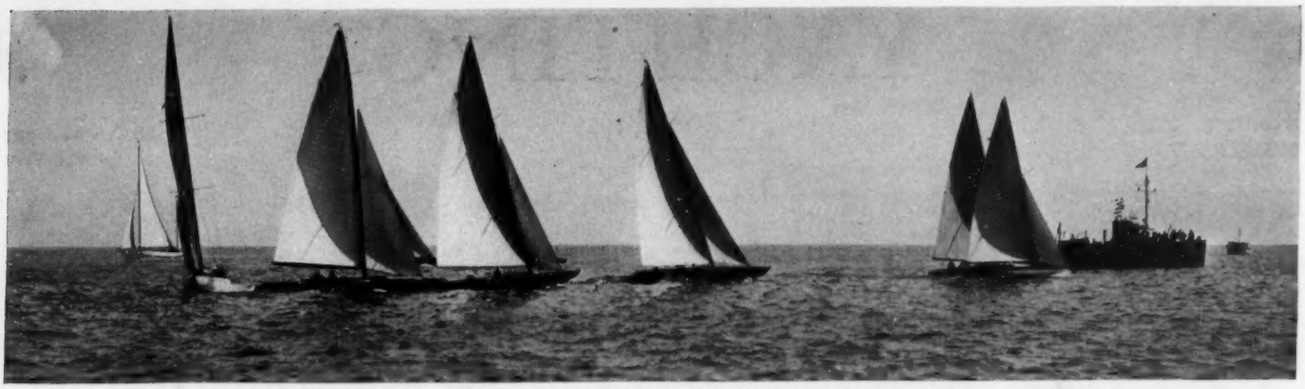
Lanai in the hard going of the last race.

So the complexion of the fleet that gathered off San Pedro for the first race on March 10th was as follows:

East — Class R. *Live Yankee*, C. A. Welch.

Six-Metre Class. *Lanai*, Clifford D. Mallory; *Clytie*, Henry B. Plant; *Priscilla*, W. A. W. Stewart (sailed by Ralph Ellis).

West — Class R. *Friendship*, Owen Churchill; *Pirate*, Don Lee; *Heather*, Al Christie; *Patricia*, Davis Bros., all from Los Angeles; *Lady Gay*, Hart Weaver, San Francisco; *Lady Pat*, Ronald Maitland, Vancouver; and *Maribel*, Samuel Dauchy and L. Brauer, San Diego.



A start in the 20-rater Class. (Right to left) *Patricia, Pirate, Friendship, Lady Pat, Live Yankee.*

Six-Metre Class. *Maybe*, Arthur Rousseau; *Ayayay*, a new Estlander boat owned by Stuart Haldorn; *Corinthian III* (ex-*Clio*), Charles A. Langlais, all from San Francisco; *Synnove*, a new Anker boat owned by a Newport Harbor Y. C. syndicate; *Harpoon*, a new boat designed by Nick Potter and owned by Smith & Angleman, and *Smiles* (ex-*Peggy*), J. Stick, owner, sailed by Harry Fisher.

In addition to these there was a class of 45-footers, numbering eight boats, which raced on four of the eight days of the regatta.

The fleet was thus a representative one, containing some of the best of the Eastern boats, and several of the "Sixes" which raced on the Sound in the international races and trials last September.

Southern California is noted for its climate and the steadiness of its breezes. To those of us from the East who were sailing on the Pacific for the first time, neither appeared to have been over emphasized, and the weather throughout the whole series was ideal for yacht racing. The westerly winds blow regularly down the coast, day after day, generally coming in about noon and freshening steadily to a good, whole sail breeze as the afternoon advances, and usually blowing fresh for the last lap or leg of the course. On only two of the days was the wind so light as to make the racing uninteresting, and even on these days it freshened before the race was half over. As the courses were laid out on the open Pacific, off Point Firmin, there was usually a heavy swell rolling in from seaward, which at times was steep, but whenever there was a breeze it did not bother the yachts. The conditions were never fluky, as we know them in the East, and there was thus no necessity to go "wind hunting." Thus with, on the whole, true wind conditions, and breezes that varied on the eight days of racing from light to 30 miles in strength, a chance was had to test the yachts in all kinds of going.

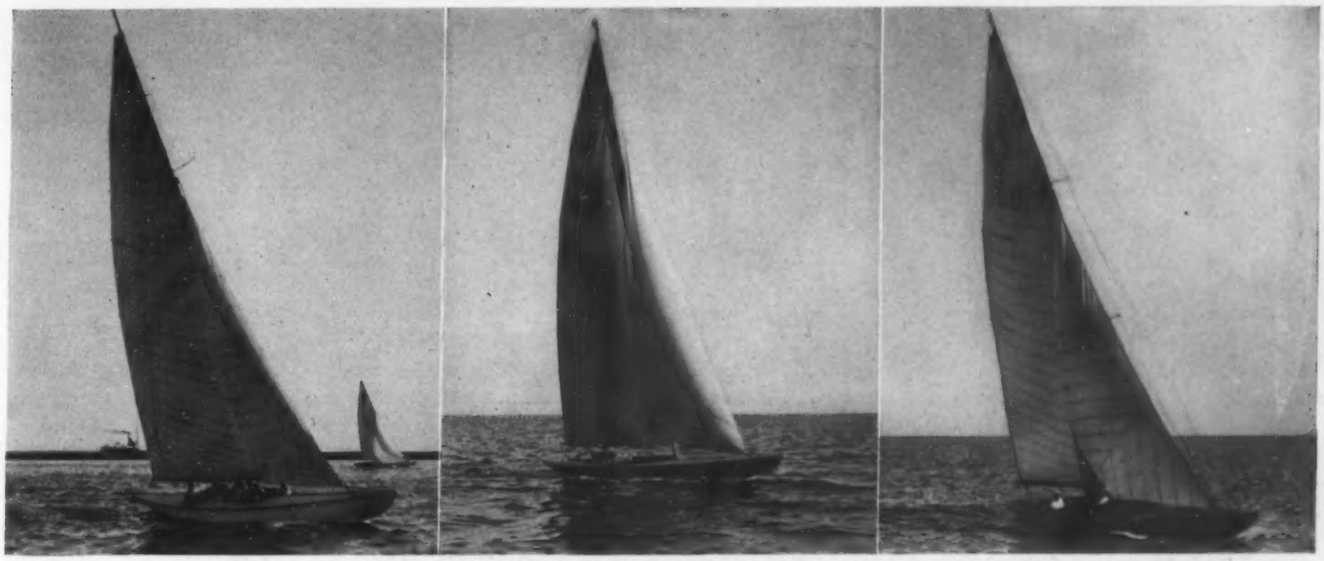
The racing was divided into two series; the first consisting of five races, on the point system, every boat for herself; and the second a team match for the Six-metre Class, of three teams of three boats each, one from San Francisco, one from Southern California, and one from the East. As no such division could be made in the R Class the second series between the 20-raters was another individual match of three races, on points.

How the Races Were Sailed

The first race, on March 10th, found the whole fleet out early with every skipper anxious to get some kind of a line on his competitors. "Ron" Maitland, in the R Class, got the windward berth at the start, and on the three-mile beat to windward, *Lady Pat* and *Live Yankee* had a fine struggle in the light going, with the latter,

(Left) *Friendship*, owned by Owen Churchill, was the best of the Southern California "R's" in the series.

Charles A. Welch's *Live Yankee* showed her heels to the class and took five firsts out of seven starts.



Three of the new "Sixes" that appeared at San Pedro. (Left) *Synnove*, an Anker boat, Nick Potter's *Harpoon* (center), and *Ayayay*, an Estlander design.

sailing like a witch in her own conditions, soon opening up a lead which she never relinquished at any time over the 9½ mile course. Nothing could stop the Boston boat, and as the wind freshened she lengthened out her lead to 3 minutes and 7 seconds at the finish. Owen Churchill's *Friendship*, sailed by her owner, was camping right on the trail of *Lady Pat*, and was 1 minute and 9 seconds astern of the Canadian as they finished.

In the Six-metre Class *Lanai* and *Maybe* got the best of the start, and these two had it nip-and-tuck around the entire course. In the light going of the first leg Ralph Ellis took *Priscilla* into the lead, followed by *Maybe* and *Lanai*. On the second leg, a reach, *Priscilla* dropped back to fourth position, *Maybe* still holding a narrow lead over *Lanai*, with *Ayayay* third. On the mile beat to the finish line, in a fresh breeze, *Lanai* caught *Maybe* close to the finish and just squeezed by the latter by the narrowest of margins as *Rousseau* tacked to starboard to stand for the finish, and crossed 30 seconds to the good. *Ayayay* was third. In the 45-foot class *Almardine* won on corrected time.

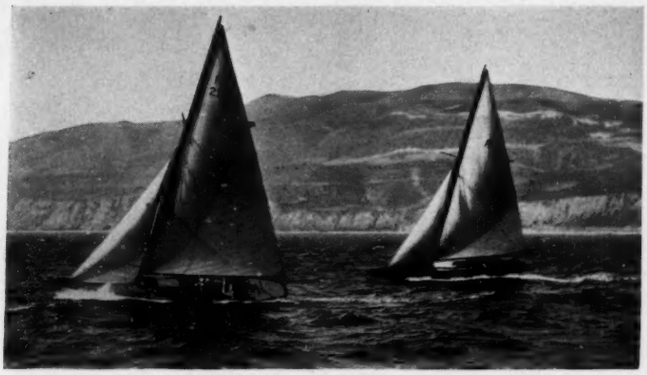
The second race was sailed in a very light breeze from the Southeast, hauling westerly, and for two legs of the course the race was pretty much of a drifting match, with hardly enough wind to keep spinnakers or big jibs full in the heavy swell. As the boats neared the third mark of the six-mile triangular course the wind hardened and gave a long leg and a short one to the finish. The fleet was well spread out at the finish, but *Friendship* found the weather to her liking and Churchill landed her in first place, beating *Lady Pat* handsomely by four minutes flat, the latter taking second place, two minutes and 35 seconds ahead of *Live Yankee*.

In the "Sixes," *Corinthian III* (ex-*Clio*) was well sailed in the light airs by Charles Langlais, who handed the other boats a bad beating. Nick Potter landed *Harpoon* in second place 4 minutes and 22 seconds astern of the winner. *Priscilla*, *Smiles*, and *Synnove* crossed the line lapped, and right on *Harpoon's* heels. *La Volpe* won in the 45-foot class.

In the third race the wind was again light at the start, but soon freshened and good time was made over the 12-mile triangular course. *Lady Pat*, which had been right up in the running in the previous races, showed her transom to the other "R's" and led practically around the entire course. *Live Yankee* gave her the best race, but Maitland gradually increased his lead over the Boston boat and led her by three minutes flat at the finish. *Friendship* was third, well astern of the Welch boat. *Priscilla* "came through" among the "Sixes." She and *Lanai* got all the best of the start, and made the racing, with *Harpoon* slipping in between them on the last leg down the wind to take second place from the Eastern boat by 34 seconds. *Clytie* came up fast from astern and nailed fourth place. *Harpoon* proved fast in the light going.

The breezes were now getting back to their accustomed strength and the fourth race was sailed in a good, whole sail breeze, which was about all the "Sixes" wanted with their big jibs. In this series no less than six of this class used these sails with which the Scandinavians trimmed us last September at Oyster Bay. Just so that no one would get a monopoly on first place, Stuart Haldorn's *Ayayay* "came through" with a win in this race, increasing her lead on each of the last three legs. "Cliff" Mallory landed *Lanai* in second place just 7 seconds ahead of *Maybe*, but nearly one minute behind the flying *Ayayay*, which this day sailed very fast. *Live Yankee* again won in the R Class, Tommy Lee's *Pirate* being second this time, *Lady Pat* having to be contented with third place.

Lady Pat, Ronald Maitland's Vancouver "R," gave *Live Yankee* a hard fight and took second honors.



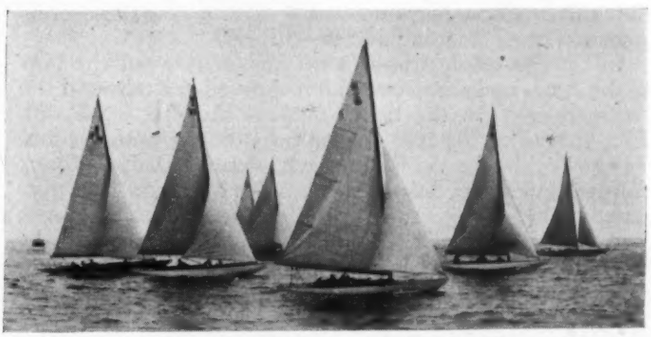
Maribel, sailed by Sam Dauchy, won the second series. *Pirate* and San Pedro Hill in the background.

Priscilla, sailed by Ralph Ellis, won the first series and the Meyer Challenge Cup.

On points *Live Yankee* now led *Lady Pat* in Class R by 29½ points to 28¼, while in the "Sixes," *Lanai*, with 28¼ was two up on *Priscilla*, and only one more race to go for the perpetual challenge trophies in these classes. This last race of the first series was sailed mostly in a light, but true breeze, the course being L shaped, with an eight-mile windward and leeward leg, and a four-mile reaching leg, a total of twelve miles. All the skippers were anxious to be well placed at the start, with the result that *Patricia* and *Pirate* in Class R, and *Harpoon* in the Six-metre Class, were over too soon and had to be recalled. *Lady Pat* and *Live Yankee*, the leaders in points in their class, had a hot race all around the course, but the latter worked out a short lead in the beat to the weather mark, and *Lady Pat* was never able to catch her on the run and reach. *Live Yankee* won handily and scored her third first in five races. *Patricia* was third and *Friendship* fourth. Charlie Welch thus annexed the Don Lee Perpetual Challenge Cup and brought it East with him. *Lady Pat* took second place in the series, only 2½ points behind the flying *Yankee*.

In the Six-metre Class, Arthur Rousseau got *Maybe* going and she was soon out in the lead, going like a scared cat. Ralph Ellis, in *Priscilla*, had to finish two up on *Lanai* to win the series, and in the light going of the early stages of the race he had his boat stepping fast. *Lanai* hung on well going to windward, but in the long run, with just enough wind to keep the spinnakers asleep, the narrower *Priscilla* drew away and pressed *Maybe* hard. Henry Plant had *Clytie* going fast and *Maybe*, *Priscilla* and *Clytie* set the pace for the others. On the long run the wind freshened and *Lanai*, setting a larger spinnaker, began to move, but it was then too late to catch the flying leaders. *Maybe* won by nearly two minutes, with *Priscilla* second, 57 seconds ahead of *Clytie*. The best *Lanai* could do was sixth, and this gave *Priscilla* the Meyer Challenge trophy with 34¼ points, just two more than *Lanai* collected. *Corinthian III* protested *Priscilla* at one stage of the race, but hauled down her protest flag before the finish. The tabulated results show the standing of the yachts in each race.

After a day's rest the skippers and crews went at it again for a three-day series. In the team match in the Six-metre Class, the fight turned out to be between the Eastern and the San Francisco teams. In this series the winds were considerably stronger than in the first, and on the last day it piped up to a reefing breeze of full 30 knots strength before the race was over. In this series *Lanai* found just her weather. She was well sailed by Cliff Mallory and won all three races rather handily, with Henry Plant's *Clytie* in second place each day, the skippers of these two boats working together like clockwork and covering the opposing teams whenever one of their boats threatened. It was a fine example of team work. In the second race *Lanai* was sailed by Ben Weston of the California Yacht Club, who kept up the good work by winning.



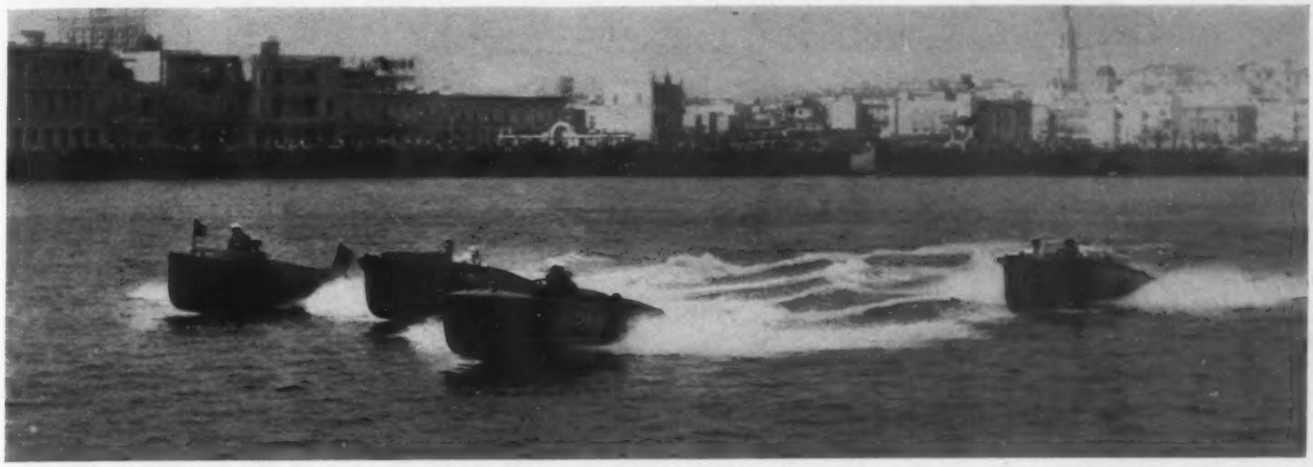
The Six-metre Class well bunched. Overlapping jibs were in the majority and proved their worth.

The race committee and officials. (Left to right) M. Hesselberger, Dr. J. P. Dougall, Paul Jeffers, D. M. Callis, F. H. Bosbyshell and Sea Scouts.

On the second day, in a fresh breeze, *Priscilla* lost her mast within a half-mile of the finish, and did not finish or take part in the last event. In spite of being deprived of her help in two of the three races, the Eastern team piled up enough points to win handily, the total scores for the three days being, East 55¾ points, San Francisco 46 points, Southern California 30 points.

In the R Class *Maribel*, sailed by Samuel Dauchy, came to life. She pressed *Live Yankee* hard in the fresh breezes and while the Boston boat took the first two races, in the 30-mile breeze of the last race Welch did not start,

(*Continued on page 128*)



Start of Stock Runabout Class at Havana. *Mater III*, owned by Señor M. Macias, was the winner. She is a Hacker Dolphin, with a 150-h.p. Scripps.

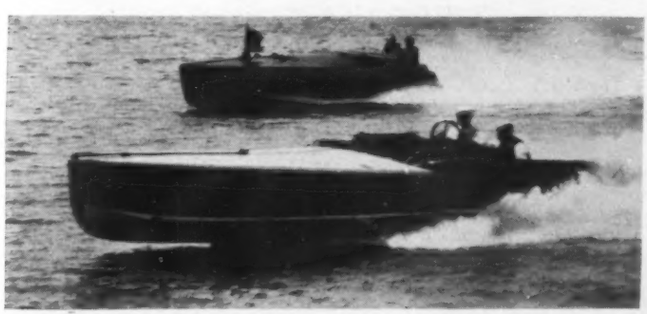
Havana Sets the Pace

Two Days of Keen Racing at the Cuban Capital

By EARLE D. GRIMM

HAVANA offers so many attractions to the power boat racing skippers, both afloat and ashore, that the annual spring regatta under the auspices of the Habana Yacht Club is always a popular affair with American yachtsmen. So it was a foregone conclusion that the racing this year, held on March 24th and 25th, would find many American boats and crews on hand, as well as several Cuban entries, all primed to go out and annex the silverware.

The races this year were all run over the outside course,



Miss America V, driven by Phil Wood, showed her transom to *Miss Okeechobee* in the Free-for-All.

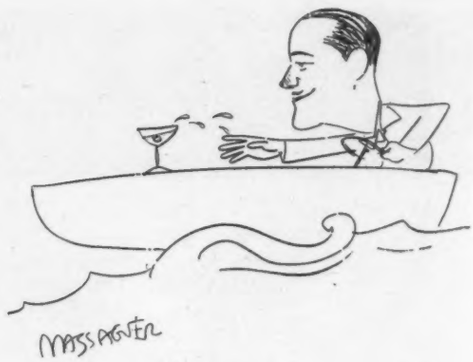
laid out off the Malecon, with the start and finish in full view from the shore, which for all of the events was lined with spectators, intensely interested in the outcome. There were five classes on the program, and most of them were filled. These included many of the classes found in the larger national regattas in "the States," viz., the Stock Runabout Class, Biscayne Babies, 151-Class, a special unlimited class, and a Free-for-All. "Gar" Wood sent his *Miss America V* down and, driven by Phil Wood, she was the fastest boat at the regatta, disposing handily of Mrs. W. J. Conners' flyer, *Miss Okeechobee*, and W. Crowson's *Miss Largo II*.

Fine weather marked the two days of racing, all of the events being run off on schedule, without a hitch and in fast time, considering the 1½ mile laps of the course. For the excellent handling of the various events credit must be given to Señor Rafael Posso, at the head of an efficient regatta committee, composed of Raulin Cabrera, W. McP. Bigelow, E. B. Treat, Jose E. Gorrin, M. A. Rivas, D. Macias, and J. E. Washington.

In the Stock Runabout Class the honors went to a local entry, *Mater III*, owned and driven by M. Macias. She is a Hacker Dolphin model, powered with a Scripps 150-h.p. motor. The 151-Class saw two California drivers, Dick Loynes in his *Miss California*, and Ralph Snoddy in *Miss Rioco*. This class was hotly contested, the two leaders being tied on points at the end of the two days' racing, and the winner, G. Bradfield's *Miss Buckeye*, being decided on the total elapsed time of the two heats. Barring a false start in the second heat, which cost her much time, *Miss Rioco* would probably have won the event, as she showed great speed, doing the six miles (four laps) of the first heat in 8 minutes and 43 seconds.

Miss Okeechobee, driven by Mrs. Conners, with "Bill" Flaherty looking after the engines, won both heats in the larger class rather easily, and annexed 800 points to *Miss*

The races always attracted a crowd of spectators on the Malecon.



How they looked to Massaguer, the celebrated Cuban cartoonist. (Top row, left) Raulin, the timer, wanted to be sure. (Center) A good figurehead for Commodore Morales' *Cunagua*. (Right) Phil Wood says, "When I come to Cuba I don't Miss America." (Below, left) Ramon Suero has trouble keeping afloat. (Right) —

M. Macias, Jr., receiving the victor's wreath from his father.

Largo's 722 points. In the Free-for-All there was nothing to it but *Miss America V*, while R. Suero's *Habana* proved too fast for the Biscayne Babies.

Not the least pleasant part of the regatta was the hospitality of the Cubans. The beautiful Habana Yacht Club, facing the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico, was the headquarters of the yachtsmen, and here Commodore P. Morales made the visitors welcome at all times. With all the entertainment provided it was a wonder anyone felt like racing the following morning, but all hands showed up at the line on time and no complaints were registered. Among the yachtsmen from the United States who were present were: Commodore D. H. Conkling of the Palm Beach Yacht Club, W. J. Conners, of Buffalo and Palm Beach, Thomas L. Chadbourne and a party on the *Jezebel*, Mr. and Mrs. John Dodge, of Detroit, and several others.

Here is the result of the two days' racing in tabular form:

FIRST RACE — STOCK RUNABOUTS — 6 MILES

FIRST HEAT

		Lap I	Lap II	Lap III	Lap IV
Mater III	M. Macias	3:45	5:35	8:20	11:04
Sea Wolf	E. Wolfe	3:55	5:53	8:45	11:31
C-12	F. Boone	4:30	6:50	10:12	13:35
Miss Alice	C. Debrawer	4:55	7:50	11:32	15:20

SECOND HEAT

Mater III	M. Macias	2:46	5:28	8:09	10:50
Sea Wolf	Edward Wolfe	2:56	5:46	8:34	11:23
C-12	F. Boone	3:23	6:38	9:54	13:09
Miss Alice	C. Debrawer	3:33	7:03	10:29	13:56

SECOND RACE — BISCAYNE BABIES AND SPECIAL CLASS — 7½ MILES

FIRST HEAT

		Lap I	Lap II	Lap III	Lap IV	Lap V
No. 12	P. Prigg	2:31	4:58	7:23	9:49	12:17
No. 15	G. Bradfield	3:19	6:06	8:52	11:36	14:20
No. 23	C. Pease	2:39	5:10	7:45	10:23	13:24
Habana	R. Suero	1:44	4:24	7:04	9:44	12:23

SECOND HEAT

No. 12	Paul Prigg	2:28	4:53	7:53	D.N.F.	
No. 15	G. Bradfield	2:33	5:02	7:29	9:59	12:26
No. 23	C. Pease	2:40	7:15	10:19	12:49	15:24
Habana	R. Suero	1:49	4:32	7:15	9:57	12:40

THIRD RACE — 151-CLASS — 6 MILES

FIRST HEAT

Miss Rioco	R. Snoddy	2:13	4:23	6:35	8:43
Miss California	D. Loynes	2:15	4:26	6:38	8:46

SECOND HEAT

Miss Buckeye	G. Bradfield	2:40	5:19	8:04	10:55
Miss Rioco	R. Snoddy	11:54	14:19	16:45	19:06
Miss California	D. Loynes	2:51	5:35	8:32	11:32

FOURTH RACE — SPECIAL CLASS — 10½ MILES

FIRST HEAT

Miss Okeechobee	Mrs. Conners	1:54	3:45	5:39	7:30	9:23	11:18	13:24
Miss Largo II	W. Crowson	2:01	3:56	5:52	7:49	9:47	11:46	13:44

SECOND HEAT

Miss Okeechobee	Mrs. Conners	1:50	3:45	5:44	7:46	9:43	11:44	13:45
Miss Largo II	W. Crowson	2:00	4:02	6:02	8:01	10:03	12:02	14:03

FIFTH RACE — FREE-FOR-ALL — 10½ MILES

FIRST HEAT

Miss America V	Gar Wood	1:48	3:32	5:12	7:00	8:44	10:27	12:06
Miss Okeechobee	Mrs. Conners	1:56	3:46	5:37	7:30	9:17	11:06	12:55
Miss Largo II	W. Crowson	2:04	4:05	6:08	8:09	10:08	12:08	14:22

SECOND HEAT

Miss America V	Gar Wood	1:51	3:40	5:34	7:30	9:33	
Miss Okeechobee	Mrs. Conners	1:52	4:11	6:02	7:49	9:39	
Miss Largo II	W. Crowson	2:00	4:08	6:14	8:44	12:54	
C-12	F. Boone	3:38	6:59	10:18	13:37	17:01	
C-11	C. Debrawer	3:40	7:07	10:36	14:05	17:38	

(*Continued on page 122*)

Miss Buckeye **leading the 151-Class over the outside course.**

Deep Water Sailing

Part IV — The Proper Rig for Long Passages

By E. G. Martin

WHEN a yacht is to be used for making long ocean passages there are good reasons for having her snugly rigged. The general wear and tear is less, the smaller sails can be made of stouter material without becoming unduly heavy, and the ship will be easier to work. This is really an important point because considerations of space both for men and stores make it impossible to sail with as large a crew as can be carried in coastwise cruising. Overcrowding, which does not matter for a few days, would become intolerable upon a long voyage.

Sometimes a snug rig is out of the question, for the yacht may be making her voyage in order to take part in an ocean race when she reaches her destination, and therefore must have as much canvas as she can carry. If the owner can afford to buy a new suit of sails on arrival he may decide to use his full sail plan upon the voyage; but in many cases this is out of the question, and so he must devise a rig large enough to enable him to make a reasonably quick passage and at the same time keep his suit of racing sails intact. This is what was done in *Jolie Brise*, and the jury rig is shown in Sketch I.

Forward of the mast the sail plan was unaltered, but the best jibs and staysails were replaced by tanned ones which she had as a pilot boat. The small jib-topsail, although one had not expected that it would be useful in ocean work, proved to be invaluable in light winds. The mainsail was replaced by a sheet trysail, set upon a 17-foot gaff, and a new topsail was made to fit over it. This hoisted right to the topmast head and, like the jib-topsail, was most useful. It caught what wind there was in light airs, and helped to keep the gaff steady. The big mainsail was kept bent, all ready for use, throughout the voyage. It would have been difficult to find proper stowage for it down below.

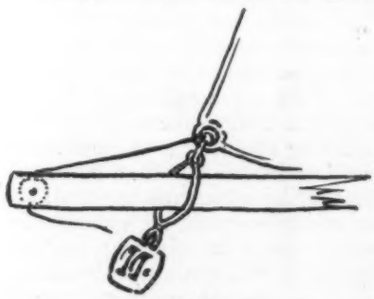
The trysail was fitted with two single sheets made of very stout "combination" rope. These led through large steel blocks fastened to the quarter timbers by heavy bolts to tackles running along each side of the deck by the bulwarks. The advantage of this plan is that there are no blocks to bang about in the air. The trysail was not most efficient when close-hauled, but on the whole it served its purpose very well. It had one deep reef, and this was needed on several occasions. A sheet sail is a dangerous companion, and constant care is needed if one is to escape being hurt by the sheet when the sail is banging about in a calm. We had one or two narrow escapes, but fortunately no one got hurt. Were I fitting out for another voyage I would try to arrange a light trysail boom, such as the Havre pilots used. The spar is merely a spreader and takes very little strain. (See Sketch 2.) The possibility of using a boom guy would be an untold blessing on calm days.

A fitting which is unusual in yachts, but which we used both with the big mainsail and with the trysail, is a "vang" upon the gaff-end. It is a piece of strong manila rope, long enough to reach the deck, and it enabled us to set the mainsail, or get it off her, without bringing the ship to, at times when we could not possibly have done so without it. There is a trick in using a vang when lowering the mainsail which I discovered by accident soon after we started. The peak halliards are slacked away first, until the gaff is at right angles to the mast, and the vang is hauled taut, bringing the gaff-end amidships. Given half a turn round a cleat, the helmsman can tend the vang while he steers and the others lower the sail. It will be seen from the sketch (3) that once the gaff is at right angles to the mast, as the throat halliards are slacked away the vang becomes tauter, and thus the helmsman, by carefully easing the vang as the sail comes down, can keep the gaff amidships. It is necessary to have a very strong jaw rope as the whole tendency of the vang is to pull the jaws away from the mast. When the gaff is swinging about as the ship rolls in a light air, the vang can be taken forward and used like a boom guy. It proved to be one of the most valuable ropes in the ship, and I do not intend ever to cruise in a vessel rigged with a gaff without fitting a vang. When one is running before a fresh breeze it is very comfortable to know that one can depend upon making a good job of lowering the mainsail without having to bring the ship to.

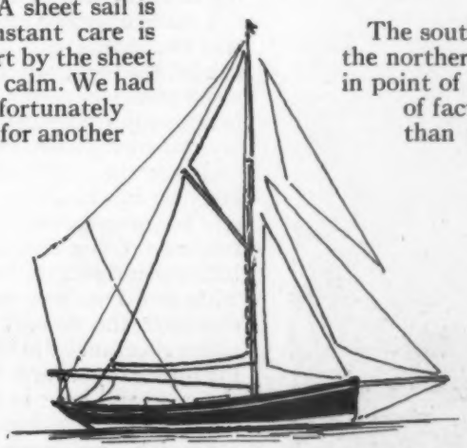
When winds are light and contrary the skipper may be tempted to set his big canvas, but unless there is some special reason for hurry it is wiser to jog along until the wind freshens than to undertake the work of shifting rigs, most probably in a heavy roll if the ship is in a Trade wind area, and risk damaging the best sails. The wear and tear is really serious in a small ship, which necessarily has a quick motion, and this is far more noticeable in the Trade wind area and Horse Latitudes than it is in the northern crossing of the Atlantic.

The Square Rig

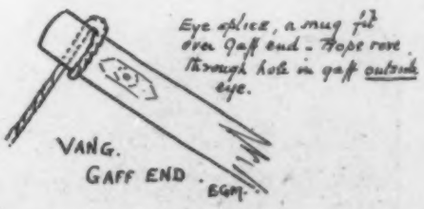
The southern route is more than twice as long as the northern, but gives a fair wind passage, so that in point of time it may be the quicker. As a matter of fact, I believe that *Jolie Brise* sailed more than twice the distance covered by the fa-



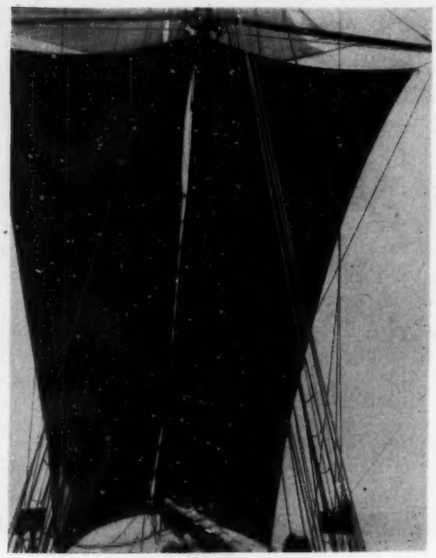
Sketch 2.



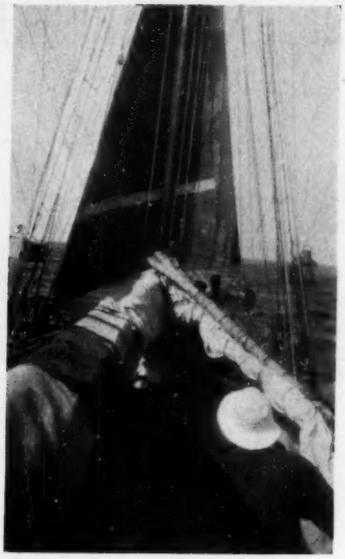
Sketch 1, showing trysail rig on *Jolie Brise*, and wireless antennae.



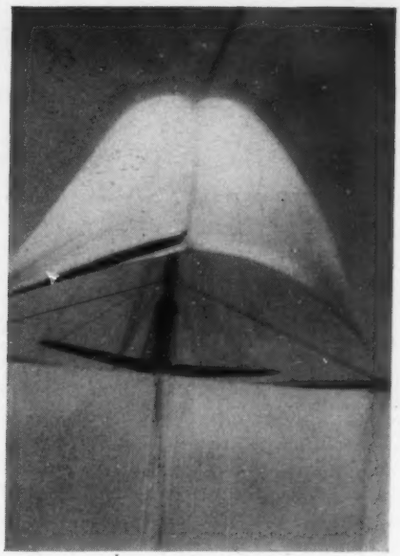
Sketch 3.



Photograph 5, showing squaresail.



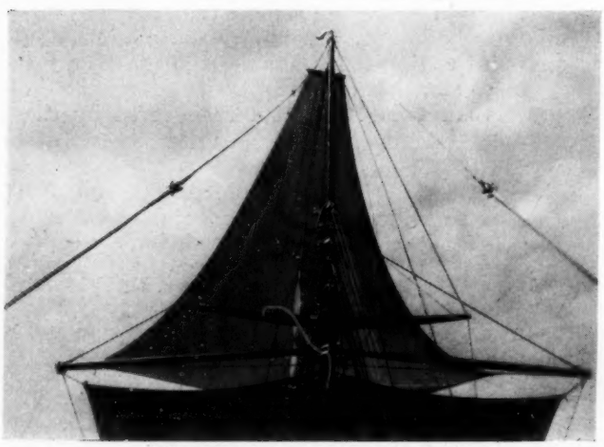
Photograph 7, staysail used as squaresail.



Photograph 6, raffee from stem head.

mous racing schooner *Advance* in crossing the Atlantic, and made the passage in shorter time; such is the value of a fair wind. But fore and aft sails are very little good for running, and so I planned the largest square rig I thought we could carry comfortably. It stood us in good stead, for we picked up the Trades very early and then sailed a stretch of about 3,500 miles practically dead before the wind. The squaresail was cut to set upon a 28-foot yard (the beam of the ship being about 14 feet abreast the mast), and to hoist close up to the hounds, 31 feet from the deck. Over it we carried a raffee hoisting to the topmast head, about 65 feet above the deck. The total area of the square rig was about 1,200 feet, and under it the ship ran very fast even in quite light breezes. Actually, 10¼ was the best hour's run which we timed.

At starting, none of us knew anything about squaresails of that size, and we found that we had a good deal to learn in the handling of them. The yard was unusual. It was in fact exactly like two short spinnaker booms, set upon goosenecks into a strong iron band just below the hounds. I had puzzled for some weeks as to how to arrange the yard, for I felt sure that none of the arrangements I had seen described, or fitted in any yacht, would stand up to the endless rolling. None of them provided a rigid attachment. Yards are generally set upon a jackstay, or sometimes upon the forestay, but these are not rigid. Every time the ship rolls the yard sags from side to side and chafe would inevitably follow. Moreover, a 28-foot yard such as we carried is too long to be handled conveniently. The fitting of the yard in two halves was really a great success. We never had the slightest trouble with it and there are many advantages in the plan. The greatest, perhaps, is that when one has to get at the yardarm, as was often necessary in order to replace ropes which had chafed through, it is only necessary to slack up on the lift and the yard falls down by the shrouds so that everything can be done by a man standing in the lower ratlines. When the squaresail is not in use the yards can be lowered and stopped to the forward shrouds where they are out of the way of everything. One can also slack both yards right forward so that the squaresail is folded in two and the wind is spilled out of it. For this it is necessary to have attached to the middle of the foot of the sail a stout piece of line which can be belayed to the mast. A further advantage is that two short, light spars are better to handle than one long, heavy one.



Photograph 4, showing raffee.

In *Jolie Brise* the two forward shrouds were carried to the mainmast head through the crosstrees at some distance from the mast. (See photograph 4.) This is a mistake for square rig, because it prevents the bracing of the yard fore and aft. A yard in one piece would have been practically immovable, but we could get a sort of braced effect by allowing one yardarm to go forward while keeping the other square.

I made a serious mistake in using rope and wire for setting the square sails. I have no idea how many ropes were chafed through, but I know that at one time we seemed to be endlessly reeving new ones and resetting sails. Wire is not only useless, it is dangerous, because a strand unlays when it chafes through. It then becomes impossible to lower the sail until the whole wire breaks, or is cut. Nothing but chain is of any use in the nip of the blocks if one is going to run for days or weeks on end. Chain is needed for the outhauls of the squaresail and for the halliard and sheets of the raffee. The yardarms were fitted with iron bands each carrying four lugs, to which were shackled the fore- and after-brace, the block for the raffee sheet and the block for the squaresail outhaul. The lift for each yardarm was spliced around the outer end of the spar and kept in position by a thumb cleat, and was rove through a block attached to the mainmast head by a strop. The fore-brace carries no weight and is only neces-

(*Continued on page 118*)

Long Island Sound Interclubs and Bermuda One-Designs racing at Hamilton Harbor.

Sound Interclubs Win in Bermuda

Take Interesting Match by Safe Score

By W. H. Taylor

THE Long Island Sound Interclub sloops and skippers turned the trick again at Bermuda, and turned it handsomely, and that with an even break in the weather — two races in light going and two in fresh breezes, the last with single reefs down and water on deck. Taking three first places out of four races, the American team finished with a lead of 83¾ points to 60¼, though to *Atlantis*, always the most dangerous of the Bermudians, sailed by Eldon Trimingham, went the individual scoring honors with 26¼ points.

Behind her, at intervals of a single point each, were *Ahab*, sailed by "Bill" Swan, *Aileen*, sailed by "Corny" Shields, and *Babette*, sailed by Jack Shethar. Each of these four boats won one race, which makes it about as near an open affair as four races could be.

The first race, and the only one in which the Bermudians scored an advantage, was really a moral victory for the Yankees, for it was sailed in light, shifting airs — the Bermudians' chance if ever they had one — yet they won by only 18¼ to 18 points, the quarter-point being for taking first place.

The start was close that first race, with the exception that *Ahab* had trouble with her jib and was 40 seconds late. In an eight-mile windward and leeward race, in fluky going, *Atlantis* led from the start, with *Starling* second. These two seemed to be the best of the Bermuda boats, while *Sea Witch* and *Longtail* were evidently not so good. Somewhere in the course of the fluky traveling, up wind and down, twice around, *Aileen*, that had begun in a fight with *Atlantis*, dropped from second place to sixth, while *Ahab*, from a bad last, came ghosting up through the fleet to take fourth place, with *Babette* hanging well up with the leaders to finish best of the Americans.

Light going again next morning, April 11th, and another day the Bermudians should have liked. Yet *Babette* won and the Americans took the lead in points despite the loss of *Chinook*. The start was close again — they all were for that matter — and the course a triangle, twice around to make nine miles. *Babette* and *Atlantis* got away in a good leeward position and fought it out all the way around, with never more than a few seconds between them, while the rest of the fleet split up and held some scrappy sessions.

Three of them, *Sea Witch*, *Chinook* and *Aileen* rounded the weather mark together the first time and *Chinook*, with Gordon Raymond at the tiller, got caught on the inside and touched both *Sea Witch* and the mark. *Chinook* withdrew from the race. *Aileen* finished in third place and *Ahab* in fourth, to give the Interclubs a team advantage of three points for the two races.

The wind breezed up out of the sou'west in the afternoon, giving the Yankees more of what they wanted. A windward and leeward course this time, and they all went over the line on the gun, with lee rails awash. By this time the Americans had decided that *Atlantis* was the boat they had to beat, and this they did. She started up wind with *Ahab* sitting on her weather, and when she tacked to get clear, there was *Chinook* covering her on the other side. Squirm as she might, and did, she couldn't shake them off. Meanwhile Corny Shields had taken *Aileen* out into a nice lead, which he held, though toward the end, when the Bermudians were hopelessly astern, *Ahab* came

(*Continued on page 126*)

Babette, owned by J. B. Shethar, captain of the American team, with a reef down in hard going.

Getting the Greatest Efficiency Out of Your Rig

A Description of the Latest Developments of the Double Mast and Jib-Boom for Small Boats

By Dr. Manfred Curry

As with all theories, so also with studies and observations of aerodynamics; the only way of proving their correctness is by putting them into practice. The following tests made recently in Germany cover two points: first, the most advantageous use of the wind force, in respect to the form of the rigging; and, second, the most favorable forms for the hulls of small racing craft. The latter subject will be discussed in a later article.

The two principal parts we wish to achieve in regard to the rigging are:

1. The improvement of the "funnel effect" between the sails;
2. The removal of the mast in front of the luff of the sail.

The beneficial effect of the space between mainsail and foresail (the so-called "funnel" or "valve") was early noticeable in the superiority of the sloop rig to the cat rig. The first step in the improvement of this "funnel" was the use of outriggers, whereby the direction of the wind flowing from the foresail or jib was changed and averted from the lee of the mainsail. The fact that this innovation was soon introduced on many small racers in Europe proves that the desired increase in force was achieved. Those sailors who used outriggers on their boats clearly recognized their advantages.

The funnel effect is caused by the air being pressed together between the jib and mainsail. The speed of the stream of air in the lee of the mainsail is accelerated, similarly to that of a stream of water in a garden hose which is quickened by pressure on the hose. (Compare also the American smoke tests made by Professor Warner.) This acceleration of the speed of the air increases the suction of the mainsail which drives the boat forward. The smaller the funnel, the faster becomes the speed of the air passing through it, and the more is the suction in the lee of the sail increased.

Let us recall the experiments made on airplanes at Goettingen, described in the July, 1927, issue of Yachting. The illustrated transverse sections of planes (so-called Handley Page or Lachmann planes) are characterized by the small plane in front of the main plane, which is very similar both in shape and position to the foresail or jib of a sloop. (See Fig. 1.) When we remember that the most effective side of the sail is the lee side, we can see that the similarity between the upper side of these planes and the lee side of our sails allows of a comparison of the two surfaces.

What and how can we learn from these planes; *i.e.*, what have we already learned? The chief points to which I have called attention in my book, and which are necessary to obtain a maximum effect with the main surface (the mainsail in our case), are that

1. The distance between the fore plane (foresail) and the fore edge of the main plane (mainsail) must be a minimal one. The fact that jibs are being placed closer to mainsails from year to year proves the practicability of this position. Doubtless this tendency will be still further developed, as we have not as yet placed the jib close enough to the mainsail.
2. The second point is the size of the opening between the two sails. One has tried to make the slit between jib and mainsail narrower still, but this goal has not yet been reached for the following two reasons: First, the small distance between the fore leech or luff of the jib and that of the mainsail resulted in the wind falling off the jib onto the mainsail when the slit was made narrower. Secondly, most of the jibs were cut too full. No funnel effect whatsoever could be obtained with the wind abeam, as due to the unfavorable position of the jib in relation to the mainsail, the wind off the former fell almost *perpendicularly* onto the latter.

Figure 1.

This rig of Dr. Curry's embodies his latest experiments and is, he says, the fastest yet evolved. The boat is 21 feet long; sail area 10 square metres.

These facts have been known to experts on aerodynamics for a long time, without their having been able to find a practical solution of the problem. While, after many experiments, I had improved the position of the jib by shifting it or, rather, its after leech, more to leeward by the use of outriggers for the sheets, Herr Crosseck has come still nearer to the solution of the problem by his suggestion of shifting the luff of the jib more to windward. By this means, as by my device, not only the position of the jib was improved (*i.e.*, a desired change in its direction of 5 to 10° was brought about) but also a further appreciable advantage was achieved — the slit between jib and mainsail became *narrower* and hence the funnel smaller.

Herr Crosseck accomplished this by an ingenious crank device. The fore leech of the jib, or rather the ring to which it is made fast on deck, was attached to a runner on

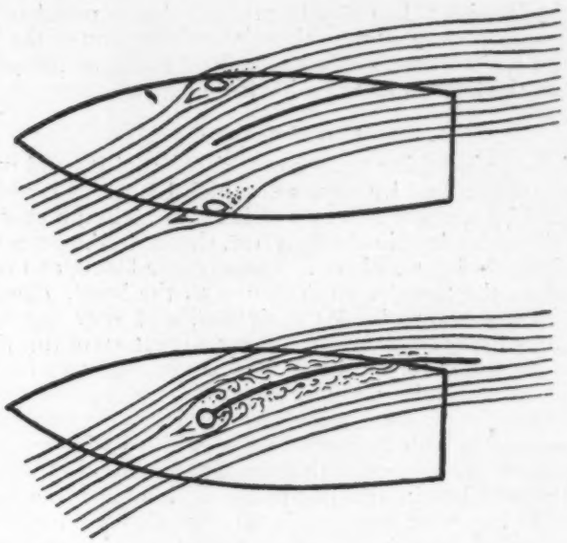


Figure 2. Air currents on standard mast (below): on double mast (above).

a track across the deck and was shifted to windward by means of a crank. This device, which was tested on a yacht, resulted in a marked improvement of her sailing qualities, especially with the wind abeam. Owing to the complicated mechanism of the device, and other difficulties, to which the inventor himself refers in his article, the advantages of this invention were not generally recognized and it was soon entirely forgotten.

Let us now proceed to the practical application of these considerations.

The Double Mast

In order to kill two birds with one stone, *i.e.*, to improve the funnel effect and at the same time to eliminate the unfavorable effect of the mast on the luff of the mainsail, I made use of the double mast in my experimental designs for the new rig. The reader will probably remember my article on the double mast, in YACHTING. Mr. Kampen, a Swede, as well as others, conceived the idea of a double mast and published their views simultaneously with, but quite independent of mine, but to my knowledge their ideas have never been put to practical tests. Their projected construction differs from mine chiefly in that the

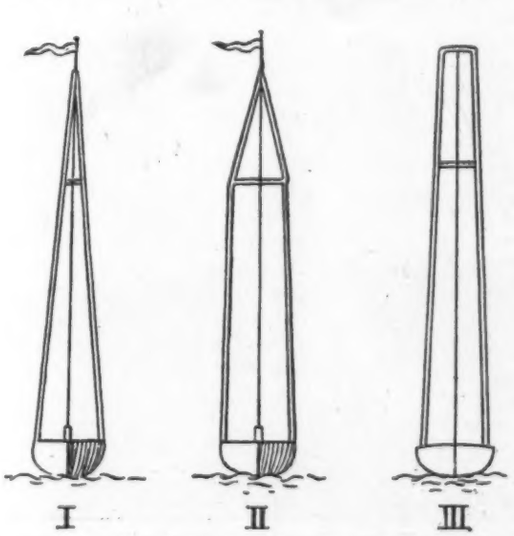


Figure 3. Three different forms of double masts.

Figure 4. Comparative resistance of mast (I) and wire stay (II).

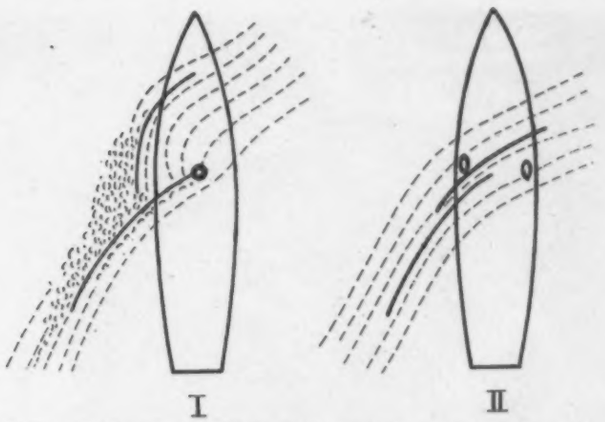


Figure 8. Air currents with wind abeam in standard rig and "jib-boom" rig.

two masts of their design are vertical, or parallel to each other, and do not converge and meet above at the apex.

It is obvious from the accompanying sketch of the lines of wind flow with the double mast that the mainsail, which runs between the two masts and cuts the wind with a sharp fore leech, acts in undisturbed air. (See Fig. 2.) The American and German tests have estimated that this increases the drive more than 20 per cent.

Among the three double mast constructions that came under consideration, I chose No. 1, of Fig. 3. For the experiments two 10 square metre racers which had been built especially for this purpose were used. This enabled me to carry out a series of experiments with the hull also, to which I shall refer in a later article.

The masts, which are 6½ metres long and converge toward the top, where they meet, are strengthened by a

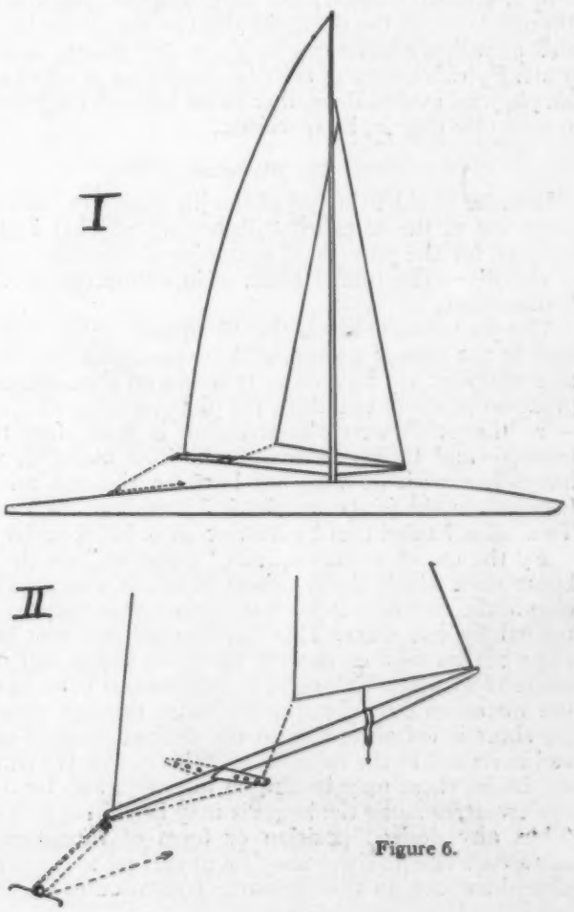


Figure 6.

Figure 7. Showing sail pocket along boom.

crosstree about one metre below the apex. In this crosstree are inserted two blocks through which the jib halliards are led, and these as well as the main halliard all run inside the masts into the boat. The cross-section of the mast shows an almost streamline form, *i.e.*, the form of least resistance calculated for an angle of opposition to the wind of 15°. (See Fig. 4.) The double masts are fastened to the deck on either side by metal joints, similar to those used in the construction of airplanes; these permit a lowering of the masts either forward or aft onto the deck. The halliards are led through the one or the other, or both, of these nickel-plated joints, then below deck and aft through blocks to cleats that are made fast to the side of the boat.

In a similar manner, the fore and aft stays are led through holes in the deck. As the two stays can be tautened at will, the mast can be given any desired rake fore or aft. By this means of shifting the center of effort of the sail plan, an eventual weather or lee helm of the boat can, to a certain degree, be rectified.

The Jib-Boom

In order to shift the luff of the jib more to windward, I made use of the so-called "jib-boom" which I had constructed for the purpose of obtaining the desired position of the jib — the funnel effect — in connection with the double mast.

The jib-boom used on the 10 square metre racer was built in the form of a plank with its breadth in the vertical to correspond to the greater pressure on that plane. It is broadest at about one-third the distance from its fore end — at the point were the stretcher is made fast to the boom — and tapers to both ends. The mainsail, which hangs free with its wire luff between the two masts, is fastened to the jib-boom about 3 feet from its fore end. This luff is hauled taut by a stretcher or block under deck.

By the use of a stream-lined "crosstree" on the main boom over which the jib sheet is led, it was possible to couple the two sails in such a manner that they could be tended by one sheet. This "crosstree" is a sort of outrigger; it forms a cross with the main boom and can be shifted fore and aft along it. It has various holes at different distances out from the jib-boom through which the jib sheet is led according to the desired position of that sail in regard to the mainsail. By this device the direction of the jib sheet may be shifted laterally, and by moving the crosstree along the boom it may be shifted fore or aft. Thus any desired position or form of funnel may be achieved. The jib sheet was first made fast to the jib itself. One drawback to this crosstree construction on the jib-boom was that the latter was twisted by the upward pull of the jib sheet. In order to prevent this, a metal collar with two lever-like protrusions in the direction of the luff of the mainsail were fitted to the jib-boom at the point where the latter was to be hauled down.

Simplified Sheets

After painstaking trials a combination of jib and main sheets was found by means of which both sails could be tended by a single sheet on either tack. The jib sheet is led through a hole in the crosstree, thence to the outer end of the main boom, where it passes over a block, and from there to the traveler on deck and to the hand. *Thus the jib sheet became also the mainsheet, and only one sheet needed tending on each tack.* A great advantage of this rig is that no system of blocks whatsoever is necessary for the mainsheet, as the pressure exerted by the jib counterbalances the mainsail to such a degree that the latter may be hauled in with little exertion — with two fingers only. A further advantage of this simplified method of leading the sheets lies in the possibility of handling the boat, even in heavy weather, with only one sheet. Thus, when sailing alone, one is not forced to fasten either the jib or the mainsheet, which in a small boat is always dangerous in a strong wind, but is able to pay off or haul in both sails together with one hand only. (See Fig. 6, No. 1.)

The question of the sheets was thus solved, but there was apparently no possibility of trimming the sails "*independently*" of each other with only this single sheet. The unpleasant fact was revealed that in a strong wind the main boom could be hauled close but not always the jib. In order to obviate this difficulty, the direction of the pull of the sheet was changed so that it conformed to the pressure conditions of the jib as well as to those of the mainsail; the traveler for the mainsheet was shifted a metre further aft. In this way the pull of the sheet when close-hauled did not any longer act at right angles to the main boom, whereas that part of the sheet that was fastened to the jib was hauled in further aft. In other words, on hauling in the sheet a greater tension or pull was brought to bear on the jib than on the main boom. The two pressures were thus brought into the desired relation to each other, being regulated by the position on deck of the traveler for the boom, which must be shifted further forward or aft. The decisive factor is, therefore, the angle which the mainsheet makes with the main boom in the vertical plane.

We thus succeeded, when hauling in the sheet, in bringing in the jib with comparatively the same speed as

(*Continued on page 114*)

Figure 9. "Jib-boom" rig before the wind.

"All about us were swishing noises, the occasional flicker of a flashlight, low conversation, loud hails."

All Through the Night

By FREDERICK J. STEINHARDT

WE were all four of us gathered in the cockpit of *Nike* just before the start of the race for the famous Midnight Trophy — a race which starts at 10.30 P.M. from a crowded anchorage in a poorly lighted harbor, and thence goes some 25 nautical miles down the Sound to Stratford Shoal Light, around it, and back again. There is no time limit except the endurance of the crews.

It was as black as space. A curtain of blackness surrounded us; the shore lights and anchor lights gleamed like greater and lesser stars in the universe. The mainsail was hoisted, and it was strange to see the head of the sail, upon which a flashlight was trained, travel upward in space like a comet. Ten feet away the crew moved invisibly. It was weird, uncanny, — "tenebras magnas et horrificas." A swish of water was heard coming nearer, an emerald light showed dimly, and a voice boomed out across the blackness "Is that you, *Nike?*" A few words interchanged, and the vessel had vanished as completely as if she had gone to another world.

"*Carry On's* away! Cast off!" We slipped our mooring and glided blindly out into the infinite in search of the committee boat, which was flying a night signal. The dim signal was spotted, and we headed for it, still plunging blindly ahead through the black wall. All about us were swishing noises, the occasional flicker of a flashlight, low conversation, loud hails; then, suddenly, out of the darkness came voices hailing the committee boat.

"*Carry On*, V. 19."

"*Reveille*, V. 15."

"*Atrocia*, 6. 35."

Boat after boat swept by, announcing her name and number, and was swallowed up in the void. It was as mysterious and awe-inspiring as a roll call of the dead in a cemetery after midnight.

A gun went off. Stop watches started clicking off seconds. Five minutes to go! All about were loud swishings of water; flashes of light going on and off, as some anxious skipper made his presence known; orders delivered in a low voice. It is impossible to know exactly where the other boats are; one must trust to luck and the revealing gleam of a flashlight not to hit or be hit.

"Two minutes!"

"Hard a-lee!"

"Mind y'r backstays! A light on the sail now!"

"Ahoy there, you!" From the approaching wash comes "All right, I see you," and one feels relieved.

"Thirty seconds! Out y'r spinnaker boom, then!" The noise of water becomes loud; dim shapes loom all around, astern, ahead.

"Gun! Break out spinnaker! Snap into it," and we were off.

There is no time to breathe, however, for in passing a boat ahead a luffing match ensues, and recalls that this is racing, even though one's antagonist is almost invisible, and though instead of a mere nine miles to go, there is some 50 or 60.

"Where the hell's that red light?"

"I dunno — to sta'board I guess."

"Well you damn well better find it!"

"There's the lighthouse and red sector — the light must be over there!"

"There it is!"

"If we head over under the shore we'll get the tide."

"Do you think we can do it without piling up on the beach?"

"Can try it, anyhow."

"Where the devil are the others?"

"Over there by the light, I guess."

"There's one to leeward. If she isn't on the beach I guess we won't be."

Time passes. The breeze which rendered the start exciting has deserted us; the fleet has spread out, and we lose track of our position. We are in a Stygian gloom under the

overhanging shore of Lloyd's Neck. The breeze returns, and we resume our onward progress.

"No'th or no'th by east ought'a clear it, don't you think?"

"Guess so — I'll watch for the beach, anyhow. Ought to see that, and you can go pretty close."

A couple of boats come in sight ahead — a talkative, noisy group, with powerful flashlights, apparently having a very good time, and "kidding" each other in lieu of breeze. We bring the breeze up with us, and the whole group, including *Nike*, floats along, a living unit, in the all-encircling darkness. The race seems forgotten in pleasantries, jests, good stories, such as never circulate in the more formal afternoon races, — seems forgotten, I say, for each skipper is carefully trimming and retrimming spinnaker guys and sheets in an endeavor to make the utmost out of a series of weak, disheartening and scattered puffs, which do not know their own mind. At length the sky seems to lighten a little, as, emerging from the overhanging cliffs, the fleet enters the clearer expanse of the Sound. A murmur of relief runs through the fleet. The shore can be seen as a black incubus, trending toward the east. The bright glare of Eaton's Light is picked up, checked up by a cross-bearing on Green's Ledge, and our departure formally taken. We head East ¼ North for Stratford Light.

Constant vigilance is the price of advance in fluky weather, and at night it is doubly difficult, for one must trim sails by flashlight, and judge the wind spots by the uncertain movement of sidelights of other boats. Gradually and imperceptibly we draw away from our group, and are alone. Where are the others, ahead or astern? *Quien sabe?* Then a group of lights are spotted away under the shore to starboard. We are not behind, at any rate.

The breeze returns, and I concentrate on the compass card, while the mate carefully watches spinnaker and main. Another of the crew sits on the stern deck to make her trim better, while the other helps to trim sails. For me the world becomes a dimly illuminated compass card, and a black line which must be kept on E. ¼ N. Hours pass, my brain reels dizzily, the compass card seems to grin malevolently, to oscillate maddeningly. Nothing is heard but the wash of water passing under our bow, and the triumphant voice of the mate, "Three boats to starboard passed."

"Overhauling another one!"

"That's passed!"

"No wind under the shore. We got it all. What?"

This was cheering enough, and we all praised *Nike* in a loud voice. The mate relieved me at the tiller, while I relieved him at sail trimming. As the breeze was constantly shifting from ahead to astern, this was no less arduous an occupation, but involved much less eye strain. This changing of watches was kept up all night until about five o'clock, when I took the tiller for the rest of the race.

The breeze died away again, the bow wash ceased, and *Nike* glided slowly over the unrippled Stygian pool. Suddenly from the distance came the hail "Is that you, Nichols?"

"No, it's *Nike*. Who's that?"

"*Carry On*."

Our rival was with us again. Then ensued a conversation, strange, mysterious, as if we were conversing with spirits. Here we were in blackness; from an immeasurable space came voices, mingling with ours as if aboard our own ship. It was eerie, irreconcilable with the sober facts of existence, like the rest of this wonderful night.

A breeze rippled over the water. Sails filled out, the bow wash came to life, and from the distance came faintly, "Don't go and leave us now!" There floated back, a trifle mockingly, in close, vile harmony "How can I bear to leave thee?" The answer was laughter even more faint, and we were alone, again. The breeze freshened, and blew true, a little abaft the beam. The spinnaker drew like a tug, and *Nike* quivered joyously as she danced ahead.

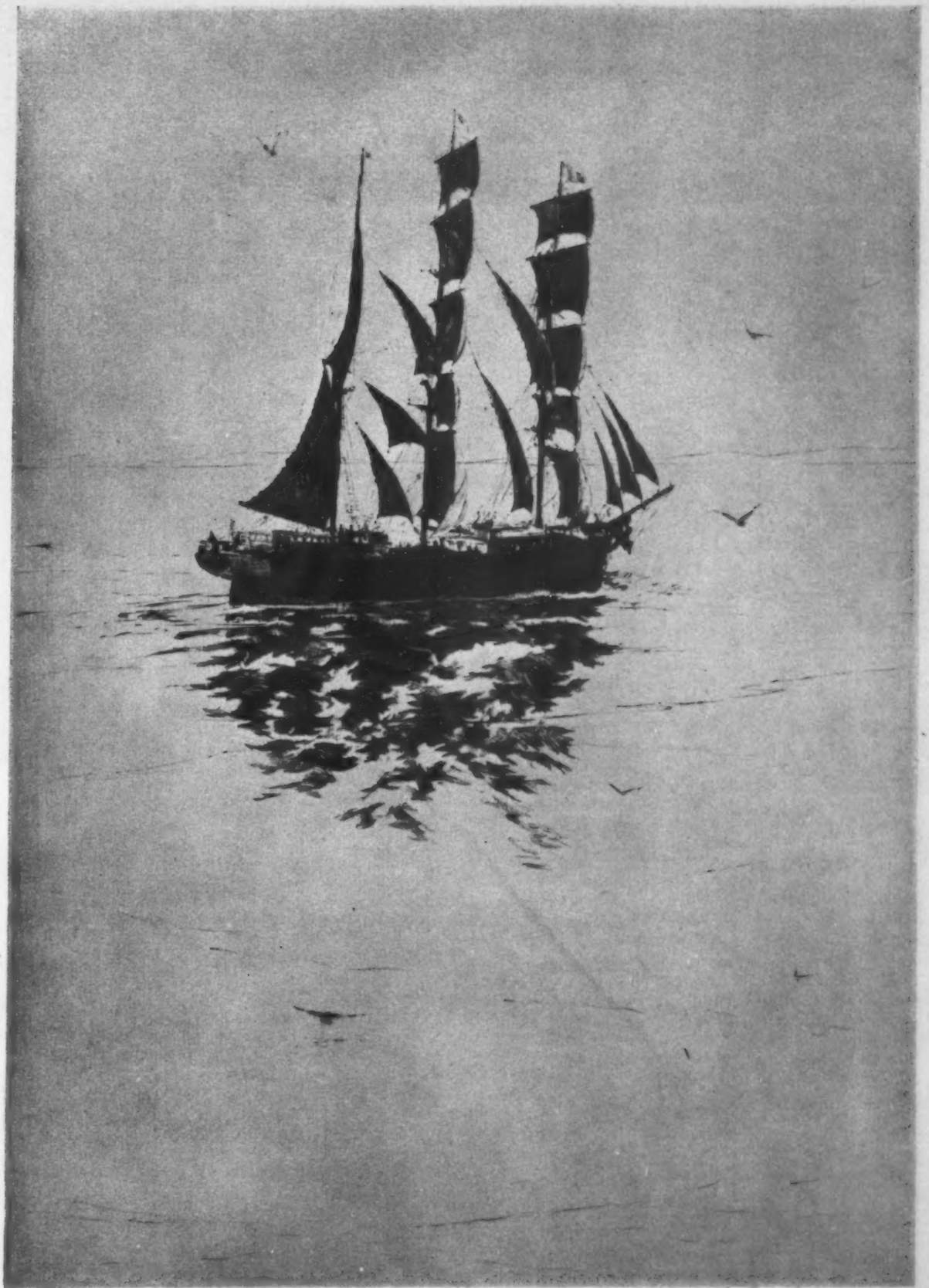
Some hours later, a white light attracted our attention by its persistence, and was timed for eclipse and flash by the stop watch. It proved to be Stratford, so the Navigation Committee of three felt lifted up in spirit, and did rejoice mightily, while estimates of the distance were discussed. The light was brought on the end of the spinnaker boom, and accepted as a welcome relief from the wearisome steering by compass. A great question, a very real possibility thrilled us. Were we the first of our class? *Carry On* was certainly behind. Where, oh where was *Reveille?* She had been last seen and spoken, or rather spoken unseen, off Eaton's Neck, hours ago. Meanwhile, in spite of the fair breeze, the light seemed as far off as ever. Eight bells came. One bell, and then, — then came one of the most beautiful sights on this earth — the return of light.

The stars were gleaming in beauty in a soft sky of deep black, calm, unmoved, like a senate of ancients, blessing God. They were sad and stern, gazing from their depths of blackness upon the troubled world with cold, unpitying stare. They had that dignity which oppresses and repels, rather than attracts. Their beauty had no connection with the pleasures of humanity, and seemed to cast scorn on it rather than to chime in with its highest moods.

Then suddenly came a subtle change, beautiful, like nothing else so much as the effect produced by ending a composition in minor with the major chord. The eastern stars faded, a delicate bluish gray tint replaced the black, the mid-air seemed still dark, while along the water it lightened. The water became a series of gray waves, rolling along in solemn dignity, at a measured rate, ever onward. There was a great age about them, a calm aloofness, while the swish of water continued in severe monotony. The grayness spread upward from the water, and downwards from the sky, simultaneously; the sails and spars came into being clothed in gray; all was gray except to the west, which was still clothed in imperial purple and studded with lights like jewels. Night was retreating before Phoebus, but was retreating in good order and with unruffled dignity.

Suddenly the god himself appears; there is a glow over the whole earth. Half seen through a torn wrack of gray cloud, the sun appears, a pale yellow, gilding edges of cloud and wave. Directly ahead Stratford Light rises up, gray in the morning light. Three gray sails surround it; all is a symphony in gray. It is the climax. The hoary light seems Old Father Neptune himself, risen from the deeps to greet the return of day. There rises to mind the glorious chorus of Bach, "Lobet den Herrn in Seinen Thaten." For a brief moment the enchantment holds, then melts away. The light increases, and as we round the lighthouse, first of the Victories, the old house, perched on its solitary rock, frowns down on us with inexpressible melancholy.

That morning the breeze, after dropping out completely, came back from an entirely different direction, leaving *Nike* becalmed in Smithtown Bay. Thus, at the finish, instead of being first of the Victories, she was third, with *Carry On*, first, *Reveille*, second.

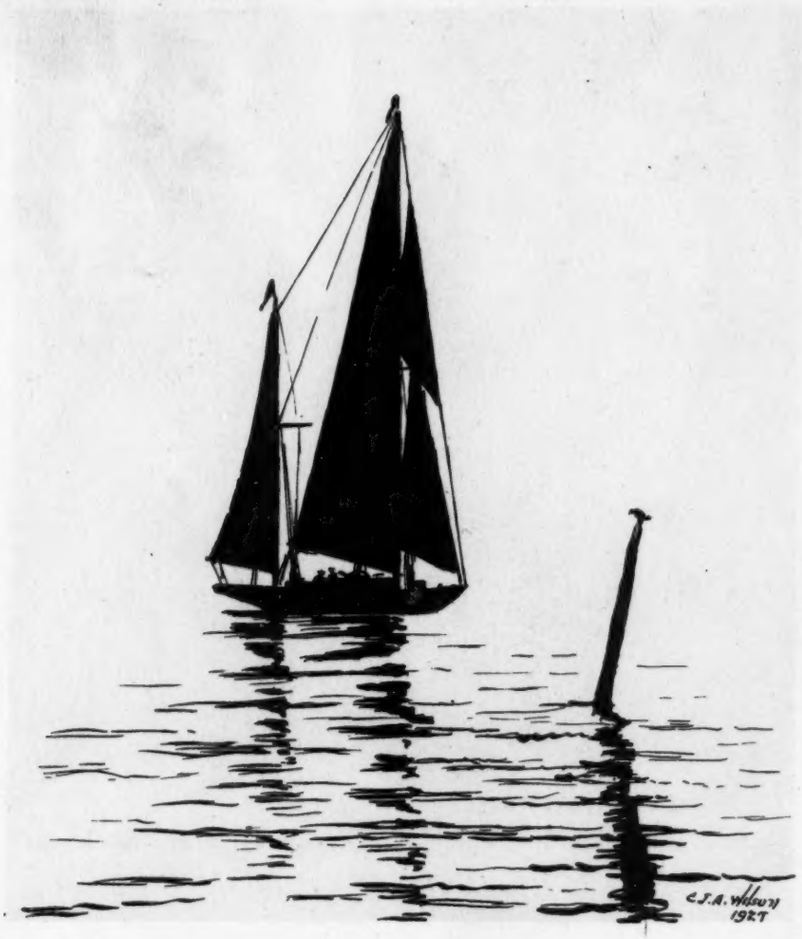


HOMEWARD BOUND.

From an etching by Philip Kappel. *(Courtesy of Schwartz Galleries)*

A LEADING BREEZE.

A painting by Charles R. Patterson of the clipper ship *Romance of the Seas,* from the collection of Samuel Dauchy, Chicago.



LIGHT AIRS AND BAFFLING.

From a pen and ink sketch by C. J. A. Wilson.

Rough Sledding with *Mary*

Of a Voyage in a 40-footer from the Vineyard to Porto Rico, with a Hurricane Thrown In

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

"A man who goes to sea for pleasure will go to Hell for pastime." — Sailor's Proverb

THE French people, with whose temperamental qualities we Americans have much in common, claim that every person whose circumstances permit ought to go *en retrait*, or haul off the track of his personal activities and spend a period of reflection and contemplation for a fortnight, or even a month, of every year.

As a retired M.D., a writer and a philosopher of sorts, I thoroughly agree with them, but hold that there are two ways of doing this — active and passive. It is difficult for the strong and healthy individual to drop his occupational activities and go into retreat, especially when he happens to be a worker by inclination and necessity, and it is possible that the effort to do so might subject him to more wear and tear than merely to change the motion for a sort distinctly different. But the idea of withdrawal from the mass of daily human contacts is good. There should be a period of detachment from one's kind, its many inventions and demands. There should be even this separation from those one loves, depends upon and comes to take too much for granted. A period of such aloofness whets the edge of our appreciations.

Mary **was fitted out for this last voyage on the Maine coast.**

Most people are entirely aware of all this, and many act upon it. Few, however, understand the value of a complete removal from thronging humankind. Those who do may prefer the forests, mountains, prairies, even deserts or jungles. And some few of us turn as if by nature to the deep sea. But to gain the complete detachment of the sea and its close intimacies, one must embark upon it for a long voyage in a small boat, and as nearly alone as one's abilities permit. To go entirely alone is scarcely justifiable in a person with responsibilities ashore. There should be at least one other, in case of accident or sickness, just as there should be at least two for any expedition where for days there may be no other communication than with elemental nature.

There is this to be said in favor of the sea as a retreat, that once out of sight of land and off the lanes of traffic, it is precisely as it has always been. One finds it exactly the same as it was found by the Vikings, Marco Polo, Christopher Columbus; nor have these or other voyagers left any trace upon it. There are no bleached skulls, no prehistoric relics — nothing but the heavenly bodies to mark one's route. Without a radio apparatus one is off the line of all communication, and there is something in the knowledge of this to make the soul expand. It would in time develop, I believe, a power of telepathy to take the place of scientific inventions.

Of course, the season for this sort of "spiritual exercise" should be chosen with all due reference to physical limitations. There is really not much to say for the good sense of a sailor whose experience is long and wide when he chooses to run a thousand miles offshore aboard a 40-foot ketch, with only one other man, in what he knows to be the worst month of the hurricane season. This, of later years, has become October, as we are warned in the upper left-hand corner of the Pilot Chart of the North Atlantic Ocean for that month, published at the Hydrographic Office of the U. S. Navy Department. To waive an alibi, I shall say only that I had hoped to slip through to Bermuda between gales, leave *Mary* there and return home for Christmas, then go back and continue a cruise to the West Indies.

Mary, for the past three years of her short life, has served in summer as my literary studio, and I have written four *Saturday Evening Post* serials in my roomy cabin aboard her. A good deal of the material for these efforts has been gathered in voyages between whiles. Like Christopher Columbus, it has been necessary to work hard ashore for the financing of the next voyage. When one day in the dead of winter I found myself frozen in at Porpoise Point, an ancient fisherman off a Gloucester schooner that had blown in out of the cold said to me, "A man that'll go to sea for pleasure would go to Hell for pastime . . ." I answered, "You dry up. I'm out to earn my living as much as you are. What difference does it make whether a man goes to sea for fish or trade, or to get the stuff to put in stories he can sell?" The old fellow admitted the truth of this.

Fitting *Mary* out for this last voyage was not unlike the way they did it on the Maine coast a hundred years ago. We cut our stove wood and hauled our sweet well water from my sea island, where *Mary's* spars had also been cut. We dug our potatoes and turnips and laid in dried peas and beans and corn grown in the region, and were presented by local friends with slack-salted codfish and ale-wives and preserves. One extra cask of a chalybeate water, that never goes bad, came from the spring of a friend and neighbor, Captain Tibbetts, of Pemaquid, who had supplied Captain Joshua Slocum with the same water for the *Spray* when about to sail on her voyage around the world, incidentally curing Captain Slocum who was very ill with fearful boils.

September had been a lovely month, without the usual Line Storm, and I am old-fashioned enough to believe in that thing, and that if we don't get it sooner we can count on getting it later. Consequently I was loath to shove off in weather so perfect and a barometer that was too high. I decided, therefore, when all set, to run down the coast to Block Island, wait there for the next storm and hop off with the nor'wester apt to follow it. *Mary*,

NOTE.—Readers of YACHTING will recall the husky *Mary*, an account of whose building and first voyage appeared in the March, 1925, issue.—ED.

Dr. Rowland, the skipper, and his paid hand, Quinton.

with her sheets lifted and a strong wind, can run like a singed cat, and under such conditions I figured that I ought to make Bermuda within a week under sail alone.

We sailed from South Bristol October 8th, taking departure from Seguin flash buoy at 10:50 A.M., laying a course for Cape Cod Light, 100 miles away. At 3:30 A.M. next morning, when we picked it up off the end of the bowsprit, the weather forecast showed plainly that I should not have to wait at Block Island for a nor'easter. It was starting in, and on the run, the wind rising notch by notch. That was all right, too — just what I needed to set me down the beach and across the shoals. It did that thing whole-heartedly, blowing a full gale with rain driven horizontally when Pollock Rip Lightship bulked up close ahead. Off before it under full sail we swashed down on Stone Horse light vessel, took a jibe and foamed along for Cross Rip. Here was a splendid chance to test out the gear, all new, stretch it out a little.

The tide turned against us as we came up to Cross Rip, and it was cold and wet, less from spray than from the rain driving after us in a succession of black squalls. Also we were tired, as *Mary*, under such conditions, takes quite a lot of steering. Edgartown is a nice "comfy" place for any sort of stormy weather, so I hunted up and found the black buoy 15, that had on that day a visibility of at least 200 yards, and ducked in, running past the town and coming to anchor under the high bluffs.

The gale broke before morning, but the wind backed instead of hauling, then came round undecidedly to N.E. again. There was a plumbing job that needed an expert, so we shifted over to the town, alongside the fish wharf. A fisherman skipper visited me and shook his head at my five feet of draft. Not enough for deep water, he opined. The next morning Mr. Johnson, of the fish market, presented me with a peck of hard clams, and they were most sustaining three days later when we could not cook.

On October 11th, I shoved off for Bermuda, going out the Muskegat Channel, between Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard with a light N.E. wind. A Coast Guard patrol boat sighted us, gave chase and hove us to for a look at our papers. This was all right enough, though I was flying a yacht ensign and the pennant of the Boothbay Harbor Yacht Club. But the C. G. is supposed to keep tabs on those of us who like our water deep. We must not forget the work of this splendid service to those in distress, and that there is a lot more than merely rum chasing to the job of men who are risking their lives constantly in the line of a duty as heroic as it is sometimes unpopular. I was not subjected to any search. The Coast Guard dropped a boat, sent over an officer who glanced at my papers, wished us luck a little doubtfully, then went back aboard, when the C. G. boat piloted me out. Whether this unsolicited service was a friendly courtesy, or whether it was to see if I had a date out there, I am not to this day sure.

Taking departure at noon from the Muskegat Channel can buoy, we sailed full-and-by c.c. S. by E. At 1:30 the next morning we entered the Gulf Stream, when the breeze backed into the south, so that as I preferred making westing to easting at that season I sailed S.W. by W.

At noon next day, October 12th, I made my position to be Lat. 39–45 N., Long. 70–28 W. by observation. The taffrail log was useless, constantly fouled by gulf weed. The glass had been dropping ominously and by 3 P.M. it was blowing a gale, from S. by E. This was not so good. A gale anywhere is unpleasant, but on the edge of the Gulf Stream, with its swirling eddies, it is not nice at all. One keeps encountering patches of very bad water through which a big ship may crash regardless, but which slams a little one about. The sea now got up in an astonishingly short while, very short and steep and cresting. I hove-to under a double-reefed foresail, close-hauled and the wheel lashed hard down. *Mary*, in easy water, will lie close to the wind, within three to four points and, forereaching slowly, spilling the wind off the leach of the sail, as there is no angular heel to speak of. Her great beam prevents that, 16 feet on a 36-foot water line.

But now, with the breaking crests striking her weather bow, she was getting it a part of the time abeam, and hard. To keep her headed up we put the double-reefed mainsail (although, strictly speaking, a ketch, I shall describe her as a schooner) on her, dropped the main boom into the amidships notch of the gallows-frame and lashed it down securely, mainsheet and guyed down on either side.

This way she rode better, but I soon discovered that it would not do. By 6 P.M. it was blowing hurricane force, and although the sails were 12-ounce stuff, reinforced and new, I began to fear that I might lose even the small fragments exposed. For the first time, therefore, I rigged and put overboard the sea anchor, so far an unknown quantity aboard *Mary*. This drag consisted of a hoop of one-inch iron about four feet in diameter with a deep sack of 00 canvas, a small opening at the apex of its cone. To the four-part bridle on the hoop we bent our new and heaviest 50-fathom anchor cable, also bending a trip line to the becket on the apex of the cone.

The immediate result of this was a violent yank, then nothing. This was very disappointing, and I could not understand it. So far as concerned our movement and position there might as well have been no sea anchor out at all . . . which was precisely the case, though we did not discover it until some hours later. Then, when I was riding the bowsprit to rig a fairlead some way out on it in the hope that this might drag the boat's nose head to sea, Quinton, my staunch Bermuda sailor, discovered that the windlass was twisted and the bow chock shifted a little.

A heave on the cable showed then that the sea anchor had torn adrift and gone to bottom. The first terrific strain when the drag and *Mary* were on different sides of a comber had torn out the heavy bight on the bridle. Moreover, the cable was twisted into kinks, showing that there had been a rapid rotary motion to the sea anchor. Why it should have done this I can't imagine. The strain must have been terrific as even the trip had carried away.

Well, here was the drag gone to Davy Jones' locker and the windlass jammed so that if ever we had occasion to anchor we could not get the anchor up again. This, however, was the least of our cares. Much worse, I discovered too late that the fine new mainsail was so badly stretched that I doubted it would ever draw again, and this doubt proved exact. We did then too late what we should have

done in the first place — rigged a storm trisail instead of the mainsail, and in the same way.

About this time a steamship loomed up out of the wrack half a mile away. She passed us by, a splendid sight, rolling her main deck down awash on either side as she swerved to look us over. Then, whether because her skipper began to worry about us a little or because some of the passengers may have pestered him into giving us a closer up-and-down, she came back again flying a P flag of the international code. "Do you need assistance?" This was kind, but we didn't, and I wigwagged to that effect. In fact, it looked to us as if we were making quite as good weather of it as this ship, especially when she forged slowly head into the short steep sea, picking up the water over her bows and tossing heavy sprays clean to the bridge, while about a quarter of her after end lifted to show the bottom and the propeller spinning around. If they had an automatic throttle on that ship, then her plunges were too short for it to take effect. To give an idea of the steepness of that sea, when the steamer was in the trough and *Mary* placed likewise, we could not see any part of the ship, not even her trucks.

She went on then about her lawful occasions, and there being nothing else to do for the moment, we tried to get some sleep. But it was no good. The racket aboard was too uproarious and varied, *Mary* took no green water at all on deck, but the heavy sprays would strike and dash clean over her, and the shock of them made one appreciate the fact that water is an inelastic medium.

For me, however, there was a tremendous satisfaction in watching the splendid behavior of this little boat that I had myself designed for precisely this, as well as other lines of duty. I came soon to the conclusion that *Mary* was galeproof — that she could be neither hove down nor submerged. The many tons of broken water crashing off the top of a steep wave and tumbling down against her merely bore her away to leeward in its mass. Where a deep-drafted boat might have got her lee deck under and tripped, *Mary* with her great beam, and high freeboard with its flare carried on amidships appeared to use this formation as a bow, and scowed along on top. It was a comforting discovery, though on a previous run from Bermuda to Cape Cod we had sailed through a short blow with sea enough to make me believe this would be the case in a hard one. Also, coming up from Florida in the Gulf Stream two years ago I had learned in three days of gale, smack astern, that there was nothing to fear in running before a big cresting swell.

I was watching this performance with a sort of parental pride, when a big tarpon leaped clear out of the water almost alongside. This surprised me a good deal, as I have never heard of tarpon reported so far north. I don't know what else a silvery fish of that size could have been, and unless corrected shall assume that it was a stray tarpon that chose to make a passage in the warm waters of the Stream. Before entering it I had noticed a number of dead nautilus floating about.

This gale kept us hove-to for 39 hours, though the velocity of the wind, which I judged to be from 50 to 60 miles, began to moderate in 24 hours. I have since learned from the Weather Bureau charts that it blew 71 miles an hour at New York. But it was of no use trying to get on our way with wind and sea ahead sufficient to prevent our gaining anything on our course. No boat of our size could have gained anything to windward under such conditions, and to attempt to do so would have meant unnecessary fatigue. Even as it was, neither of us got much rest. The noise and the motion were too violent, and one is constantly listening in the expectation of hearing something carry away.

Owing to the steep pitch of the sea and its breaking crests, *Mary* got some fearful wallops. She would ride easily enough at intervals, for half an hour perhaps, when some peculiar shaping of the swell would place her in a vulnerable position for the next big one. The thud and crash to follow then sounded below like a collision with something much more resistant than broken water. But as Quinton observed, she did not cry, which meant that her splendid ship joiners' work and the reinforcements to her solid construction withstood the heavy shocks so that there was no friction in her strong joints to make them squeal.

Mary is husky and full bodied. The absence of paint on her bluff bows indicates the buffeting she received.

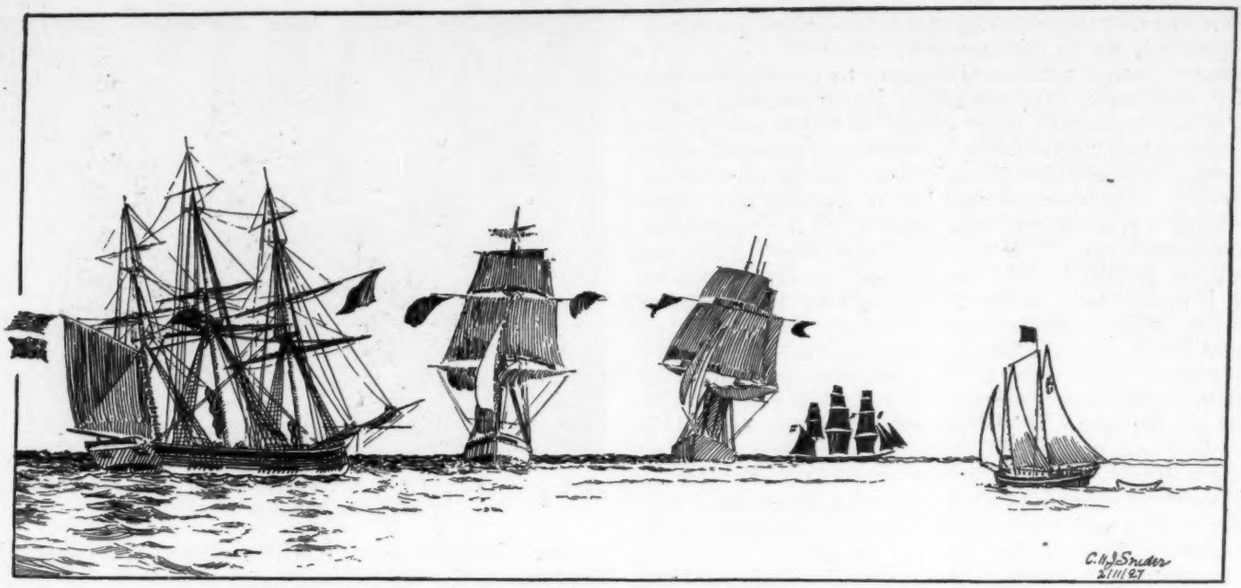
Mary did not take this punishment supinely. She biffed back with vigor and determination, smashing them gamely. Watching her performance from the cockpit reminded me of a sturdy fighter beset by rowdies. It was a proper rough-house, a knock-down-and-drag-out, though the boat was never anywhere near being knocked down. Most of the blows aimed at her she avoided, or parried in a manner to glance them off, then rode over the assailant. But once in so often one would get her squarely, sometimes below the belt, with a body punch that sounded loud and hard enough to stave in her strong ribs, but did not. Above decks, of course, the impacts were much less disturbing. But the sleeping was not good, though we did manage to catch a few naps.

At 6:30 the next morning, October 14th, the wind hauled westerly and moderated enough for us to make sail and steer a S. by E. course. There had been no chance to take a sight since noon of October 12th, and any attempt to figure out the resultant of our leeway when hove-to, and the drift of the Gulf Stream, could be scarcely more than a sheer guess, especially as we had been driven out of the Stream, back across the "cold wall," some time in the night. But we soon swam into it again.

Some great marine painter ought to make a series of allegorical pictures to portray the Gulf Stream as a beautiful titanic woman of the sea, and to depict her quick changing moods. There is something intensely feminine about the temperamental behavior of this vast torrid river flowing through the ocean, and the soul of it a woman's soul. One marvels at the profundity of beauty when sleeping peacefully she rests unruffled, in a gorgeous pageantry of color at sunrise and sunset. Even at night this pulsating beauty strikes into one with awe so that voice and motions are instinctively hushed, not to disturb the serenity of My Lady of the Gulf Stream's repose on her deep indigo velvet mattress under the soft glowing lanterns of the stars.

But taken full-and-by, Lady Gulf Stream is a good deal

(*Continued on page 96*)



Tarpaulins at the ends of the studdingsail booms were the *Alexander's* private prize signal.

Aboard the Privateer

Being an Account of the Way Fighting Ships Were Run during the War of 1812

By C. H. J. SNIDER

THE Hollywood idea of privateersmen as roaring-ranting morons incapable of any higher form of intellectual expression than "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!" is about as far from fact as most Hollywood ideas. Privateers were picturesque ploughmen of the ocean furrows, "with thoughts as boundless and with souls as free," but the successful cruiser commander in the War of 1812 possessed — in addition to a large dash of imagination and an eye for the picturesque — a keen business brain.

Papers of the *Alexander*, of Salem, which have just come to light, prove that. Yellowed with age, but in perfect condition, they lie in the custody of Dr. A. G. Doughty, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of Archives, Canada. They give a real "movie" of how the best American privateers were run.

The *Alexander* was owned and commanded by Captain Benjamin Crowninshield, member of a well-known Massachusetts family of privateersmen and master mariners, veteran of Bunker Hill in the Revolution, and collateral ancestor of a designer whose work has been familiar to yachtsmen for two generations — B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston. There were three Benjamin Crowninshields living in Salem at the time of the War of 1812. All were nearly related. One, the great grandfather of the present naval architect, took a middle initial, "W," to avoid confusion. Benjamin Crowninshield, of the *Alexander*, was a cousin of this Benjamin W. Crowninshield.

The *Alexander* was a full-rigged ship, and mounted 20 guns; she was the equal, or superior, of many of the sloops-of-war in the British Navy in her time. She raked the Atlantic from Nova Scotia to the English Channel in chase of British prizes. Like other privateers, she had her own private signal to designate captures she was sending in. Flying such signals was a speedy method of notifying the privateers' agents of the arrival of a prize on the American coast, and it averted molestation by other privateers, or ships of the United States Navy, which would, of course, pounce down upon the foreigner immediately she showed above the horizon. Captain Crowninshield's prize signal is set down in the *Alexander's* papers as "Tarpaulins on the foretopsail yardarms, rigged out at each end of the studdingsail booms," so that the numerous *Alexander* prizes must have looked, as they arrived, like a flock of scarecrows in flight.

Captain Crowninshield was a methodical business man, and kept aboard an "office staff" of clerks and bookkeepers like that of a twentieth century capitalist's. In his cruises he took many prisoners. One of the yellowed volumes in the *Alexander's* package of papers is a ledger devoted entirely to prisoners-of-war. These, delivered into the custody of a United States marshall, were worth $25 a head. It was, of course, difficult to retain prisoners on a long cruise, for they became troublesome as their numbers increased, and the numbers of the privateer crew dwindled through the manning of prizes. Moreover, their maintenance for a long voyage would eat up their head-money. The practice was, accordingly, to send them off in vessels encountered, sometimes taking their parole, and allowing them to return to England or the colonies; sometimes passing them on to homeward-bound American vessels for delivery on arrival. Captain Crowninshield had 122 prisoners recorded on his books in the course of one cruise, and each is carefully accounted for in the ledger.

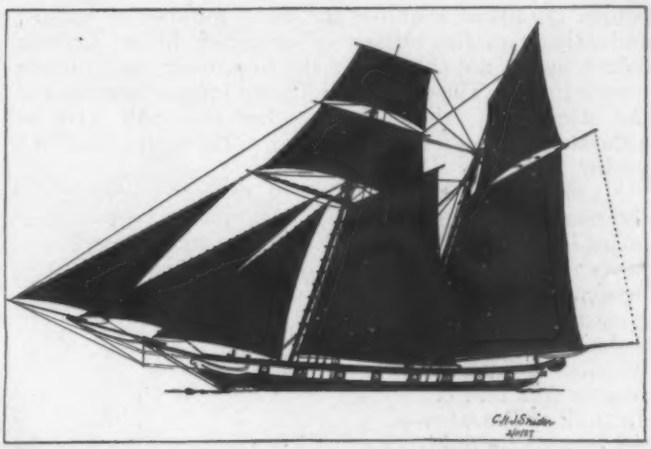
One page of the prisoners' book contains a copy of a solemn bond of exchange entered into between Germain Bernard, commander of the French privateer *La Confiance*, of Bordeaux, 20 guns, and William Pinkson, master of the English merchantman *Friendship*, of London, captured by the *Confiance*. The bond, made on board the French privateer January 26, 1812, pledges Captain Pinkson, in view of his release by Captain Bernard, to abstain from serving against the French until exchanged, and to obtain Captain Bernard's release should he, in turn, become a prisoner-of-war.

Such war bargains were by no means rare in the old days, but it is curious that Captain Crowninshield, American privateersman, should have kept a copy of this particular one. It may have served as a model. His prisoners' book also contains a parole, signed by the masters, mates, seamen and passengers of the English brig *Aeolus* and the Newfoundland schooner *Dart*, agreeing, as a term of their release, to secure the liberation of a corresponding number of American sailors. The signatories had all been put on board the *Dart* after her capture by the *Alexander*, and were to be allowed to proceed in her to her original destination in Newfoundland. The *Dart* was too small to send home to Salem as a prize.

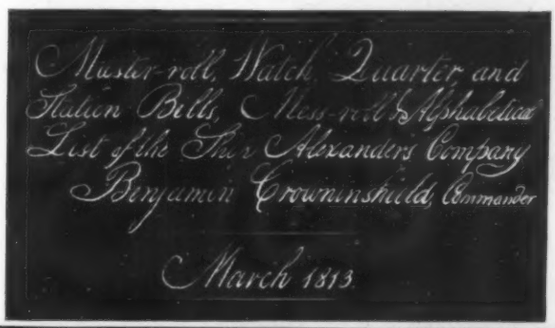
The *Alexander's* crew of 150 men (as originally recruited), and her many prisoners made her commissary a large and important department. Her records regarding it would do credit to a modern hotel. An elaborate and accurate daily account was kept of the consumption of beef, pork, bread, potatoes, and water, vinegar and New England rum. Among other items the store sheets show the issue of 111 pounds of "bread," that is, ship's biscuit, per diem.

Filing systems were yet to be born, but Captain Crowninshield kept his muster roll, watch, quarter, and station bills, mess rolls and an alphabetical list of the ship's company in a neat little book with a thumb index. Their record gives a picture of the interior economy of a privateer.

The whole crew was divided into three watches, each commanded by a lieutenant, with three subordinate officers and a quartermaster. The names of all are set out in the fair round hand penned by the captain's clerk a hundred and fifteen years ago. All who have been to sea in a sailing vessel will agree that three watches is an arrangement which goes an enormous distance towards removing hardship. Instead of the grind of "watch-and-watch," four hours' duty and four hours' rest — forever invaded by the call, "All hands!" — there is four hours' work and eight hours' recreation — subject, of course, to the inevitable interruptions. Cruising yachtsmen who have practised the three-watch arrangement agree that it is well worth while reducing the number of men in a watch to the utter minimum, if necessary, in order to make three watches instead of two.



The *Herald*, privateer, close-hauled. A silhouette to scale, suggested by her recorded spar dimensions.



Muster-roll, Watch, Quarter and Station Bills, Mess-roll & Alphabetical List of the Ship Alexanders Company Benjamin Crowninshield, Commander

March 1813

Watch Bill

Officers of the several Watches.—

First Watch	Second Watch	Third Watch
Lieut Shubrick	Lieut Richardson	Lieut Shepard
Mr Snelling	Mr Preston	Mr Drummond
Mr Tant	Mr White	Mr Spiller
Mr Perkins	Mr Bruce	Mr Ruman
James Day QM.	Ambrose Allen QM	Jn° Allison QM.

Quarter Bill

Captain Crowninshield to command in Chief.—

Nathaniel Cummings, to act as the Commanders—

Fore-top.—	Main-top.—	Mizen-top.—
John Bennare	John Miller	James Worster
Simon Gorain	Joseph Fell	Elmon Wardwell
Israel Pritchard	Michael Corbet	George Fennes.—
Edw° Hammond	Robert Peterson	

Privateersmen were, of course, likely to hear the cry "All hands!" even oftener than Bermuda racers crossing the Stream. Stations, according to the little thumb-indexed book, were as definite aboard the *Alexander* as on a parade ground. Ten men are named to "man the foretop," twelve to man the main, eight the mizzen. These topmen were subdivided into watches for each side. The larboard men had their names written in black ink in the book, while the starboard names appeared in red. There was a captain for each top, and the top crews, stationed at the large platforms at the heads of the three lower masts, worked from there aloft, hoisting, reefing or handing sails, or firing muskets into the enemy's decks when in action. On the forecastle, six men worked on the larboard side and six on the starboard, with a captain for each watch. Their names also are recorded in black and red ink, according to side. The "waisters," working amidships, were similarly divided, four to each side, under captains. The "afterguard," sixteen men in each watch, worked on the quarterdeck.

"Idlers," in the quarter bill, included alike Captain Crowninshield, the commander, and Jack Townsend, the wardroom boy. There were 25 in this list. "Idler" on shipboard and "idler" ashore have opposite meanings. A seagoing idler may be the busiest man on board; but he does not participate in the routine of watches. As man's work is from sun to sun and woman's work is never done, so the able seaman has his watch and the idler has his endless task.

The *Alexander's* crew got their meals by messes, crunching their hard-tack and chewing their salt horse in various nooks and corners, principally between the guns. There were seventeen messes in all, with from four to twelve men in each, and their names are all carefully written out in the inexhaustible ship's papers. In action with the enemy, and in working ship, every man and boy had his specific duty, and that duty is also recorded in Captain Crowninshield's book. Certain men are named to pull and haul on the fore brace, certain others on the main brace

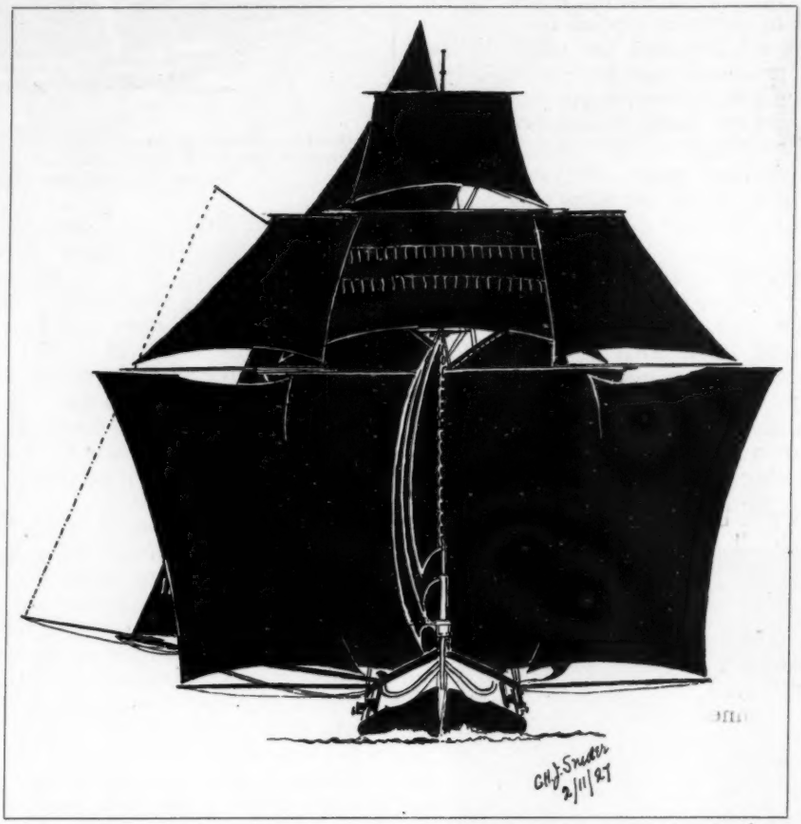
(which doubtless required the usual number of splices) and others on the mizzen or crossjack brace. Certain others, again, are named for the fore, main, and mizzen topsail braces. The topmen aloft, the forecastle men, and the afterguard, trimmed the other sails. All were as accurately placed for maneuvering as the racing crew in a yacht.

Six or seven men, with a captain, manned each gun and the one opposite, crossing the deck as the port or starboard broadside was required. A privateer took good care never to be caught in a corner where both broadsides were needed at once. Four guns formed a division, and for each division a quartermaster was told off. In action, the master gunner and his mate were not on deck at all, unless emergency called them. Their station was the magazine and filling room, where the cartridges were prepared. To minimize the possibility of explosion, only a few rounds of cartridges were kept ready in advance. For the gunner's yeoman it is written down that he should "see that ammunition of every kind is well supplied." He had the perilous job of getting the powder and cartridges up to the guns.

Upon one man, and one alone, devolved the duty of seeing to the steering of the ship in action. "John B. Allison, quartermaster, to attend the helm," is the curt entry in the quarter bill. More than one man would be at the steering wheel, but it would be Allison's duty to see that the helm was manned at all times, that steersmen were replaced immediately if shot down or wounded, and that the entire steering gear — tiller, tackles, wheel-ropes, etc. — was kept in order. He probably delivered the orders to the helmsmen also.

The carpenter, with his two mates, and the cooper, are assigned in the book "to attend the pumps, sounding the wells and keeping the gear instantly ready for use, and preparing and driving plugs for shotholes." The cook and armourer had to watch the fire in the galley, smothering it immediately on going into action. Together they constituted the permanent fire brigade of the ship. Two hands, in the book, are set to supply the shot-lockers. Others are stationed in the cabin to pass up the powder from the magazine. The surgeon, "Dr. Hemenway and his mate, Mr. Gale," have their place fixed below, in the cockpit, whither the wounded were carried.

Altogether, the *Alexander* was one of the best regulated privateers of which documents have been preserved. But she was not unique. The Crowninshields had systematized privateering until they were perfect in its practice. Many fine armed vessels flew the house flags of the family in the War of 1812, including the sloop *Jefferson*, the schooner *Diomede*, and the ships *John*, *Alexander* and *America*. The last-named, owned by George Crowninshield and Sons, was larger than the *Alexander* and immensely successful. She took 41 prizes, of which 27 reached port and brought $1,100,000 in the prize court. The Crowninshields were past masters in their profession, and it is easy to see why as one studies the details of the organization of their vessels as revealed in these papers of the *Alexander*. George Crowninshield, owner of the *America*, was the first seagoing yachtsman, building the *Cleopatra's Barge*, of Salem, for foreign pleasure cruising, in 1816.

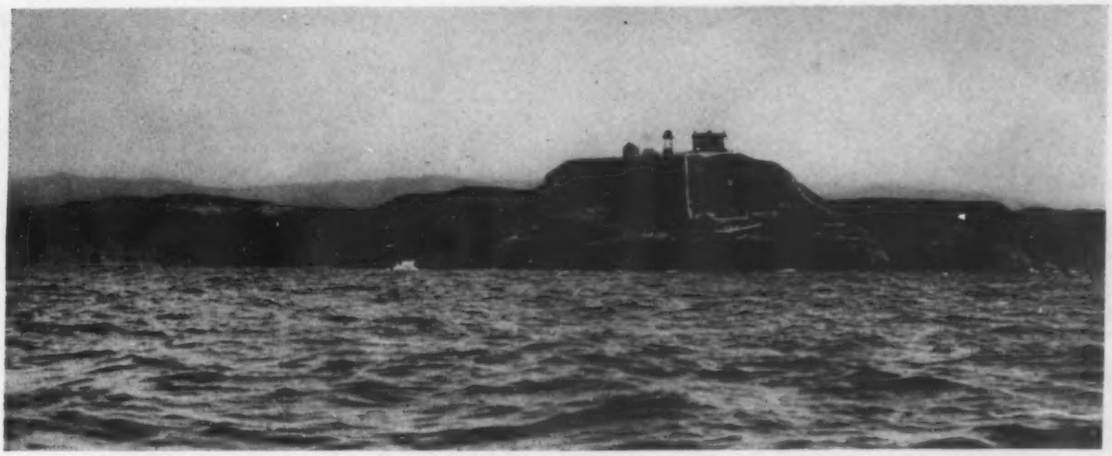


The *Herald*, privateer, running free. A silhouette to scale from spar plan, indicating that with studdingsails set her spread was almost as wide as it was high. The "ringtail" on the mainsail has been dotted in.

If it is a mistake to imagine that privateers were run on slap-dash, devil-may-care systems or on none at all, it is also a mistake to think that even in these early days of designing-science they were sparred and rigged "by guess and by gosh." Papers of another privateer, the *Herald*, of New York, built by Christian Bergh, master carpenter, and launched in August, 1813, are also in the public archives of Canada, and among them are the vessel's spar dimensions. The *Herald* was a schooner of 230 tons, with "a square stern and round tuck, no galleries, and a fiddle head." She was 101 feet long on deck, 24 ft. 8 in. beam, and 10 ft. 4 in. deep in hold. She was pierced for 18 guns, including two stern-chasers. The careful detail of her spar dimensions, carried in her papers on a cruise so protracted that precious dyewoods from prize cargoes had to be used to maintain the galley fire, show that she was rigged to an accurate plan, which it is possible to reproduce in scale. The dimensions are:

Mainmast, 83 ft., head 9 ft., diameter 24 in.
Foremast, 80 ft., head 10 ft., diameter 24 in.
Bowsprit, 18 ft. outboard.
Jibboom, 32 ft. long, 9 in. diameter.
Flying jibboom, 26 ft. long, 5½ in. diameter.
Squaresail yard, 58 ft., yardarms 1 ft. 6 in., diameter 9½ in.
Squaresail booms, 30 ft., diameter 7 in.
Jackyard for squaresail, 25 ft., diameter 7 in.
Mainboom, 52 ft., diameter 12 in.
Topsail yard, 36 ft., yardarms 12 in., diameter 6 in.
Topgallant yard, 25 ft., yardarms 12 in., diameter 5 in.
Foretopmast, 28 ft., head 4 ft., diameter 10 in.
Maintopmast, 38 ft. 6 in., head 14 ft., diameter 7 in.
2 Studdingsail yards, 14 ft. 6 in., diameter 4 in.
2 Studdingsail yards, 9 ft. 6 in., diameter 3½ in.
4 Studdingsail booms, 30 ft., diameter 5 in.
2 Gaffs, 33 ft., diameter 8 in.

(*Continued on page 96*)



"Point Conception is sometimes called the Cape Horn of California," says the Pacific Coast Pilot.

California Calm

The Record of a Drifting Voyage on the West Coast

By G. F. Ferris

"SEPTEMBER," says the Pacific Coast Pilot, "is a quiet month." Those were most reassuring words to an amateur sailor whose knowledge of the ways of the open ocean was limited to what he had gained from attentive reading of the cruising stories in the yachting magazines, from Slocum and Voss, and from a few steamer trips in quiet weather. Even several years of sailing on the waters of San Francisco Bay is not enough to prepare one for the sterner stuff of the open sea, and so this statement in the Pilot stood as my chief moral support. The pitfalls that lurked in it were not even guessed at as the old *Arcturus* stood out through the Golden Gate and turned her nose southward on a quiet afternoon.

The *Arcturus*, I have gathered, is one of the movable landmarks of San Francisco Bay. I have heard it intimated that she was originally one of Captain Noah's life boats. A search through the various histories of sailing vessels, however, would hardly place her quite so far back. Anyway she is old. They do say that she won a race once, back in 1897, and certainly all the old yachtsmen seem to know her on sight. As we stood into the cove at San Simeon on our way south, the *Shawnee* came in on her way north from the Santa Barbara Regatta, and from her deck they hailed us, "Isn't that the *Arcturus?*" And down at Port San Luis, walking along the pier, a man addressed me, "Isn't that the old *Arcturus* from San Francisco? I thought I knew her."

I have also been told that once the *Arcturus* had the reputation of carrying the best stock of liquor on San Francisco Bay. That probably accounts for her being so well known. But old though she may be, she is still a good little boat — a centerboarder, yawl-rigged, 36 feet over all and without an engine. Her next-to-the-last owner had the same idea that I had — that one goes sailing in order to sail and not just to get some place. I say it is the same idea that I *had*. I am not so sure that I still have it!

Of the voyage south to Santa Barbara there is little to be said. A few days of beautiful weather and of pleasant breezes always astern are nothing to write home about. A trip across the Santa Barbara Channel to Santa Cruz Island, where we lay at anchor several days in the beautiful little cove of Pelican Bay, gave a combination of calms and one afternoon of rough stuff, but still it was all easy going.

But coming back. That may make a story.

It was a part of my plan for the cruise home to poke into as many as possible of the anchorages along the coast. There is a popular superstition that there are no anchorages along the California coast — at least, that there are not very many. Just why such a superstition should have developed I don't quite see, for there is a fairly good summer anchorage on an average of every 25 miles from San Francisco to Santa Barbara. The old time Pacific Coast Pilot, designed for use in the days when an active coasting trade was carried on, lists and gives a detailed description of many little anchorages that the new Pilot does not even mention. If you read the new Pilot only you would be justified in thinking that anchorages of any sort are few and far between. I happen to have a copy of the old Pilot of the edition of 1889, a ponderous volume that makes the new Pilot look like a mere pamphlet. The new edition may be better for the steamers, but it is of very little use to the small-boatman. That old Pilot is a treasure and a mine of information. It is quite true that much of its information has nothing to do with the business of navigating a ship from port to port, but it adds greatly to the interest of a coasting cruise.

The summer winds along this coast nearly always blow from the northwest or north and follow the trend of the coast very closely. So we had before us an uphill climb for all of the nearly 300 miles to the Golden Gate. It took us four weeks to do it. "September is a quiet month." It was in 1927, anyway!

Out of Santa Barbara, on our way home with a crew of two, Joe and I. The Santa Barbara Channel runs east and west, but the winds turn also and follow the shore, so we beat out of the harbor and westward in a light air. But late in the afternoon the wind picked up, and by dark it was blowing something more than a fresh breeze that kicked up a sea with high, short, steep-fronted waves. We shortened down for the night to double-reefed main, jib and jigger, but even with this the helmsman was con-

At anchor under the cliffs of Pelican Bay, Santa Cruz Island. The *Arcturus* is seen at the right.

tinually drenched with heavy spray. Others, with more experience, have noted that the Santa Barbara Channel can get fairly rough upon occasion.

We held on all night on the starboard tack, with the wind moderating toward morning, and at daybreak the gray bulk of San Miguel Island loomed out of the mist on the port bow. Back again across the channel with nothing more than a light air until late in the afternoon. As we approached Point Conception it freshened again. Here we took advantage of one of the peculiar features of the Pacific Coast. An extraordinary variety of sea weed, some of gigantic size, grows along the coast. This kelp usually grows on rocky bottom out to 10 or 11 fathoms, and the free ends float on the surface in great raft-like masses. In many cases dangers, such as sunken rocks, are marked by this surface kelp, and along parts of the coast it forms a veritable barrier reef. Behind these kelp beds the sea is smoothed out as if by magic, let the wind blow as it may. Some of the anchorages, in fact, are formed partially by the outlying kelp beds.

"Point Conception," says the old Pilot, "is sometimes called the Cape Horn of California." Although it had not shown anything frightful when we came down, we really expected some trouble getting around it on the way back. So with the rising wind kicking up a sea, we sneaked up on the Point by keeping behind the kelp, where we had the double advantage of a good wind and an almost perfectly calm sea. The tacks had to be short, but at sundown we had worked under the lee of the Point and into Coxo anchorage, where we dropped the hook in company with two or three fishing — or ostensibly fishing — boats. The old Pilot claims that this is a better anchorage than Santa Barbara, and I am inclined to agree with him. There we lay in comfort all night, with the wind whistling across the Point and through the rigging above our heads.

By morning it was quiet again, and we were unable even to move until nine. Then, with a gentle breeze, we worked out of the anchorage and around the Point. The Cape Horn of California failed to do its stuff, and by dark that night we had made good scarcely 15 miles. This terrible coast that has been the scene of countless wrecks, including the piling up of seven destroyers in one mighty catastrophe, had been strangely gentle with us.

All night no wind. Next day, flat calms and light airs. In fact we had seen the last of any real wind for some time to come. At dark we had Point Sal still ahead of us. I had hoped to try out the anchorage that is said to lie under the Point, but there was no chance to get in. All night long we drifted, with, at the very most, an occasional light air. Even the swells were practically gone and the sea was oily smooth. And all night long we heard the blowing of whales.

The morning was cloudy and behind us a thunderstorm blackened the sky over Point Arguello. We expected squalls and stood by to meet them. Out of the distance came a faint roar that approached rapidly. We braced ourselves to meet it, and then it turned out to be nothing but the patter of raindrops, without a breath of wind behind them. All day the same calm. Drifting slowly along, with but the slightest of steerageway and with the booms lashed out and tied down in various ways to stop their slatting and to hold what little wind there was. Sunfish, those curious fish that seem to be all head and no tail, lay about on the surface, or wabbled away as we drifted past. Four sea lions came up close to the boat and gravely inspected us. Then, just at sundown came a sight that was worth waiting to see. All afternoon thousands of shearwaters, in never-ending streams, had been flying by. Then a portion of the flock discovered a school of fish and the knowledge seemed to spread almost instantaneously. From every point of the compass they came by thousands. They plunged into the water in a struggling mass, and the beat of their wings and the splashing of the water were like the roar of surf. Finally they polished off the school of fish and took wing again in the same endless lines.

Night again. Seven miles to Port San Luis. The booms still lashed out. Drifting in the general direction desired. And finally, just at dawn, we came into the harbor of Port San Luis on a gentle land breeze and dropped the hook near the end of the pier. A day at anchor, while I attended to some business in San Luis Obispo.

Away from Port Luis, with its oil-polluted waters, at nine the next morning, with nothing more than light airs. Around the breakwater and then a beat to Point Buchon. Just at dark we reached the lightbuoy off the point and stood out to sea. Nine miles made good. Then a freshening breeze gave us two-and-a-half or three knots, and we stood off until ten and then came about. We figured that, if the wind would only hold, our course on the inshore tack should bring us to Cayucos Landing, on Esteros Bay,

San Simeon is a delightful little cove with a pier and a tiny village.

about daybreak. The wind freshened, however, and we picked up a fair turn of speed.

The sky finally clouded up and a thick fog settled down. Our increased speed led us to think that we would reach the shore before daylight, and so at 3:30 we stood off again. Then, already in doubt as to our exact position, we were thrown into more confusion by picking up quite clearly the sound of a whistling buoy. The only such buoy in all that stretch of coast is the one on Von Helm Rock and, according to repeated calculations, no possible course or speed that we could have made good could have brought us within miles of it. And then, well after daybreak, the fog lifted to show our position with the Von Helm Rock buoy nearly seven or eight miles to the northward. It was an excellent object lesson in the unreliability of sound signals, for the whistle had sounded much more clearly than it did later when we were close by.

Another day of light airs, and then a real breeze sprang up, and once more we entered the little cove at San Simeon. This is a delightful little anchorage, with a pier and a tiny village. Above it all towers the Coast Range, here merging into the rugged mass of the Santa Lucia Range. There is no railroad, and only an occasional small coasting steamer enters the cove. We had it all to ourselves, except for a couple of small fishing boats that swung at their moorings. Once there was a whaling station here, and the little cove must have been a scene of activity, but that was long ago.

Out again the next morning with barely wind enough to move us. We cleared the point about nine o'clock and then it took us until five in the evening to reach Point Piedras Blancas, scarcely five miles away! There is an excellent cove under the lee of this Point, and had we known what was ahead of us we would have stayed there for the night, but we turned off and stood out to sea. It was a brilliantly clear night and we lashed the wheel and let her go, coming up once in a while to see that everything was well. All night we sailed on the starboard tack, almost straight offshore, a freshening breeze pushing up our speed until we were doing six knots. All night we sailed without touching the wheel or a sheet, and every time I looked at the compass the little boat was holding on her course as true as an arrow.

At daylight we were 50 miles or more offshore, and even the great range of the Santa Lucias was entirely out of sight to the eastward. We put about at five o'clock, and as wind and sea were getting fairly heavy we shortened down by double-reefing the main. And then all day we beat back under this shortened rig, through a rough sea, shipping heavy spray and with everything wet and uncomfortable. The straining opened up a leak somewhere, and more water than was pleasant came into the bilge. It ran down the sides as we heeled over and spurted out through the ventilating openings in the inner planking, ruining books and soaking our bedding. It was a miserable day, although the experience, being comparatively new, was somewhat thrilling. At sunset the mountains were still far away to the eastward.

I am not sufficiently experienced in ocean work to know exactly how much wind we were getting, but my estimate was a moderate gale. It was certainly something more than a fresh breeze! The big fellows were trying to come aboard and we had to meet them with some care. Once in a while one would roll up on the weather side and half drown the helmsman with solid water. Water dripped through the ventilators, spurted in around the closed cabin hatch, slopped up from the bilge.

At sundown we tried shortening sail still more, coming down to jib and jigger, but it wouldn't work. The big ones had to be met, and in such a sea we simply didn't have power enough to keep us moving. Turn up to meet a big one, and, before she could get going again, her head would pay away off and the next sea would catch us squarely on the beam and leave the helmsman gasping for breath. It was far worse than with the double-reefed main up. But we couldn't see ourselves carrying any more sail through a long, dark and cold night when we couldn't see the waves coming. It looked as if some of them would probably try to climb into bed with us. We simply weren't hard-boiled enough and so we gave it up. Joe tied a line around his waist and went out on the bowsprit to furl the jib. We sheeted in the mizzen and hove her to, with that one sail and with the rudder hard to windward. The effect was magical. In spite of that heavy sea we actually rode more quietly than in some of the anchorages along the coast. She lay with her head close to the wind and drifting rapidly off before it. Once in a while a heavier wave would catch her a little off the bow and there would be a deep roll, but aside from that the motion, other than straight up and down, was scarcely noticeable.

We set our light and let her ride while we huddled into our damp blankets below. It was a new experience and I couldn't help worrying a bit, although the ease with which

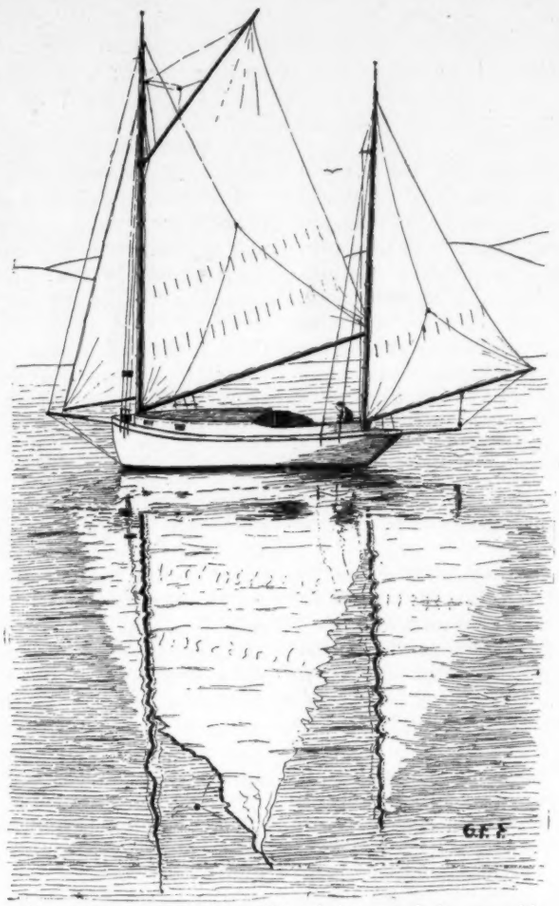
A kelp bed off the California Coast.

the boat rode was reassuring. Still, I had visions of a none-too-strong mizzen sheet parting, or of the boomkin giving way, for the mizzen occasionally jerked heavily and shook the boat. But everything held. The wind whistled through the rigging. Cresting waves crashed. There was the occasional patter of wind-driven spray on the deck. Water sloshed back and forth in the bilge. Wrapped in our damp blankets and soaked clothing, we slept a little.

Some time during the night the sharp note of the wind moderated and by morning both wind and seas had gone down considerably. We shook out the reefs and set everything again. How many miles we had lost during the night we could only guess. But at one o'clock we were under the lee of Lopez Point, so we had at least gained a little. Then the wind went out of sight again and nothing was left but a faint little land breeze that finally carried us to an anchorage at Twin Peaks Cove.

We shared the anchorage with an abalone boat manned by Japanese. Joe went over and talked with them, with the result that they gave him one of their catch. Abalones are another of the peculiarities of the Pacific Coast. They are a species of snail, with a very flat shell that sometimes measures ten inches or more across and from their muscular foot there can be cut a couple of pounds of abalone "steak."

The next day, no wind. Joe went ashore, and a man on the beach told him that the wind "never blows in here." It didn't that day. We spent the whole day trying to work out from under the Point and finally we dropped the hook right where we started from. We were up at daylight and spent the whole forenoon in gaining an offing of a quarter of a mile. And then, at one o'clock, the breeze came and we were on our way again.



"The *Arcturus*, I have gathered, is one of the movable landmarks of San Francisco Bay."

We were passing now the most beautiful portion of the entire California coast south of San Francisco. Here the great range of the Santa Lucia Mountains comes down to the very shore, terminating in great cliffs and rising to a height of 5,000 feet scarcely five miles from the ocean.

"Along this seaboard," says the old Pilot, "the northwest winds blow with terrific force and the small coasting steamers are forced to hug the shore closely, keeping less than a mile out." I had wondered why they should be any better off close inshore than farther out, but this afternoon furnished the explanation. The wind increased until it was blowing a fresh breeze in the afternoon. But for some reason, although the wind parallels the coast, there is a comparatively calm belt along shore where it is lighter and the sea smoother. We took advantage of this until evening, working back and forth in short tacks, close under the wall-like shore. It was a glorious afternoon of sailing, the ideal combination of a fine breeze, a sparkling ocean, and a shore line that is worth going far to see. It is for days such as this that one cruises. Then, at sundown, as we no longer dared to keep so close inshore, we held out to sea. The wind was blowing hard and, in anticipation of its getting worse, we had double-reefed the main while still in comparatively quiet water. At eight the wind bluffed me out and we hove-to until eleven. Then, as it was evident that things weren't going to be so bad after all, we set the jib and lashed the wheel and held out to sea all night. Hard-boiled sailors would have been carrying everything, but we didn't like those night watches. Watch and watch is tiresome business when one is wet and cold.

Morning and fog. We came about at daybreak and set the main. And then came the one real adventure of the cruise. We were now crossing the steamer lanes, and there was an occasional whistle in the distance. We should have had our fog horn going, but it was a weak thing, and I reasoned that we could do better by listening closely for the steamer whistles and then, when we heard them, giving our own signals. There was a single faint "moo" from somewhere, and then out of the fog on our starboard came the bow of a steamer. Joe dropped the wheel and grabbed the fog horn. It was a queer contraption, that horn. To blow it one needed to set it calmly to his lips and give a full, round and easy blast. If you blew too hard its voice broke. And Joe was pouring everything he had into that horn! Instead of a resounding blast all that came forth was a series of plaintive bleats and frightened squeaks! He gave it up and we tried the efficacy of the human voice. I am not at all sure that the result was any better. Anyway, the bow of the steamer was still coming on.

I waited long enough to be sure that there was no possibility of clearing the steamer and swung the wheel over to come about. And still the bow came on until it towered directly over us. We tore off our heavy coats and stood waiting for the crash, hoping only that there might be a bit of wreckage left to which to cling. The idea of cutting loose the skiff, which was lashed alongside the cockpit coaming, flashed through my mind, but the steamer was coming down on the very spot where the skiff would be as it went overboard.

As the old *Arcturus* hung in the wind, her bow swinging slowly around until she presented her stern to the steamer, the finish of her career was in sight. Then, just as the steamer's bow seemed about to crash into our quarter it sheered away a bit, the bow wave caught us and brushed us contemptuously aside and the steamer swept by, the captain leaning over the rail of the bridge and wanting to know in this and that why we hadn't blown our horn.

From then on we blew it at intervals decidedly shorter than that allowed by law! Only a few minutes later

(*Continued on page 104*)

Star fleet racing on Pearl Harbor, Oahu, with the mountains for a background.

Hawaii Ahoy!

A Wealth of Attractions Awaits the Yatchsman in a Region He Knows but Little

By HAROLD T. PULSIFER

"THE loveliest fleet of Islands anchored in any ocean." No article on Hawaii is ever considered complete without this quotation from Mark Twain. One might as well start with it at the beginning and get it over with. There are two reasons for using it. One is that it is a famous bit of description; the other is that it happens to be just about true. At least, if it isn't true I'm willing to stand by it until some kind person cuts loose another archipelago from its moorings and tows it around into Oyster Bay where I can look it over at my leisure. When that happens, I shall try to be judicial and fair-minded in my examination, but until that time comes I think I shall tag along with Mark.

No matter what your hobby may be the Hawaiian Islands can offer you an excellent excuse for visiting them. Are you a painter? You will find color values to be seen nowhere else in the world awaiting your brush. Are you a farmer? Agriculture in the Islands has been mated with science in a way to stir the imagination. Are you an ethnologist? You will find a melting pot of the nations ready to supply you with material for a thousand theses. Are you an ichthyologist or an angler? Legions of rainbow-hued fish await your attention. I could keep this question and answer business up indefinitely, but I shall ask but one more question. Are you a yachtsman? It will be the purpose of this article to say what the Islands have in store for you.

Let me begin with a few facts. They're obvious ones, but it's surprising how few of us mainlanders know them. The Hawaiian archipelago lies in the Pacific Ocean between the 19th and 23rd parallels of latitude and the 161st and 154th degree of longitude. The archipelago runs in a general northwest or southeast direction within this area. Beginning at the northwest, the Islands are, in the order of their arrangement — Niihau, Kauai, Oahu, Molokai, Lanai, Maui, Kahoolawee and Hawaii. On the island of Oahu is the city of Honolulu and the great naval basin at Pearl Harbor. Hawaii, the southernmost island of the group, is as large as the states of Rhode Island and Connecticut combined and contains the two volcanic peaks of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa which rise nearly 14,000 feet above the waters of the Pacific. The distance from Honolulu to San Francisco is 2,061 miles and this distance is covered by the new Matson liner *Malolo*, in four days.

Now this same 2,061 miles offers to cruising yachtsmen an ocean voyage where comparatively smooth water can be expected and where fair breezes blow. The records of the Transpacific yacht races (there's another one coming off this next year starting from San Pedro) show that this is a very much more favorable body of water for ocean cruising than the North Atlantic.

Nature did not bless the Hawaiian Islands with any superfluity of harbors, and man has had to pitch in and do his bit by improving upon nature. At the present day, however, there are well protected anchorages at Nawiliwili Bay, on Kauai; at Pearl Harbor and Honolulu Harbor, on the Island of Oahu; at Kahului Harbor, on the

Sailing sampan of Japanese fishermen, of Hawaii.

Island of Maui; and at Hilo, the chief port of Hawaii. All these harbors, with the exception of those on the Island of Oahu, are on the windward side of the Islands. There are, I am told, many excellent anchorages on the leeward sides of the Islands which are protected save when a Kona storm sweeps in from the south. The channels between the islands are distinctly choppy, but they are navigated without trouble by the Japanese fishermen who go about their work in power sampans, ranging in size from 35 to 60-odd feet.

Sampans, by the way, are most interesting and, I was told, most seaworthy craft. They start out with a V-bottomed forefoot. On this there is erected a more or less flat-bottomed hull which sweeps aft in a rounded curve, the greatest depth of which appears to be about one-third of its length from the stern. Overhanging the sides of this structure there is a deck which projects from six inches to a foot beyond the hull. The sampan, like the Chinese junk is, strictly speaking, an open vessel, the deck proper being formed by a series of hatches. The illustrations accompanying this article give one a better idea of the structure of a sampan than can be obtained from the written word.

At the present time the only really active yacht club on the Islands is that which is located at Pearl Harbor, the naval base on the Island of Oahu. Because Pearl Harbor is a naval base it can be used for yachting only by leave of the government. It is the only enclosed body of water on the entire archipelago suited for small boat

The outboard motor is a favorite means of propulsion at Pearl Harbor.

racing. It is true that many large stretches of protected water exist inside the coral reefs which are destined to abundant use by motor boatmen and small sailing vessels. But many of these places inside the reefs are full of coral patches, and to avoid them requires skill and knowledge.

The Pearl Harbor Yacht Club has a fleet of 19 Star boats and 11 18-footers. It has in addition several motor craft. The Club has a home adequate to its needs and a membership comprising some 95. The present commodore of the Yacht Club is Mr. Everardus Bogardus. Yachtsmen contemplating a trip to the Islands should certainly write in advance to Commodore Bogardus. I can assure them that he will do everything in his power to make their visit a pleasant one. Last summer he sailed a Star representing the Hawaiian Island Fleet in the Star Class Internationals on Narragansett Bay.

The climate of Hawaii is the most delightful imaginable. It entitles the Islands to the claim of being the only real all-the-year-round resort in the world, for the variation in temperature between summer and winter is very slight. I suspect that if three or four deep sea sailors could be induced to migrate to the Islands they would find the waters better adapted for cruising vessels of the modern type than is commonly supposed. Surely a Hand or an Alden schooner ought to make good weather of it in seas where the sampan fishermen are able to ply their

A corner of the harbor at Honolulu, with power-driven sampans discharging their catch of fish.

trade. Of the smaller craft it can be said that outboard motor boats for use inside the reefs are beginning to take hold. There ought to be a great field for such craft, particularly those which are not too big to be beached when not in use. The fishing craft of the Islands are, in many instances, powered with Diesel engines from the West Coast.

Any yachtsman visiting the Islands will of course not fail to see the Bishop Museum with its remarkable collection of Polynesian art and science. He will find there models of ancient craft in which the Islanders navigated the Pacific Ocean long before the coming of the whites. He will find there, too, navigating instruments that are remarkably interesting — and one famous object of controversy which deserves a note of explanation.

In the August number of *The U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings* there is an article by Rear Admiral Hugh Rodman, U. S. N., Retired, on a navigating instrument in the Bishop Museum which attracted a great deal of attention at the time of its publication. In this article the distinguished Admiral described a "sacred calabash" which he said was used by the ancient Polynesians to find the elevation of the North Star. This instrument is a barrel-like container with a series of perforated holes about its upper edge. According to the Admiral (who gathered his information on a visit to the Islands some 20 years ago) the ancient Polynesians filled this container with water up to the level of the holes. This enabled them to keep the instrument on an even keel while they squinted through one of the holes across the rim at the opposite side and observed the North Star. This, according to Admiral Rodman, enabled them to determine when the North Star was 19 degrees above the horizon — roughly the latitude of Hawaii. This makes a very pretty story. The only difficulty lies in the fact that the holes in the rim of the particular calabash used to illustrate

(*Continued on page 104*)

Clubhouse and anchorage of the Pearl Harbor Yacht Club.

A group of Sea Scouts trained at Chicago that went to the Arctic last summer as crew on John Borden's schooner *Northern Light*.

Sea Scouts in the Yacht Clubs

What the Sea Scout Movement Is Doing to Make Sailors

By Alfred F. Loomis

CLUB members — even the crustiest of them — are willing to concede that young blood in an organization is desirable, provided the young blood doesn't whoop it up in the clubhouse or hang around where it isn't wanted, or speak before it is spoken to, or in any way interfere with the comfort of the old blood. If any of these cardinal sins are committed, the club is better off without the youngsters. A very few yacht clubs have opened junior memberships to the sons and nephews of their senior members and have felt rather proud of their magnanimity; but the credit for tackling the matter whole-heartedly and enthusiastically belongs to a small group of clubs in the Great Lakes ports. They took the Sea Scouts under their wing, offered them house room, saw that ships and instructors were provided for them, and straightway began to earn dividends on their investment.

As this article is to be a frank boost for the Sea Scouts I may as well begin by reminding you who they are. They comprise a growing branch of the Boy Scouts of America, ably commanded by Thomas J. Keane, of New York City. Sea Scouts are usually boys who have had their first training in land troops. They have reached the age of 15, have come to the sage conclusion that the sea offers greater lure than the land, and have studied and practiced like the devil to attain the grades of apprentice, ordinary, or able sea scout, quartermaster, or upward in the grades of their organization. And they know their onions — some even their Bermuda onions. An apprentice, for instance, must be moderately familiar with the maritime history of the United States, must know how to swim, and be able to demonstrate the proper method of using lifebelt and life buoy, both as rescuer and rescued. (With diligence I feel that I might be able to pass these tests, but the requirements for quartermaster give me the cold shivers.) A quartermaster, having served his two years in the intermediate grades must, among other things, be accomplished in marlinespike seamanship, be familiar with the use of a sextant, be able to describe the rigging of a fore-and-after and the standing rigging of a full-rigged ship, be competent to fit out and launch a ship's lifeboat and direct the rigging up of breeches buoy to take a person ashore from a wreck, be a senior member in the Red Cross life-saving corps, be thoroughly acquainted with the rules of the road and the U. S. buoyage system, and be accomplished in the drilling and handling of other boys.

A lot of learning is not a dangerous thing for Sea Scouts. They show no lamentable tendency toward telling their elders how knots should be tied or lives saved. Discipline and *élan* are high in the organization, and when Sea Scouts salute the deck or return "Aye, aye, sir" to a command they do so with military pride. They are not prigs or impossible paragons of virtue. Off duty they like to loaf around the boat yards as much as the next man, lending a hand here and soaking up sea lore there. Mr. Keane tells me that by this very indulgence of their boyish uselessness they have more than earned their salt in the Chicago yacht clubs. Being ubiquitous, they have

prevented thefts and reported blazes, and in more than one instance have quenched serious fires before adult help arrived.

Now if boys, odd lots of 'em, fat and thin, stunted and overgrown, sheikish and simian, can be enthralled by the sea and so caught by the high motives of their organization that they prove an asset instead of a liability, it is high time the yacht clubs of the country got acquainted with the Sea Scouts. Some of the clubs have, as previously stated; and the following excerpt from a letter to Mr. Keane from Richard J. Jones, secretary of the Chicago Yacht Club, eloquently reflects the satisfaction of its members:

"I am happy to say that the officers and directors of the Chicago Yacht Club have at all times fostered very strongly the Sea Scout idea, and I believe you know personally that the Sea Scout organization holds weekly meetings in quarters that we have set aside for them at our Belmont Harbor clubhouse. An active committee appointed annually by the board of directors gives the Sea Scout movement plenty of publicity. This committee is made up of five of our prominent and active yachtsmen.

"We feel that with the present high cost of joining yacht clubs there will be very little opportunity during the future for the young fellow without funds to become interested in yachting. With that in mind, we have considered more than ever the Sea Scout movement, and to a successful end we have authorized the placing on all racing yachts, not only in the club races but in the longer Lake Michigan races, one member of the Sea Scout organization. This was done to instil the idea of yachting in the young fellow, and I am happy to say that it has resulted most satisfactorily. In our active racing classes last year every boat had among its crew a Sea Scout, who before the season was over knew as much about his particular boat as any other member of the crew.

"One can well imagine what this movement will do not only for yachting, but for the Sea Scouts as well. Our own very favorable experience influences us strongly in advising that every yacht club in the country carry on a program similar to the one we have succeeded in putting over. Sailing is an art, and unless kept promoted will die a natural death. The one very best way of continuing it is to build up the Sea Scout organization and make it a branch or department of every yachting fraternity and organization in the country.

"The Sea Scouts have access to our club and its library at all times, and while a membership is not necessary, we nevertheless set aside a special membership which we term a 'season membership,' which may be had by the Sea Scouts for $15 a year and no initiation fee. Our regular membership entrance fee is $250 and our dues amount to $60 a year, not including tax."

I have quoted Mr. Jones's letter almost in full because every line has meat in it. Mr. Jones speaks with the authority of experience and he is, like the rest of us, an ardent proselytizer. Yachtsmen look at landlubbers with a glance of mystification. What's the matter with the poor blighters? we ask ourselves. What makes 'em tick? Why don't they sever their dusty bonds and get afloat where hazard and excitement are something more than the flickering of the silver screen — where they can try their mettle against unreasoning forces, test their skill, draw a clean breath? You know how it is. . . . "So you don't trust yourself on the water, wouldn't know what to do in an emergency, think you'd probably get sick? Hell, man, come sailing with me next Saturday and I'll make a yachtsman of you . . . aye, I'll make a man of you."

But it's hard to teach old dogs new tricks. It's easier to train 'em young. And if you're too busy to devote your entire time to 'em, you form a committee of fellow club members, and set aside a club room, and get behind the organization of a Sea Scout ship. Or if I haven't been successful in developing the required amount of enthusiasm in you, just drop a line to Thomas J. Keane, whose address is 2 Park Ave., New York City. He will pep you up because he sincerely believes that Sea Scouting is the one of the forces that will keep young America from going to the demnition bow-wows. Here is a letter written him by Dr. Bayard Holmes, of the Jackson Park Yacht Club. Dr. Holmes didn't write to borrow enthusiasm. Having worked with the Sea Scouts he has so much of his own that he likes to throw it around.

"In the very early days of Sea Scouting, a 'ship' was formed in Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago, six miles inland. It was, I believe, the first 'ship' in or around Chicago. The sponsor was a yachtsman living in Oak Park who had a small yawl in Jackson Park Harbor, a distance by street car of 14 miles. Due to his enthusiasm, a crowd of boys on Saturday afternoons and holidays literally swarmed over the decks of the little yacht. Several other yachtsmen in the club first deprecated this action of their fellow member, but in the course of a few weeks, when the boys blossomed out in uniforms and showed their willingness to assist anyone in need or distress, reversal of feeling set in and the swarm of youngsters scattered themselves to the decks of the other yachts where they began making themselves useful.

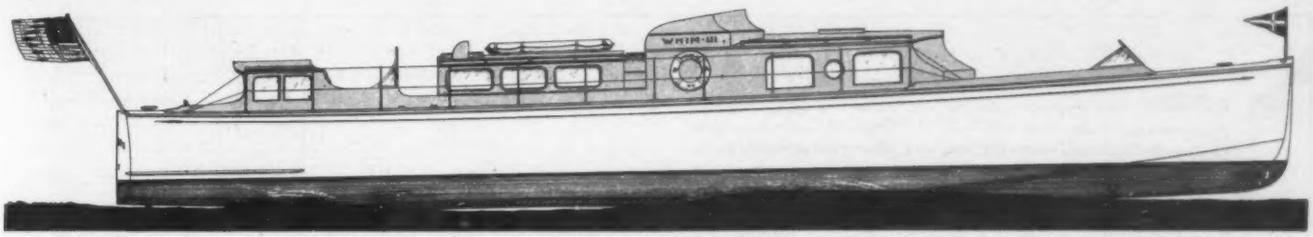
"And now each of the three yacht clubs of Chicago has a junior membership whose roll is made up almost entirely of active Sea Scouts who are the most lively and participating members of the clubs. Furthermore they have demonstrated their value to the clubs. Remember that these junior members are under the instruction and tutelage of the senior members, taking part in navigation courses and as members of crews of racing boats as well as supplying assistance in fitting out, and this stimulus to the older members has worked benefit to them out of all proportion to their own endeavors; remember too that as the juniors reach maturity a considerable proportion of them become regular active members of the club, thereby giving a source for new membership, which has always been a factor before the minds of the executives.

"I therefore cannot too strongly and heartily recommend to yacht clubs everywhere the sponsoring and aiding of the Sea Scout movement, because of my conviction that it will work benefit to them both."

Until I read this letter of Dr. Holmes' I confess I was a little troubled by the idea of a gang of boys hanging about the club floats. Wouldn't they be eternally under foot? But it seems that if they get in the way you put 'em to work. And I asked Mr. Keane about that. "You don't work boys too hard," said he. "Remember that an adolescent boy is a lazy animal. He has to be. Nature uses up so much of his energy in making him grow that he doesn't have much left for continuous application. It would be fatal to say to a sixteen-year-old, 'Now, Jack, at nine this morning we'll polish brass, and at ten we'll turn to scraping brightwork, and at eleven we'll turn the main throat halliards end-for-end.' No sir! At nine you say, 'Well, Jack, how about giving me a hand with the brass?' And at ten you let him curl up in the cockpit with a copy of YACHTING, and at eleven you say, 'Now I'm going to scrape the brightwork and you can help me if your eyes bother you,' and at noon you feed him and let him take a nap, and at two in the afternoon you turn the halliards. And the principal thing is never to let him see a whole lot of work ahead of him. Introduce him to it by easy stages and he'll do it gladly and never know he's working." Mr. Keane surely knows his boy psychology.

Here's a quotation from another letter on the subject,

(*Continued on page 110*)



Whim III, a new type of commuting boat for Harrison Williams, from which a speed of 50 miles-per-hour is expected.

A New Type of Fast Commuting Boat

By Albert W. Crouch

Secretary, Tams & King, Inc.

A SPEED of more than 50 miles an hour for a motor boat is nothing new; in fact, for the past several years so many boats have exceeded this speed that it has become a common occurrence. Many will recall the excitement caused some 20 years ago by the published statement of an offer of $50,000 for a 50-mile-an-hour motor boat. Today the 100-mile-an-hour boat is easier to imagine than the 50-mile boat was in 1908.

It is interesting to note, however, that up to the present time, all the 50-mile boats have been under 40 feet in length, and have been either light racing machines or of the open runabout type. The coming season of 1928 will usher in the larger and heavier type of 50-mile boat to meet the demand for faster commuting service. This new 50-mile *Commuter*, which is illustrated and described here, is a 56-foot boat of 12 feet beam and of heavy construction, with a full load displacement of 30,000 lbs., or 15 tons.

At first it seemed a very formidable problem to drive this big heavy hull at a speed of better than 50 m.p.h., but the results of the final model basin tests at Washington give assurance that this speed will be easily exceeded. After a study of numerous model tests previously made, which have been checked from actual results of the full-sized boats built from them, I selected the single-step hydroplane as the easiest type to drive at high speed. From a single-step model I had tested in the model basin in 1914, which showed very fine results through the range of speed required of the new boat, the new type was developed.

The accompanying photographs of the final test model of this new boat show the single step, and the overhang stern with the shafts and struts in place. This model is one-twelfth the size of the boat, or 56 inches long by 12 inches beam, and it was tested throughout a complete range of speeds on varying displacements and trims, and with and without the struts and shafts. The overhang stern is a new development on a step-hydro and solved many of the difficulties encountered in developing this new type boat. It not only prevents the boat from getting up to any severe angle while climbing to planing position, but also gives the boat a lower planing speed. It provides a means of getting the proper balance of the planes in regard to the total center of gravity which, in this type of boat, is fixed by the arrangement required. The rudders and propellers are also nicely housed under this stern.

Referring to the resistance curves which I have taken from actual model basin results, it is interesting to note the great difference in the resistance at high speed of three different types of hull forms of the same displacement. Curve No. 1 is of the new 56″ x 12″ single-step model, on 12 lbs. displacement. Note the very slight increase in resistance of this curve between 6 and 12 knots. Curve No. 2 is a stepless concave V-bottom model, 66″ x 12″, on 16 lbs. displacement. The tests of this model were made in 1926 and the new 66-foot commuting boat, *Phantom*, which joined the New York fleet of commuters last season, was built from this model. Curve No. 3 is of a very fast type of round-bottom displacement hull similar to the *Dixie III* type, 66″ x 12″, on 16 lbs. displacement, tested over 15 years ago. Curve No. 4 is of the same model and condition as curve No. 1, with the addition of shafts and struts.

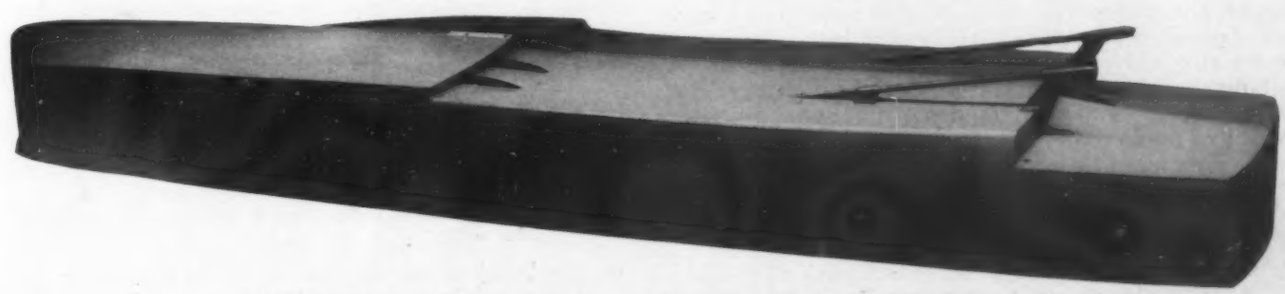
Assuming that these models are all one-twelfth the size of the actual boats, the speeds of the boats in miles per hour are four times the model speed in knots. By applying Froude's Law of Comparison and allowing the same resistance for appendages in all cases, as shown by curves of Model No. 1, and using a propulsive coefficient of 60%, we get the following results, which show a very remarkable speed advantage for the new type of hull form.

New Step-Hydro Type from Curve No. 1

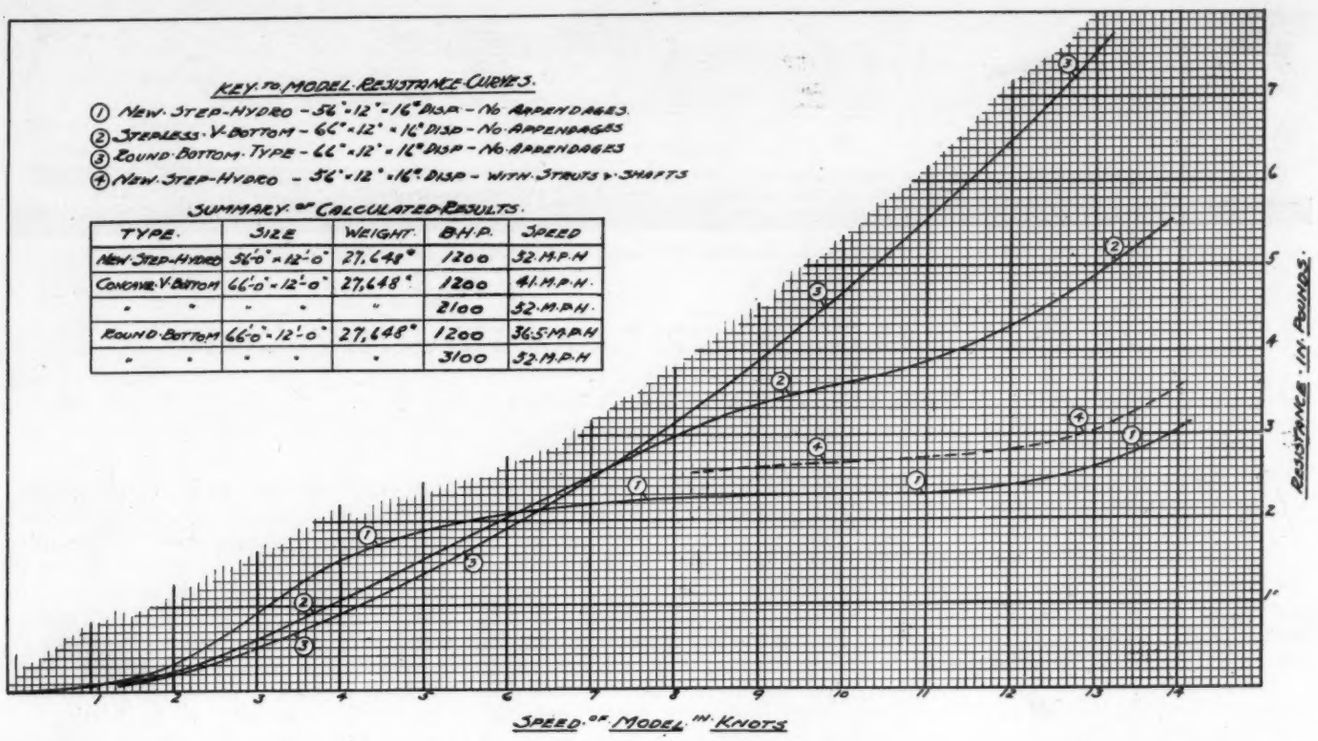
56 feet; 12 feet beam; displacement, 27,648 lbs.
52 m.p.h. with 1,200 b.h.p.

Stepless Concave V-Bottom Type from Curve No. 2

66 feet; 12 feet beam; displacement, 27,648 lbs.
52 m.p.h. with 2,100 b.h.p., or
41 m.p.h. with 1,200 b.h.p.



Model of the new 56-foot commuter which showed unusual speed in tank tests.


KEY TO MODEL RESISTANCE CURVES.
① NEW STEP-HYDRO - 56'×12'×16° DISP. - NO APPENDAGES.
② STEPLESS V-BOTTOM - 66'×12'×16° DISP. - NO APPENDAGES
③ ROUND BOTTOM TYPE - 66'×12'×16° DISP. - NO APPENDAGES
④ NEW STEP-HYDRO - 56'×12'×16° DISP. - WITH STRUTS & SHAFTS
SUMMARY OF CALCULATED RESULTS.
TYPE | SIZE | WEIGHT | B.H.P. | SPEED
NEW STEP-HYDRO | 56'0"×12'0" | 27,648# | 1200 | 32 M.P.H
CONCAVE V-BOTTOM | 66'0"×12'0" | 27,648# | 1200 | 41 M.P.H.
" " | " " | " | 2100 | 52 M.P.H.
ROUND BOTTOM | 66'0"×12'0" | 27,648# | 1200 | 36.5 M.P.H
" " | " " | " | 3100 | 52 M.P.H
RESISTANCE IN POUNDS.
SPEED OF MODEL IN KNOTS

ROUND-BOTTOM DISPLACEMENT TYPE FROM CURVE NO. 3

66 feet; 12 feet beam; displacement, 27,648 lbs.
52 m.p.h. with 3,100 b.h.p., or
36.5 m.p.h. with 1,200 b.h.p.

In the above calculations the total resistances were compared from model to boat. More accurate results can be obtained by dividing the total hull resistances into skin and wave-making resistances and making a figure on the skin resistances independently on the model and boat, and using the law of comparison for the wave making from model to boat. This latter and more accurate method would be of some advantage to the V-bottom and displacement types.

This new 56-foot step-hydro commuter, *Whim III*, is now under construction at the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corp. for Mr. Harrison Williams, from designs by Tams & King, Inc. The power plant will be a pair of Wright Typhoon high compression type motors, capable of developing 650 b.h.p. each, at 1950 r.p.m. Mr. Williams will use *Whim III* to commute between Glen Cove, L. I., and 26th Street, New York.

A Questionnaire for Ocean Race Crews

Points to Keep in Mind When Selecting a Crew, or Signing On

OCEAN racing, while far from standardized, has ceased to be the shot in the dark it used to be. Several years of hard sailing have developed a personnel of expert racing men, and it is no longer necessary for an owner to ship a crew merely for their social qualifications or business connections.

With the Bermuda and Spanish races scheduled for next June, interest in the crew question is now at a height, and we have taken the trouble to prepare a number of questionnaires which will be of value to owners and crews alike. In offering these questionnaires we do not submit that they are the best that can be prepared. They serve merely as a point of departure from which experienced owners will proceed to select their crews — and wise crews select their skippers.

(1) The Owner to the Prospective Paid Cook:
1. How long since you have been seasick?
2. Do you ever recover from sickness while at sea?
3. Do you have to sleep in the owner's bunk while seasick?
4. Do you have to be fed, or are you too sick for that?
5. Who ever told you you could cook?

(2) The Owner to the Prospective Paid Hand:
1. If necessary, could you read the ritual for burying a cook at sea?
2. Have you ever been outside a harbor in a yacht?
3. Can you see a bit of sail carried without having apoplexy?
4. After you have recovered from seasickness do you think you could get around to filling the running lights each morning?
5. Would you go crazy and jump overboard if asked to do any other work while racing?

(3) The Owner to the Prospective Amateur Navigator:
1. What do you know, if anything, about navigating while seasick?
2. How many landfalls have you made over the stern of your vessel?
3. Are you experienced enough to know that when your fix is correct it is probably wrong?
4. Can you work accurately when the rest of the crew honestly think you ought to be hung?
5. How many races have you lost because you trusted your star sights?

(4) The Owner to Other Members of the Amateur Crew:
1. Do you believe in capital punishment for (a) Navigators? (b) Paid Cooks? (c) Paid Hands?

2. Do you think that ocean racing is fun, or hard work, or both?
3. Can you steer without interrupting your conversation?
4. Can you hold your liquor like a gentleman, or haven't you been out of the States since Prohibition?
5. What makes you think you're any good?

(5) The Owner to All Hands:
1. Why should I take you in preference to anybody else?

(6) Applicant for Berth on Ocean Racer, to Any Owner:
1. Are you in this race to win?
2. Will you be even after you have eaten something that disagrees with you?
3. Will you carry on after any sane man would shorten sail?
4. Will you carry on after any fool would shorten?
5. Will you refuse to accept any advice from your paid hand?
6. Do you remember that you are racing even when no other boats are in sight?
7. After having ordered that nobody shall speak to the helmsman can you keep from bothering him yourself?
8. Do you realize that an unhappy ship is a losing ship and that you must select a crew that will hang together?
9. What makes you think you can win this race?
10. Why should I ship with you in preference to any other owner?

ALFRED F. LOOMIS

MAY MADNESS

With Apologies
by A. J. Peck

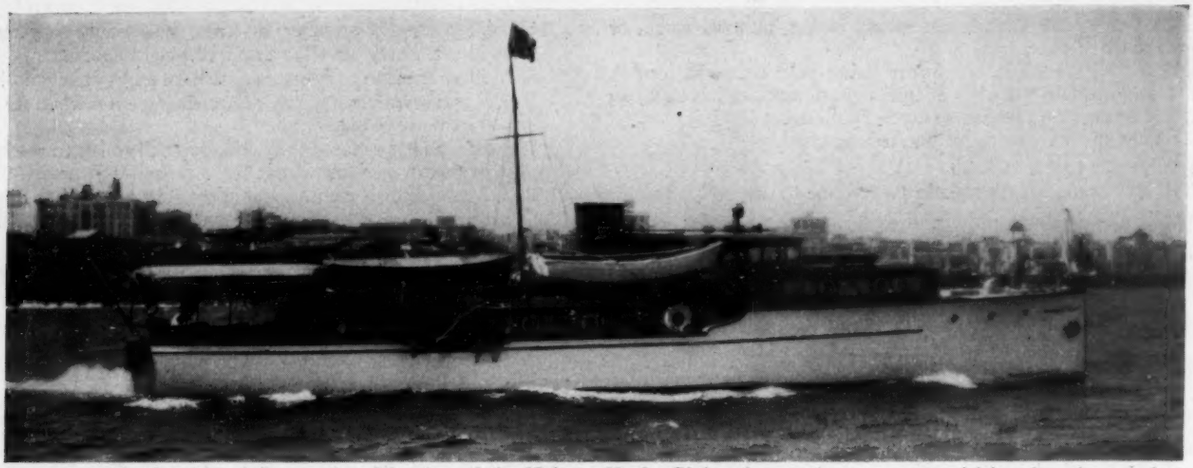
IN the Spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of Boats.
There's a Peach I Know named "Nancy,"
Quite the slickest thing
that floats.

The Breaking Waves dashed high
On a stern & rockbound Coast,
But Nancy's stern was high & dry
Among the cradled host.

We were crowded in the Cabin ~ Not a soul had dared to sleep,
For 'twas Midday in the boat-yard,
& at work we had to keep.

Little drops of Water
Little grains of Sand ~
Make the mighty Ocean
& you understand,
Little gobs of Putty, Little blobs of Paint ~
Make the darned old Hooker look like what she aint.

The Boy stood on the after deck, Whence all but him had fled.
"Just one thing more," he cried ~ "by Heck!
I'll paint her bottom Red!"



Cunagua, the flagship of Commodore Morales, of the Habana Yacht Club, who was host to many visiting American racing yachtsmen in March.

The Month in Yachting

Great Activity on Lake Ontario

The fact is generally conceded that no body of fresh water will outrank Lake Ontario this year in the importance of its yachting events. The Class R championship of the Great Lakes, represented by the Richardson Cup, is to be sailed off the port of Rochester, September 3rd, 4th and 5th. This is probably the greatest sailing "classic" between the two great oceans. Of slightly lesser importance only will be the competition for the George Cup, emblematic of the 20-rater championship of Lake Ontario, to be staged July 25th, 26th and 27th also off the port of Rochester. Upon the heels of this series will come, about July 30th, the handicap cruising race from Cobourg, Ont., to Oswego, N. Y., a distance of approximately 130 nautical miles. Then comes the big ensemble of fleets of all clubs on the lake holding membership in the Lake Yacht Racing Association at Oswego August 1st, 2nd and 3rd, bringing together in the neighborhood of 800 yachtsmen and more than a hundred craft of all classes, from the little Class C sloops to big three-stickers.

Gossoon, former Marblehead Class R champion, has gone to Detroit, where she is now owned by Commodore Thomas P. Archer who will race her under the colors of the Bayview Yacht Club.

This is not by any means Ontario's complete program, for there will be the annual dinghy squabble between the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, of Toronto, and the Rochester Yacht Club for the Emerson Cup, won last year by the first mentioned club, which this season is adding eight new craft of this type to its fleet. They were built in the club's workshop from the designs of Charles Bourke. It is expected that the R. C. Y. C. will send a crew to Marblehead to race a crew of the Eastern Yacht Club in boats furnished by the latter in the Q Class, this interclub match occurring every two years. Some time in September, at Toronto, will occur the first of a series of C Class events between the R. C. Y. C. and the Grosse Point Yacht Club, of Detroit. About the middle of July is anticipated the gruelling battle between the Rochester Yacht Club and the R. C. Y. C., for the Fisher Cup, won last year by the *Alloede*, of Rochester.

Of unusual significance in Lake Ontario yachting this year is the recent announcement of the purchase by Commodore George H. Gooderham, of the R. C. Y. C., of the beautifully designed and exquisitely constructed little Six-metre *Merenneito*, which it will be remembered was the Finnish entry for the Scandinavian Gold Cup on the Sound last September. Wonderful in her performance in ghostly airs, the *Merenneito* is to be the first of the metre, or International Rule, classes to come to Ontario, whose Lake Yacht Racing Association, an international organization, only last October revised its rules to allow the racing of six-, eight-, ten- and twelve-metre classes. It is uncertain whether there will be any more "Sixes" on the lake in 1928, and how many there will be later is a question, as the greatest enthusiasm over International Rule classes seems to exist in the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, which will probably develop a fleet. The fact that second-hand "Sixes" can be purchased from $1,500 or $2,000 up to $4,000 is a favorable factor, though new ones cost about $6,000. Aside from the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, none of the yachting organizations that go to make up the Lake Yacht Racing Association are yet displaying much desire for the International or European rule classes.

As for many years past, most interest is being exhibited in Class R, most popular of any of the sailing classes on the Great Lakes. Interest has accumulated in this class this year because the two most important contests of the season will be for the 20-raters — one for the Richardson Cup and the other for the George Cup. A third will be for the Lipton Challenge Cup awarded the champion "R" at the L. Y. R. A. regatta.

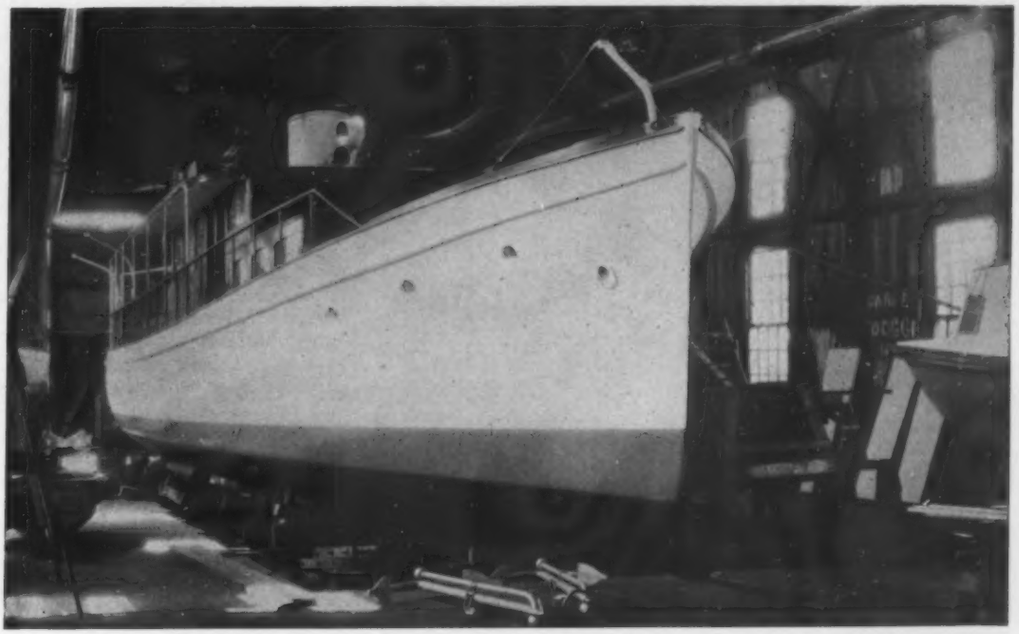
Most significant is the news coming from Rochester that William P. Barrows is to have another new "R" this year, from designs by John G. Alden, of Boston, and built by Lawley. This means that the Rochester Yacht Club is going to retain, if possible, the George Cup, which was won last year by *Vitesse*.

Utmost secrecy has shrouded the building of this new 20-rater until recently. It is understood that she is designed to stand up better in heavy weather than the *Vitesse*, and to be an able competitor in a blow for *Kathea II*, of the Crescent Yacht Club, which has no peer on the lakes in anything outside of zephyrs. *Vitesse* is

now owned by former Commodore W. Peck Farley of that club.

If the new Barrows craft proves herself worthy, she will defend the Class R championship of Lake Ontario this year. If she is not, there is more than a mere possibility that the R. Y. C. will pick the *Safara*, an old boat, as defender.

Entering into the 20-rater contest this year is expected to be a craft from the Oswego Yacht Club, but up to early April nothing had been secured. Nevertheless, there was a flurry of excitement around the Lake at the beginning of the year when the report gained circulation that a syndicate headed by Commodore Francis D. Culkin and including Floyd L. Carlisle, of Great Neck, L. I., and Dr. F. C. Abbott, of Syracuse, had purchased the *Gossoon* of Charles Francis Adams. The bubble burst, however, with the official announcement that *Gossoon* had been purchased by Tom Archer, of the Bayview Yacht Club, Detroit, who will go out in this smart little craft for the championship of Lake Erie with the ultimate object of having *Gossoon* represent Erie in the Richardson Cup race at Rochester in September.



The new 95-foot Diesel power cruiser *Ranelpe*, owned by Austin H. Perry, of the Indian Harbor and Portland yacht clubs. Designed and built by the Luders Marine Construction Co., of Stamford, she is powered with two of the new Winton medium speed Diesels and is expected to make 13 to 14 knots.

Most formidable of the George Cup challengers will be the *Kathea II*, owned by J. Reginald Stebbins, of the Crescent Yacht Club, of Watertown, N. Y., and sailed by J. Wyatt Uhlein. The performance of this craft in anything approximating a capful of wind is nothing short of marvelous, and both her owner and her skipper as well as Commodore Edward S. Lansing, of the C. Y. C., are pinning their faith to her to win the George, the Lipton, and the Richardson Cups this year. She has won both the former in the past and now holds the Lipton Cup and the Freeman Cup, a mug which annually goes to the winner of the long distance handicap cruising race on the lake.

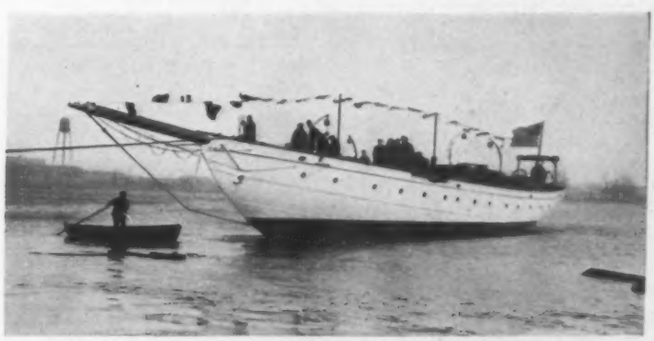
What the Royal Canadian Yacht Club will do in the several major events for the "R's" is a mystery. The *Eleanor*, winner of the Richardson Cup and Great Lakes champion in 1926, seemed outclassed in both the George and Lipton Cup contests a year ago. It is not expected that she will fly the R. C. Y. C., burgee in the series for the George Cup this year. Whether the *Acadia* will again be chosen, or some of the other Toronto "R's," is unknown.

D. F. LANE

***Vitesse*, winner of the George Cup on Lake Ontario last year, will be raced in that event this year by W. Peck Farley, and will be called upon to meet a new 20-rater building for W. P. Barrows.**

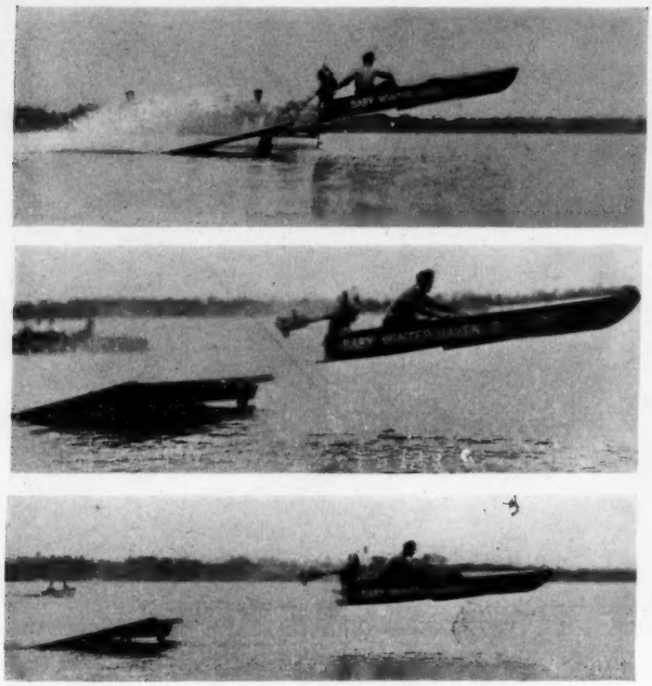
New Schooner Yacht *Hardi Biaou* Launched

THE steel schooner yacht *Hardi Biaou*, built for Dr. Henry D. Lloyd, of Brookline, Mass., from designs by John G. Alden,



Launching of the new steel schooner *Hardi Biaou* for Dr. Henry D. Lloyd, from the Lawley yard, Neponset. Designed by J. G. Alden and equipped with a 100 h.p. Winton Diesel for auxiliary power.

was launched at the yard of George Lawley and Son Corporation on March 24th. The yacht is a beautiful craft with graceful overhangs and flush deck. Her dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 110 ft., 6 in.; length on the waterline, 84 ft., 6 in.; beam, 24 ft., 3 in.; draft, 13 ft. There are three steel watertight bulkheads and a steel enclosed engine compartment. Auxiliary power will be furnished by a 100 h.p. Winton Diesel engine. There is a Winton 7½ k.w. generating plant, electric anchor windlass, and hot water heating system. There are also electric winches for hoisting sails. Tanks are provided for 3,500 gallons of fuel oil and for 2,250 gallons of water. The gaff rig is to be used on both fore and mainmasts and the yacht is intended for extensive offshore cruises and for a possible trip around the world next year.



A new sport for the outboards. Doing a broad jump of 35 feet from a take-off from an inclined platform at Winter Haven, Fla.

A Small Restricted Class for the Sound

A new and very slightly restricted class of small sail area boats, intended for inexpensive experimentation in racing yacht design, will make its appearance at Huntington, L. I., this year. At least nine new boats and an indeterminate number of older ones, of highly variegated design, will be racing in the class this season.

The principal restriction of the class is that the boats carry not over 125 square feet of sail. There is no length restriction, but the beam must be not more than 5 feet 6 inches nor less than 3 feet 6 inches, and the freeboard not less than 6 inches when the crew is not aboard. Curved masts, double leeboards, centerboard or rudders, sandbags and sliding canoe seats are barred. The other requirements are: planking at least $^{5}/_{16}$-inch thick, bows of the conventional stem type, and air tanks sufficient to float the boat. Otherwise you may design anything you like.

Big Fleet for Bermuda Race

Entries are still coming in for the Bermuda Race at a rate which indicates that the fleet that will sail the 660-mile course to the "Onion Patch," starting on June 23rd from New London, will be even larger than in 1923, when 22 yachts made the trip. In addition to the 25 listed in the last issue of YACHTING, the following entries have been received: *Song o' the Wind*, ketch, 50 feet, Reyburn Watres; *Rugosa II*, yawl, 59 feet, Russell Grinnell; *Norseman*, schooner, 62 feet, H. M. Merriman; *Gesine*, schooner, 50 feet, Louis Schutte.

In addition to these it is expected that the schooner *Clotho*, owned by Henry B. Anderson, a starter in the 1926 race, will enter, while another yachtsman has assured the entry of a sloop in Class B. In the class for yachts between 30 and 35 feet over all length, the *Magpie*, owned by W. E. Baker, is a probable starter, making four boats in the small division. This latter class will be sailed without time allowance, as the boats are very much of a size and will be started 24 hours ahead of the other classes. With 30 entries already in, a big fleet is assured. Entries close June 13th. Conditions and entry blanks may be had from the Bermuda Race Committee, care of YACHTING, 25 West 43rd Street, New York.

Entries for Spanish Race

THE following is a complete list of the yachts which have been entered for the Spanish race, starting June 30th and July 7th.

KING'S CUP

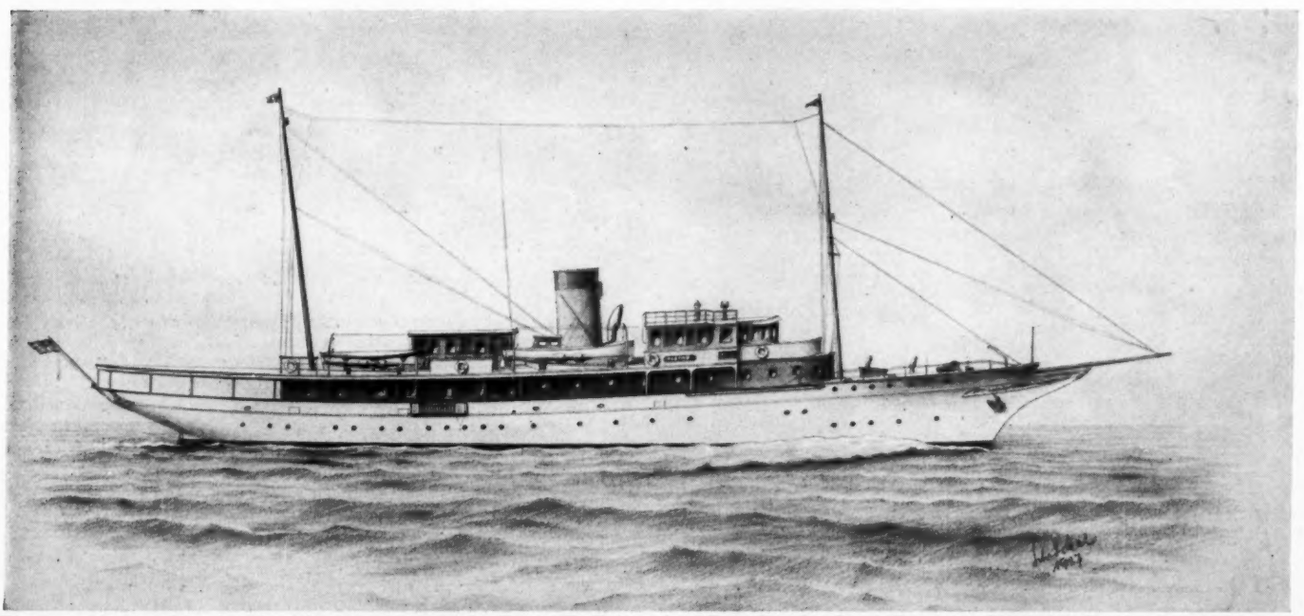
Overall	*Yacht*	*Owner*
218 feet	Bark *Aloha*	A. C. James
200 "	Schr. *Dauntless*	H. Wilmer Hanan
195 "	Schr. *Guinevere*	Edgar Palmer
185 "	Schr. *Atlantic*	G. B. Lambert
172 "	Brgn. *Cressida*	Herman Oelrichs
127 "	Schr. *Speejacks*	A. Y. Gowan
127 "	Schr. *Zodiac*	R. W. and J. S. Johnson

QUEEN'S CUP

60 "	Schr. *Diablo*	A. E. Pedder
60 "	Schr. *Mohawk*	D. F. Wolfe
60 "	Schr. *Nina*	P. L. Hammond
58 "	Schr. *Pinta*	W. J. Curtis
51 "	Schr. *Fortune*	Chicago Y. C.

Marblehead Legislates on Mufflers

MARBLEHEAD has gained the distinction of being the first port to establish traffic regulations for motor boats. Late in the winter the Massachusetts legislature gave that town the necessary authority, so far as the State was concerned, to regulate the speed of boats entering the harbor, and power to decide whether



The new seagoing Diesel cruiser *Amida*, designed for Ernest R. Behrend, of Erie, Pa., by Cox & Stevens. She is 195 feet long over all, with a beam of 27 feet and 11 feet draft. Two 375 h.p. Diesels give a cruising speed in excess of 12 knots. She exemplifies a type that is growing in popularity. *Amida* will be in commission this summer.

Ralph Snoddy and Dick Loynes, both of California, driving *Miss Rioco* and *California* in the races at Miami, where they finished in a dead heat in the third lap of the 151-Class.

such boats were making unnecessary noise. This authority applied to the square mile of navigable waters inside a line between the red lighthouse at the end of the Neck and ancient Fort Sewell, on the town side of the harbor.

At a town meeting held on March 21st the act was accepted and the citizens voted to limit the speed of all motor driven craft to 20 miles an hour and left to the harbor master the decision as to unnecessary noise. At the last report there were half a dozen candidates for the Harbor Master's job.

Under the ordinance as to unnecessary noise, yacht owners who may visit Marblehead Harbor should be advised that:

"The operation, in Marblehead Harbor, of any kind of boat propelled by any kind of internal combustion engine which exhausts above water is now prohibited by law unless the muffler is approved by the Harbor Master of Marblehead. This law applies equally to 300 ft. Diesel yachts and 10 ft. gasoline outboard motor tenders. The penalty for the unlawful operation of such boats is $25.00."

It is not however probable that large yachts which simply "arrive" and "depart" will be considered as "operating," but their motor tenders, if used in Marblehead Harbor, must have their mufflers approved if their engines exhaust above water.

The attempt to extend such plenary powers to other coastal towns in the State failed in the legislature, and the question has arisen as to whether Marblehead's special act overrides the federal authority. The town's counsel took the precaution to have the act drafted by the District Attorney of Essex County, but several owners of fast motor boats have expressed a willingness to test the constitutionality of the new law and to carry it to the United States Supreme Court on the ground that neither the town nor the state has jurisdiction over navigable waters.

My Wish

SAILING, plunging, through the blue green sea,
With white foam trailing from our lee —
That is the place where I'd like to be!

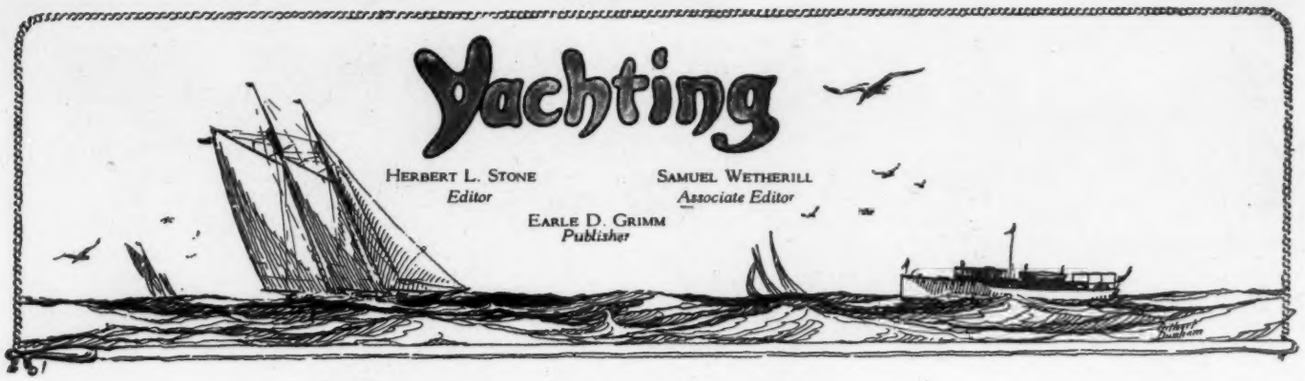
O! bring on your hurricanes, storms and gales,
For I will steer while my brother bails,
When my passengers cling to the leeward rails!

That is the place where I'd like to be,
Sailing over a foamy sea,
And not where fat ladies sip their tea!

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, JR.

[Our youthful contributor who submits this is surely made of the right stuff. No society yachting for him, and in that second verse he picks out the right job. — ED.]

Miss Catherine Smith at the wheel of a Chris-Craft runabout at the Miami races in March.



Editorial

The Yacht *America* Worth Saving

FROM several sources we have heard that the schooner *America*, which was purchased and turned over to the Navy Department a few years ago through the efforts of some public spirited yachtsmen, is suffering from neglect and is deteriorating rapidly at her berth at the Naval Academy, Annapolis. From the reports nothing has been done to restore the yacht; her booms are not shipped, her rigging is not set up, she is suffering from lack of paint and no one seems particularly interested in her. If this is true, it is greatly to be regretted, and steps should be taken to see that an appropriation sufficient to insure her preservation is made.

The *America* is, perhaps, the most famous yacht still afloat. Her long career has been most colorful. The first American yacht to cross the Atlantic to race in foreign waters, where, seventy-seven years ago, she won the cup that still bears her name and stands for supremacy in speed upon the water, she later was, in turn, a blockade runner during the Civil War, a naval vessel that saw active service in that same struggle, and a training ship for midshipmen at the academy where she is now ending her days. Surely the inspiration to be had from such a vessel justifies her being restored to something of her old condition and glory. If the traditions of the Navy and the days of sail are worth perpetuating, then this vessel, along with the *Constitution* and the *Constellation*, is worth preserving and being assigned a berth of honor at the place where our naval officers get their training.

If it is only a matter of appropriation, it seems as if it would be a small thing to get a sufficient sum for the upkeep of these vessels included in the naval budget. Surely "something should be done about it." It will be an everlasting shame if the *America* is allowed to be forgotten and sink into oblivion at the very place where she should be most highly prized.

Outboard Endurance Races

The development of outboard motors, as well as of the hulls in which they are used, has been so rapid during the last two years as to upset all our preconceived ideas as to the scope of these useful little power plants, and to leave us almost gasping for breath. We had hardly convinced ourselves last summer that the outboard motor was a really high speed racing proposition, when we were asked to consider them as suitable for long distance endurance contests as well. Well, why not? The endurance feature is a very much worth-while angle, and will result in a more rugged and reliable motor, capable of running at high speeds for long distances.

The recent speed and endurance run from Albany to New York did much to convince the public that something more could be had out of these compact, light power plants than short runs in well sheltered waters. In that race, a run of 133 miles was made not only at the phenomenal speed of nearly 28 miles per hour, but with only one stop of a few seconds to change a spark plug. Surely these long runs have a very distinct purpose.

However, a note of warning may be sounded in regard to such events. The boats in which these engines are used are very small and light, and as yet most of them are unsuited for long outside runs in exposed waters. The promoters of the Albany-New York Race chose wisely in selecting the course they did. A long coastwise run, taking the boat several miles from land, may prove not only dangerous, but may be the means of doing the sport incalculable harm if it should end in disaster. Judgment should be used in the selection of a proper course for future events of this kind, and a careful supervision of the boats exercised. Such races should be more than merely "stunts."

The North American Yacht Racing Union Meeting

The meeting of the North American Yacht Racing Union, held in San Francisco on March 20th, did much to emphasize the value of a national organization in yacht racing which will give yachtsmen from all sections of the country a voice in legislation affecting the sport. This meeting, attended by some seventy-five delegates and yacht owners, was the first of national scope to be held on the West Coast, and brought together those who sail on the Pacific, on Puget Sound, on the Great Lakes and on the Atlantic seaboard.

At this meeting the delegates voted to adopt the amendments to the Universal Rule, formulated by the Rules Committee of the Union, looking towards the elimination of what were generally considered undesirable tendencies that have made their appearance recently. These restrictions were practically the same as those adopted recently by the New York Yacht Club for yachts above 30 feet water line length.

In general, they provide for a minimum freeboard, which is much needed; and aim to control the beam by fixing a maximum water line length on a certain rating. Uniform scantling requirements were also specified — again something that was much needed. The only objection to the changes was in relation to the limitation on length. Some of the owners of 20-raters seemed to think that this restriction would make it impossible in the future to build yachts that could beat *existing boats* of longer water line length, usually built to meet certain weather conditions. We do not think that these fears are well founded. To admit this contention would mean an acknowledgement that there will be no future advancement in design (and speed) of racing yachts. To this no thinking yachtsman will agree.

In the World of Yachting

SAMUEL DAUCHY

OUT on the Great Lakes few yachtsmen are better known to both the cruising and racing men than Samuel Dauchy, who, last month, sailed his Class R yacht "Maribel" on the Pacific in the series between the East and West. Not only has he been for many years active afloat, but he has also done his share of hard work in the various organizations that have played such an important part in the upbuilding and organizing of yacht racing, both on fresh water and on the coasts.

Starting in small boats, Mr. Dauchy did his first sailing on Lake Geneva in a Mackinac double-ender. This was followed by years of cruising on Lake Michigan and Georgian Bay, and on the Atlantic seaboard, in such boats as the old "Mistral," the "Alice," "Milicete," "Kiowa," "Tekama" and "Cachalot," some of which he owned. He sailed in several of the Chicago Yacht Club's long Mackinac races, and becoming interested in racing he bought into the R Class and for many years has been one of the most enthusiastic promoters of the 20-raters on Lake Michigan. First came the "Maia" (ex "Sally XII"), then "Sari," "Katia" and "Nancy", which he had built, and the "Maribel" at San Diego, most of which he has raced with success.

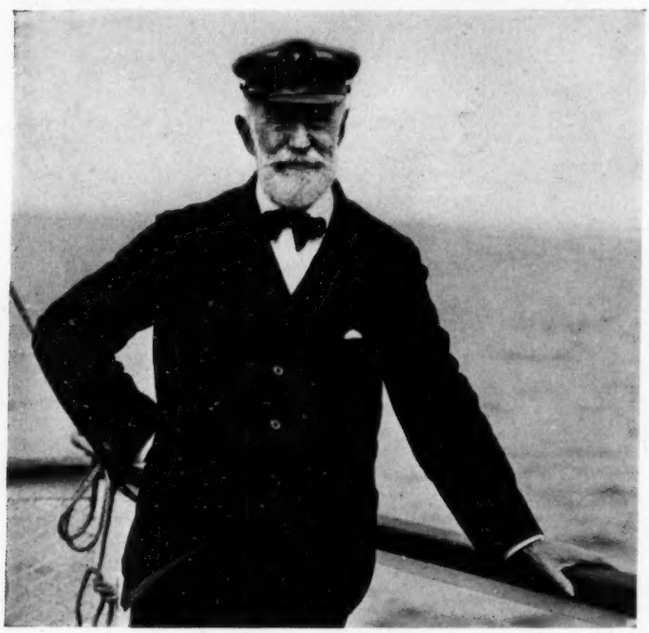
For many years he has been a member of the executive committee of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association, and was President of the organization in 1921. Since 1919 he has served on the council of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, and for the past three years has been Commodore of the Columbia Yacht Club. He is a delegate from Lake Michigan to the North American Yacht Racing Union and worked hard in the formation of that body. So it will be seen his yachting career has been by no means an idle one.

The Passing of Two Well-known Yachting Figures

James B. Ford

WITH the death on March 29th, after a brief illness, of James B. Ford, for many years Commodore of the Larchmont Yacht Club, many yachtsmen lost a personal friend who was very dear to them, and yachting as a whole was made the poorer by the taking off of one who, in his long life, had done much for the sport to which he was so devoted and to which he gave so generously of his time and energy. Few men have been so long identified with yachting as Commodore Ford; few have been so universally held in affection and esteem. Always willing to help in any cause which he felt would benefit those who sail yachts, his place will be hard to fill.

Commodore Ford was 84 years of age. For over 40 years he had been actively engaged in yachting. In that time he had seen many changes in racing and cruising yachts, in the men who sailed them, and in the development of the sport. He retained his interest up to his death, at which time he was serving his fourteenth



Commodore James B. Ford.

consecutive term as Commodore of the Larchmont Yacht Club. Every year has seen some of his yachts in commission, and last summer he made his annual cruise on the *Varuna* as far east as Maine.

With clear vision he realized that it was youth that would "carry on" after he and those of his generation had passed, and he was keenly interested in the junior movement and in seeing that the youngsters got an opportunity to sail. To that end he donated a fleet of Herreshoff one-designs, and several "Wee Scots" to the club for which he had done so much, for the sole use of the junior members, and he took keen delight in seeing them learn the fine points of racing under expert guidance.

Generous in the extreme, he was always willing to help in any movement that would help the sport. In 1914 he was one of those who built a candidate to defend the *America's* Cup, the *Defiance*, and in 1922 he was a leading member of the syndicate that built the 6-metre *Viva* for his club. Of his own yachts, he had three at the time of his death, the famous schooner *Katrina*, which had not been in commission since the War, the Larchmont Class O boat *Varuna*, one of the first to use the modern jib-headed rig in this country, and the Victory Class *Blue Jacket*.

No more will "the Commodore" be seen about the hospitable club on the Sound where he has been an ideal host these many years. Never again will he watch the racing on regatta days from the Larchmont Committee boat. He will be missed wherever Long Island Sound yachtsmen gather, but his memory will be cherished by all those who knew and loved him.

George F. Lawley

GEORGE FREDERICK LAWLEY, for more than half a century one of the outstanding figures in the upbuilding of the American yachting fleet, passed on to the master craftsman's Valhalla from his home in South Boston on March 20th.

Born in England in 1848, while on his way to this country with his father in 1851 he passed the yacht *America* on that famous cup-lifting voyage that laid the foundations of American yacht racing in which the Lawley family has played a prominent part.

His father, who had acquired some knowledge of shipbuilding at home, soon found work in the yard of Donald McKay, and his son's earlier recollections were of picking up chips beneath some of the great clipper ships on the stocks at East Boston.

In 1866 the family removed to Scituate where the elder Lawley

George F. Lawley.

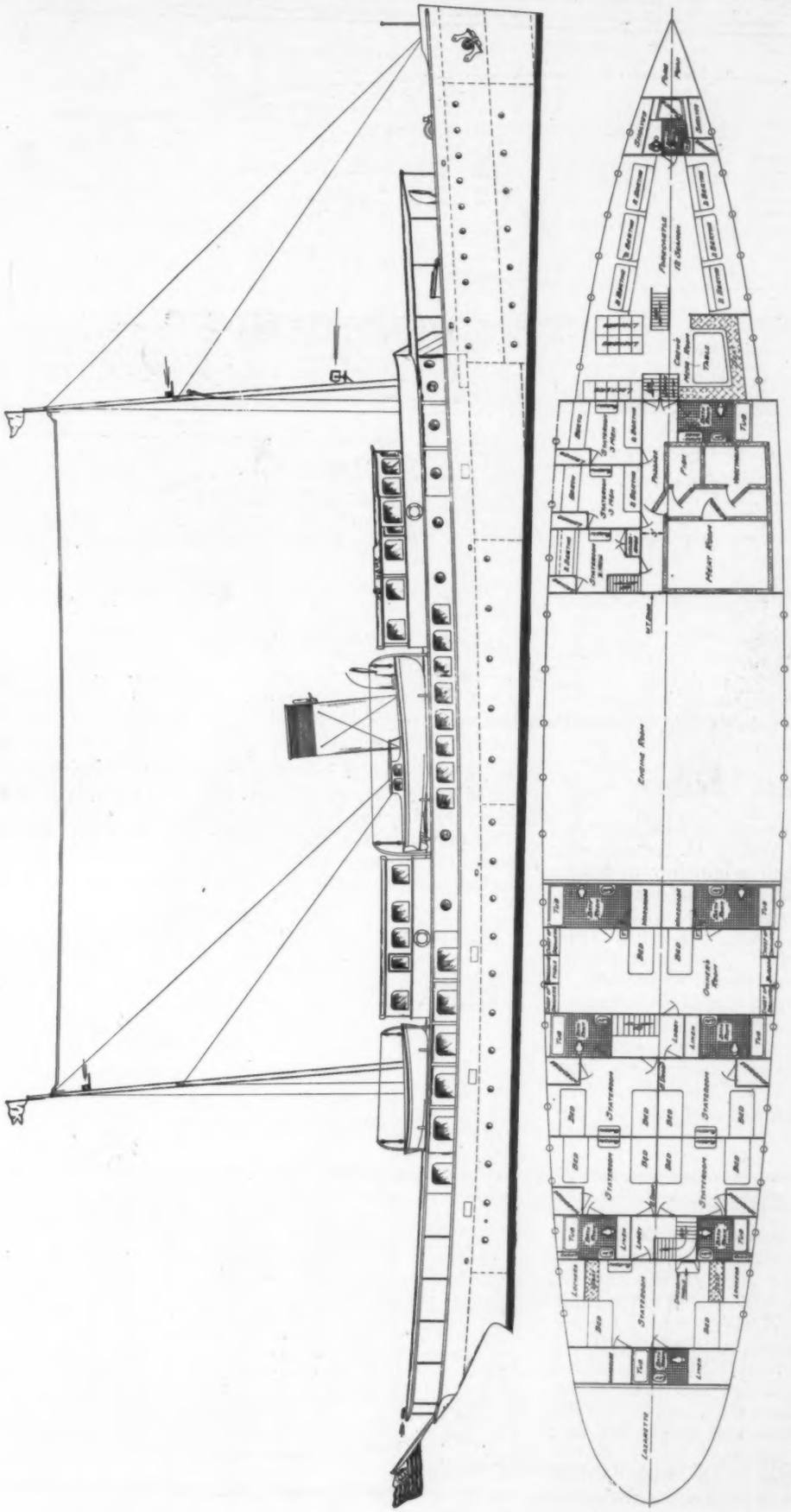
laid the keel of his first yacht which he and his young son built on the muddy shores of that historic harbor. Eight years later members of the Boston Yacht Club induced the Lawleys to move to South Boston. Their shipyard was first located on the south side of City Point, but in a few years increasing business necessitated shifting to quarters on the north side. It was in this latter yard that the two great Boston cup defenders *Puritan* and *Mayflower* were built in 1885 and 1886, and where the iron cup yacht *Volunteer* was fitted out.

By 1910 the South Boston yard had become inadequate and the plant was again moved, this time across Dorchester Bay to Neponset where the bronze cup yacht *Vanitie* and the three-masted steel schooner *Guinevere*, as well as hundreds of other yachts, large and small, sail and power, were built.

During the years following his retirement from the original Lawley corporation George F. Lawley found delight in watching the growth of the yacht yard in Quincy which his son Fred D. Lawley had established. Brought up in accordance with the family custom, Fred D. Lawley, after a course at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology on naval architecture, showed much originality in his yacht creations, and many of his boats became notable for their beauty of design. The fourth generation, George F. Lawley 2nd, has also taken up the family work.

The secret of the success of George F. Lawley, and the high place which he attained in the profession, and among yachtsmen, were due to his trustworthiness, his integrity, his attention to detail and his demand for perfection of finish. He was busy all day, and often far into the night, never forgetting that yacht building is a fine art. He succeeded in inculcating such standards and ideals not only in his firm, but in his foreman and his employees.

A 220-Foot Seagoing Diesel-Powered Yacht Designed by B. T. Dobson



STARTING with *Colleen*, B. T. Dobson, naval architect of New Bedford, Mass., has turned out a number of handsome, able power driven craft which have been universally well received. The latest design from his board is a Diesel-driven yacht whose plans appear on this page, whose dimensions are as follows: length over all, 220 feet; length load water line, 205 feet; beam, 34 feet; draft, 13 feet.

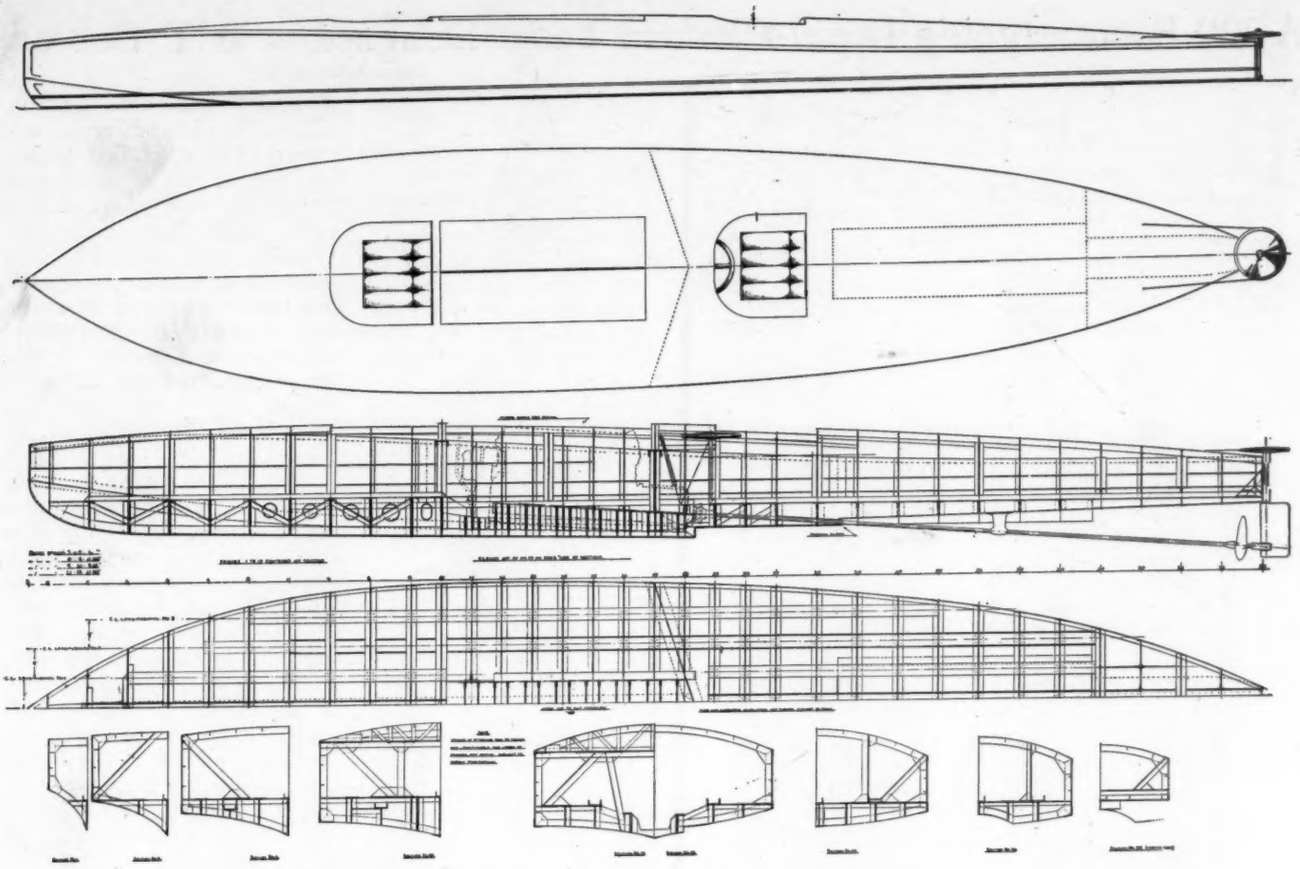
She will, of course, be built of steel, and the construction will be unusually heavy. The unbroken sheer line is an easy, pleasing sweep from stem to to stern, and the deck structures have been blended in to make an harmonious whole.

The owner's and guests' quarters are decidedly spacious and comfortable. An unusual feature is the closed in waist amidships, which provides a fine sheltered deck on either side of the engine casing, and does away with the necessity of a separate passageway connecting the dining room and library. The galley is quite large and complete, with every modern appliance included in its equipment, and exceptionally large storage and refrigerating space for stores for long voyages.

The main power plant will consist of two Diesel engines developing a total of 2400 horse power, which are expected to give a sustained cruising speed of 15 knots. Diesel generators will be used for generating current for all auxiliaries, such as refrigerating system, pumps, anchor hoist, boat hoists, etc.

When completed, she will be one of the largest Diesel-powered yachts in the world, and excellently suited for long voyages to the West Indies, Europe, or around the world, her fuel and water tank capacity being large enough that practically any route may be chosen without regard to availability of fuel or water supply.

The superposed deckhouse aft will make a fine observation saloon in bad weather, while the excellent deck space will be thoroughly appreciated on long voyages.



Plans of the 1928 Gold Cup hydroplane designed by Wilfrid H. Bendall.

A 1928 Gold Cup Hydro

THE plans above are of a 1928 model Gold Cup type hydroplane from the board of Wilfrid H. Bendall, of New York City, which show much originality in both lines, sections and construction. Her dimensions are as follows: l.o.a. 31′4″; beam, both over all and water line, 6′2″; displacement, with 300 lb. crew, 3,369 lbs. The overhang aft, when planing, is 4′4″. The construction plan and sections show the unusual type of underbody.

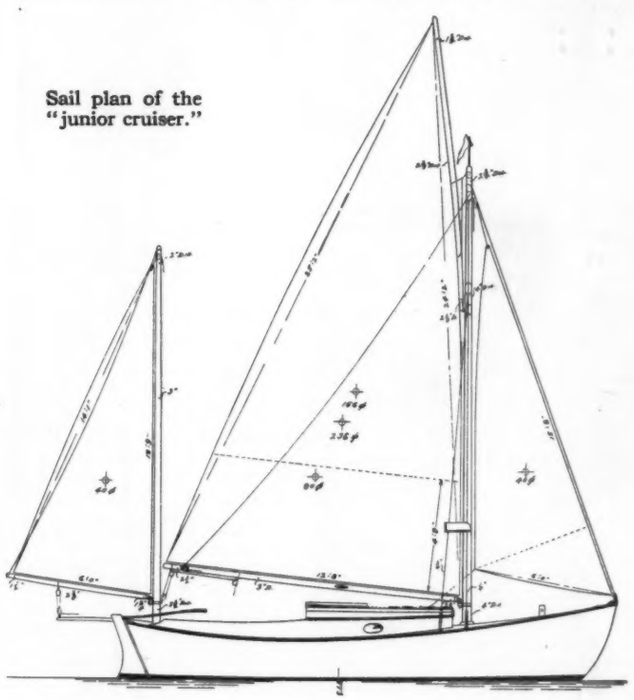
The hull will be constructed entirely of duralumin, angles, channels, tees, etc., of standard structural shapes, and flat plates. Watertightness of the flush joints is secured by using cotton fabric soaked in marine glue. The power plant selected is a Packard Gold Cup motor, many of which have made enviable records in past races for the famous trophy.

A Junior Cruiser

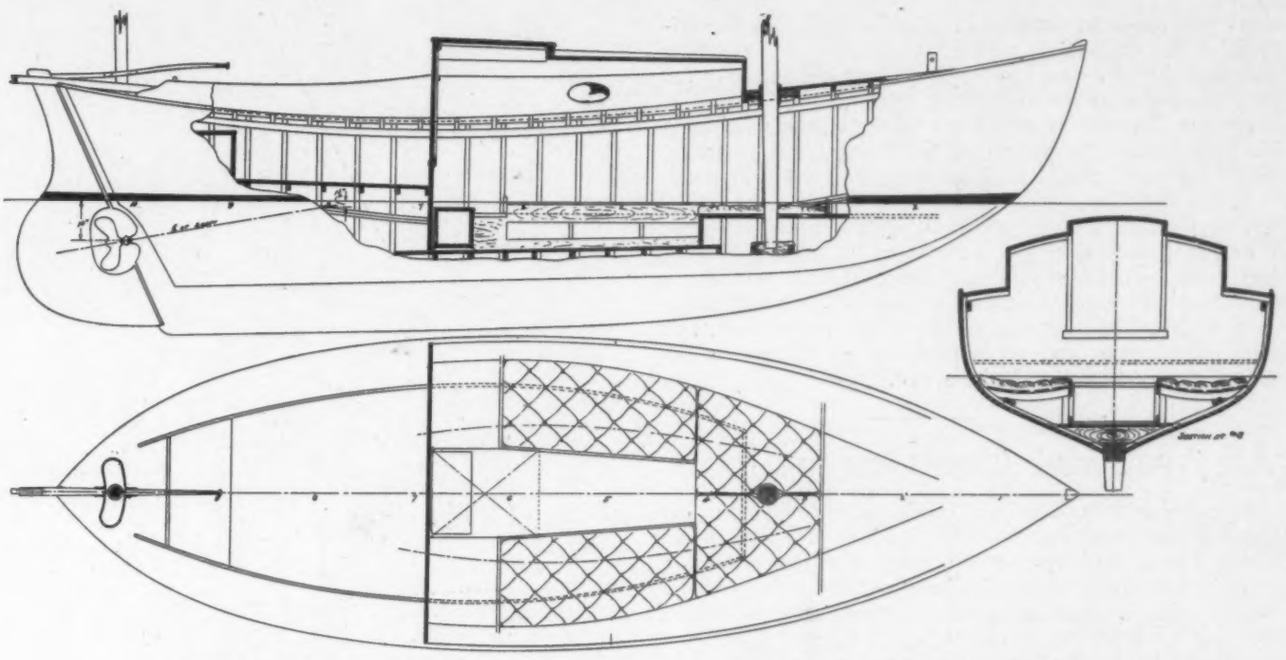
What should prove pretty nearly an ideal type of small and inexpensive cruiser for a couple of youngsters to enjoy life afloat in, is shown in the plans on this and the opposite page of a little 21-foot, double-ended ketch (or is she a yawl?) which is able, a good sailer, roomy for her size, and good under power. She was built by Rice Bros., East Boothbay, Maine, and when tried out last fall proved to be an unusually handy little craft in every way. The water line length is 18′6″, beam 6′6″, and draft 2′9″. The sail area is 236 sq. ft., the iron keel weighs 800 lbs., and there is also 500 lbs. inside ballast.

The cabin has two good transom berths, with "sitting headroom." Abaft the port transom is space for the galley stove, while opposite is locker and shelf space, with room forward for duffle, spare gear, etc. The cockpit is self-bailing, making the little craft unsinkable.

The motor is a single cylinder, 4-cycle Gray, which drives a feathering wheel and gives a good 5-mile speed. Two hatches, one in the athwartship cockpit seat, and the



Sail plan of the "junior cruiser."



Inboard profile, cabin plan and midship section of the 21-foot yawl designed by John G. Alden.

other in the athwartship cockpit staving, give easy access to the motor, which takes up a remarkably small amount of space and is completely out of the way and out of sight.

The rig is somewhat of an innovation. The mizzen is jib-headed, while the main is a modification of the sliding gunter, or high-peaked gaff rig. The latter makes the use of a tall mast unnecessary, and also does away with the necessity of backstays. While two masts may seem out of place on so small a craft, it produces a very snug and easily handled rig, and is good from an educational standpoint for those used to single-stickers.

An Attractive Motor House Yacht

The accompanying plans are of a motor house yacht designed recently by Ralph E. Winslow, of Atlantic, Mass., and built by Staples and Johnson for a New York yachtsman. The design is a development and enlargement of the 55-foot houseboat *Mischief* and the 57-foot *Rascal*, both from the board of the same designer.

The dimensions of this latest production of the New England designer are: l.o.a. 66'9"; beam, 16'9"; draft, 3'6". She is a single screw vessel, being powered with a 6-cylinder, 125 h.p. Murray & Tregurtha motor which

Profile and accommodation plan of the 67-foot motor house yacht designed by Ralph E. Winslow.

pushes her along at around 11 miles an hour. The construction is unusually strong, with special attention given to light and ventilation. There is tank capacity for 570 gallons of gasoline and 780 of water.

The forward part of the large deckhouse is used as a pilot house, and the main part for a combination living and dining room. Stairs lead to the galley and after deck. Abaft the deckhouse is a commodious lounge deck.

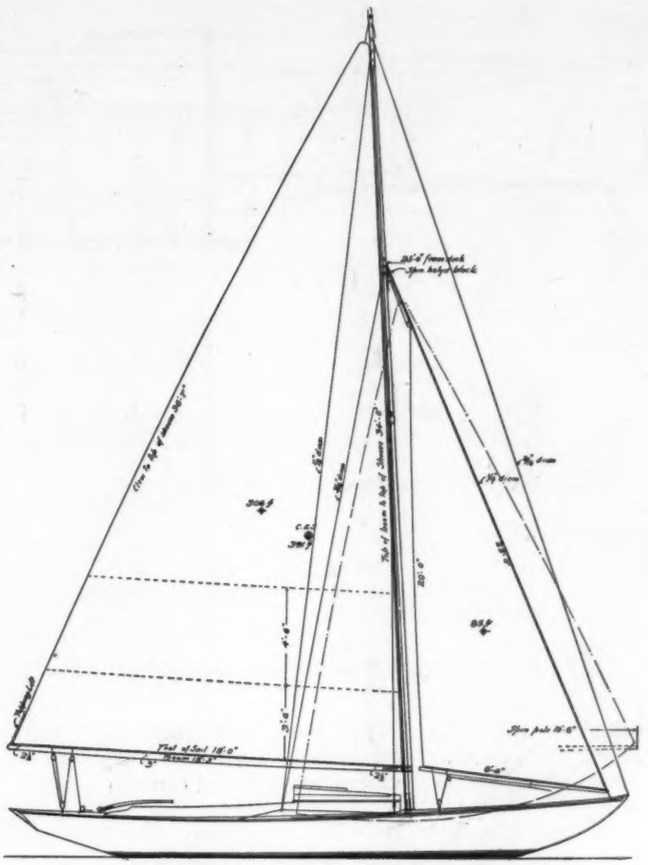
Below decks the forward part of the yacht is given over to motor room, crew's quarters, captain's stateroom, toilet room and large galley. From amidships aft she is divided into sleeping rooms, with two large double staterooms with toilet rooms adjoining each, bath room, two single staterooms, and an abundance of lockers, wardrobes, linen and storage lockers, etc.

An Attractive One-Design Sloop

Increased activity has been the keynote recently in the affairs of the Edgartown Yacht Club, with a number of classes of small craft racing regularly and enthusiastically. As a number of club members believe there was room for another class of boats, somewhat larger, abler and faster than the "Edgartown Fifteens," Mr. Francis T. Meyer entrusted Charles D. Mower with the drawing of plans of a boat to fill the bill, and will build one and try her out, with the expectation of having a class built for another season. The plans of this craft, shown on this page, show a striking resemblance to the Sound Interclubs, though they are a shade smaller, the dimensions being: l.o.a. 28′3″; l.w.l. 18′; beam, 7′4″; draft, 4′6″; sail area, 391 sq. ft.; lead keel, 2300 lbs.

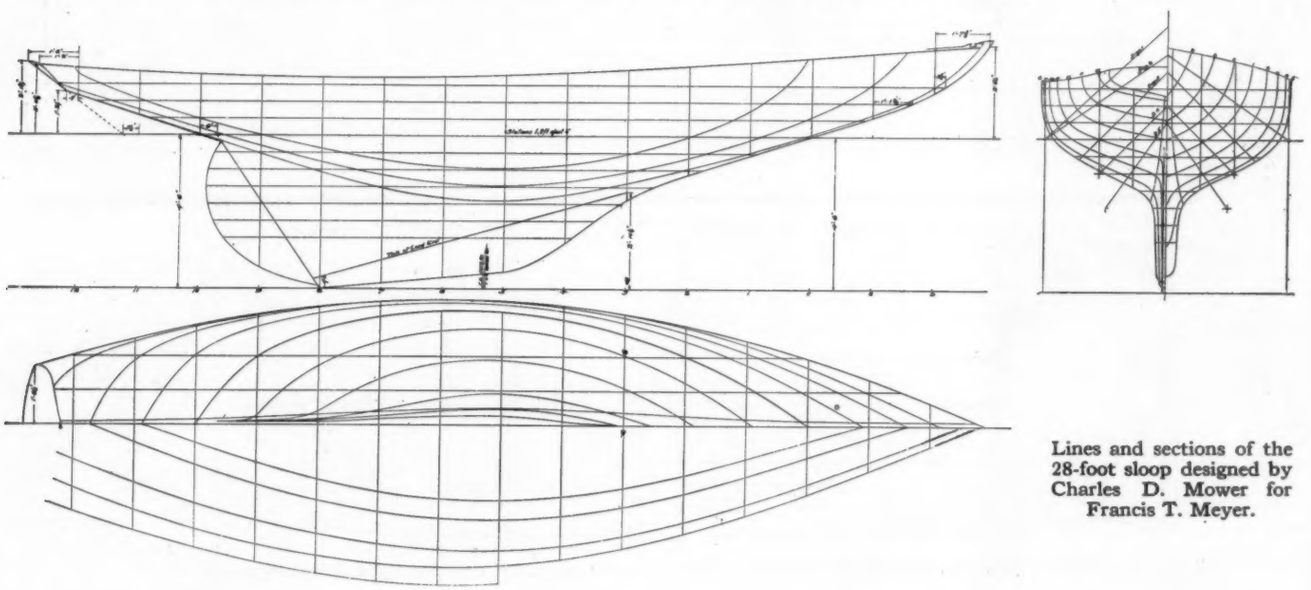
The initial boat is about ready to go overboard at the yard of Reuben Bigelow, at Monument Beach. She will be built and equipped in the best possible manner, with double planked mahogany skin, hollow spars, sails of Egyptian duck, etc. An unusual feature, based on a boat built last year for Mr. Meyer, is the self-bailing cockpit, with the seats well below the deck level, giving more comfort than usual in this type of cockpit in this size of boat.

The designer believes that, through small refinements of design, this little craft should be practically as fast as the Interclubs, though a bit smaller. Should a class of them be formed, team races would undoubtedly be arranged with the Triangles, designed by Alden, which are practically the same size, and the Sound Interclubs.



Sail plan of the Mower-designed sloop.

The definite success of the Triangles and Sound Interclubs, due to their reasonable hull form, rig, comfort, roominess and speed, shows that boats of this type are thoroughly appreciated once their good qualities have been demonstrated. The design under discussion is a thoroughly deserving one, and the yachtsmen of Edgartown and vicinity will make no mistake in forming a one-design class, or classes, of duplicates of it, which will not only provide keen racing, but which will survive for years, and give as much pleasure in day sailing and short cruises as they do in racing.



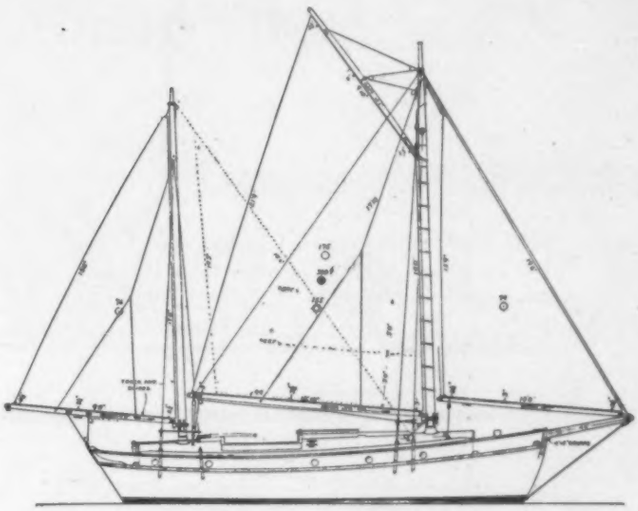
Lines and sections of the 28-foot sloop designed by Charles D. Mower for Francis T. Meyer.

Wyomi—A Snug Ketch

THE accompanying plans of *Wyomi*, a snug little ketch only 25'6" over all, show what can be done in the way of real accommodations aboard small craft. She was designed by John G. Hanna, the Sage of Dunedin, Florida, for L. D. (Larry) Huntington, and built by the Boyette Boat Works, of Tarpon Springs, Fla. The water line length is 22 feet, the beam 8 feet 6 inches, and the draft 3 feet, the underbody modelled after Captain Slocum's famous sloop *Spray*, with the topsides carried up into a raised deck, with cockpit just abaft amidships, a well deck forward, with two separate cabins. The rig is a composite ketch, of 330 sq. ft. area, which drives *Wyomi* at a good clip when the wind is free and brisk. When it is not, a 2-cylinder, 10 h.p. Doman Bulldog motor kicks her along as fast as the average small cruiser.

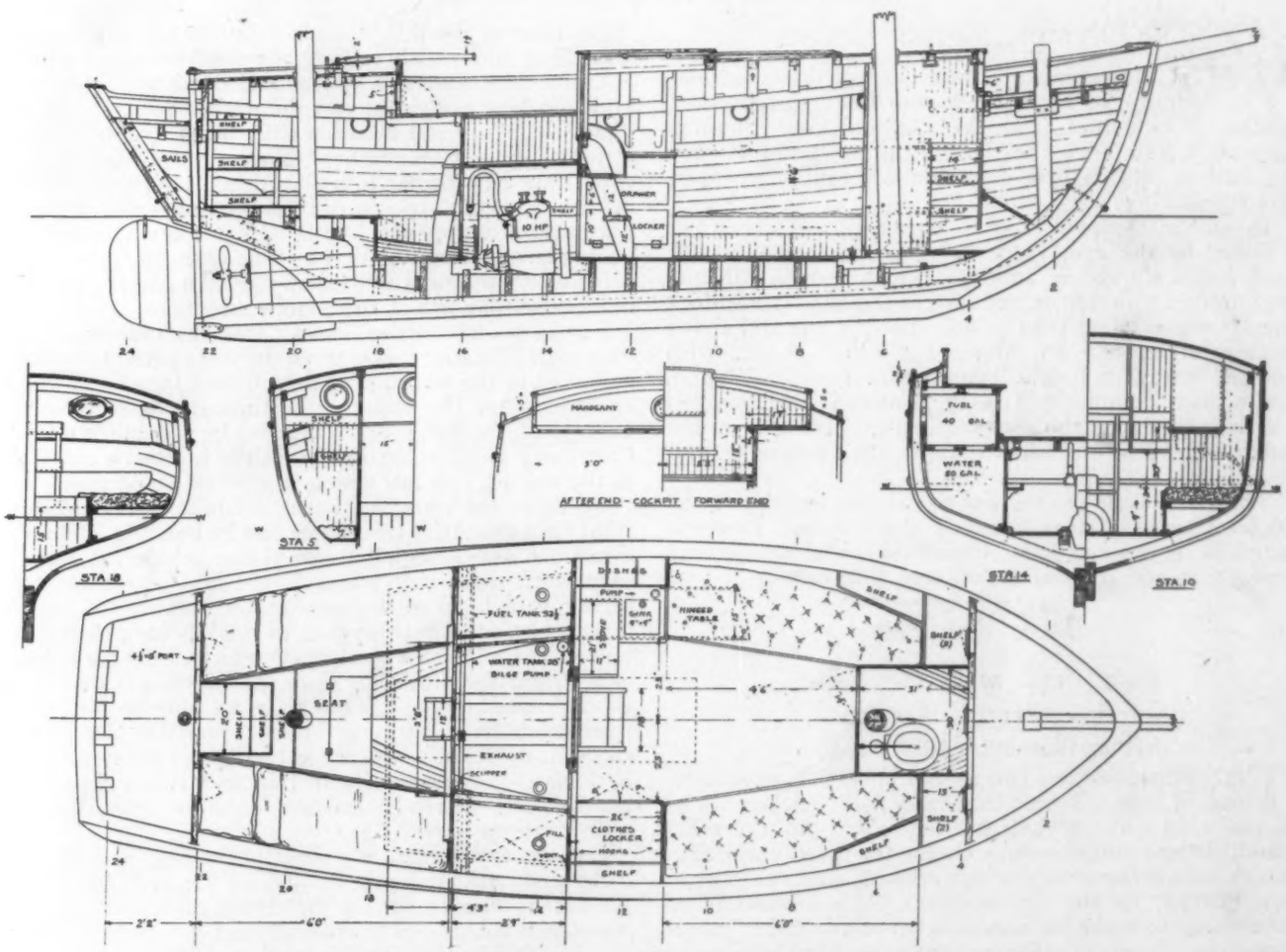
With the owner, designer, and ex-Commodore M. S. Kattenhorn as crew, *Wyomi* has cruised many miles in southern waters during the past winter, in all kinds of weather, and has proven unusually able and remarkably comfortable for long or short jaunts. As the plans show, the main cabin is forward, with galley just aft on the port side, clothes locker opposite, and enclosed toilet forward. Aft is the second cabin, with two real bunks and good stowage space, so *Wyomi* can easily accommodate four people on a long cruise, with four full size bunks, plenty of stowage space, and tank capacity for 70 gallons of gasoline and 100 gallons of water.

The Doman motor is installed under the cockpit floor, with a double exhaust line — one on each side of the boat.

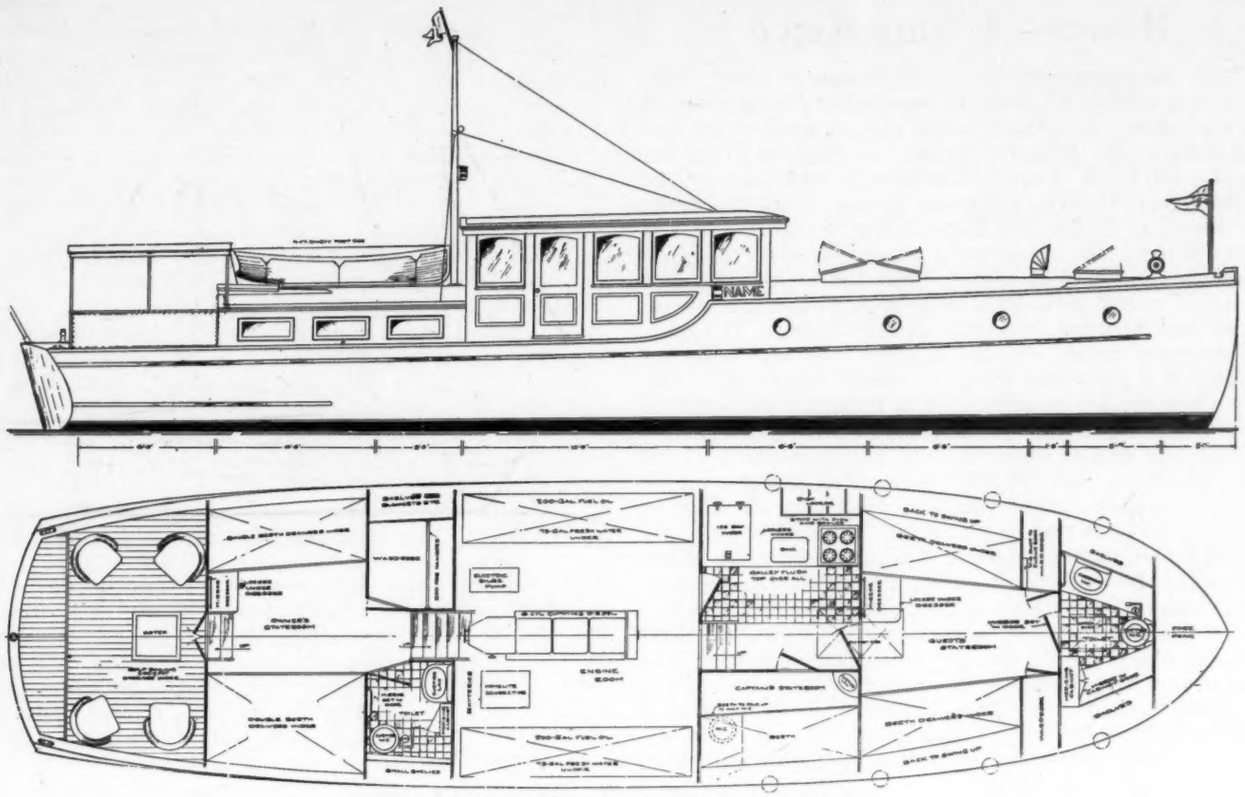


Sail plan of *Wyomi*.

The designer states that *Wyomi* is not particularly fast, due to being about 25% over normal displacement and 25% under normal sail area. However, she crossed the Gulf Stream in a 40-mile Norther, and her owner concedes that "it was as terrific a test as any 25-footer should be expected to survive, and she behaved like a lady throughout."



Inboard profile, accommodation plan and sections of *Wyomi*, designed by John G. Hanna.



Plans of the new Olympic Deep Sea 50-foot cruiser.

The Olympic 50-foot Cruiser

WITH the recent announcement of the consolidation of the Olympic Motor Boat Corporation, Seattle, Washington, and the Gordon Boat Building Company, New York, the plans of the latest 50-foot deep sea cruiser of this new consolidation will prove most interesting.

In profile, the new boat is extremely attractive and pleasing to the eye, there being a large, comfortable deck house worked in amidship which does not in any way detract from the appearance of the hull. Below deck the accommodation plan is well thought out and shows a large stateroom aft under the cabin trunk, with another stateroom forward, entered from the deck house, and a really commodious galley. A room is also provided for the captain on the starboard side, opening from the galley. There is a shallow cockpit aft, containing four easy chairs.

The dimensions of this new model are: length over all 50 feet; beam 12 feet 6 inches, draft 4 feet. Power is supplied by a six-cylinder Cummins Diesel motor with tankage to give a cruising radius of 1500 miles.

Book Reviews

Fair Winds in the Far Baltic

By ALFRED F. LOOMIS

(Ives Washburn, 1928. $3.00)

THE Baltic Sea has two reputations: that pessimistic one of ship captains that calls it a "wicked sea of dismal cold and impenetrable fog"; and, on the other hand, the one gained from a cheery tempered yachtsman which calls it the most glorious cruising ground of northern Europe. As the title suggests, Alfred Loomis had something to make his final opinion of the Baltic one of optimism. This is, by the way, the same Mr. Loomis who wrote the *Cruise of the Hippocampus*.

The crew of the little schooner *Lucette* must have had something to do with making the 2000-mile cruise into Scandinavian waters a success. Because at times we wonder where under the sun the author got the idea of "fair winds" to put into his title. Then again, he was acting as skipper on another "bloke's" (the word is his) yacht, and the owner himself was on board. A rather ticklish situation in strange and notoriously difficult waters. But any owner, like the Major, who can always make the auxiliary function in time of stress, must be a sufficiently optimistic individual to lend a pleasant charm to a cruise that was at times quite strenuous.

Denmark and Sweden, even if they are old-world and "backward" nations, appear as the most perfect cruising countries in the world, probably in part because of their backwardness. The entire cruise through the North Sea, Kiel Canal, the Baltic, across Sweden by way of the Gotha Canal and south again in the Baltic, is given a glamour in the writing that few who love cruising could resist.

Certainly the book has charm. A landlubber could pick it up for a delightful travelogue and be bored by compass directions and seagoing terms rather seldom. A cruiser may learn some new tricks of the cruising trade, and certainly pick up some fancy notions about the use of brooms, inverted or otherwise, to mark port or starboard buoys. There is also a pleasant disregard of the barometer on a long cruise. But some place the question of this "fair winds" idea bobs up. Some place we got the idea that their winds were anything but fair; probably due to the fact that the reliable engine was used with great frequency. Perhaps too, the quantity of rain and June cold in the north makes the reader shiver unduly and mentally protract those days.

But the entire book is delightful reading, is very well illustrated with photographs, and we'll have to hand it to the author after traversing the dismal colds and fogs of a sometimes wicked sea to still call his book *Fair Winds in the Far Baltic*. He puts his own optimism and love of cruising into every page. J. G. S.

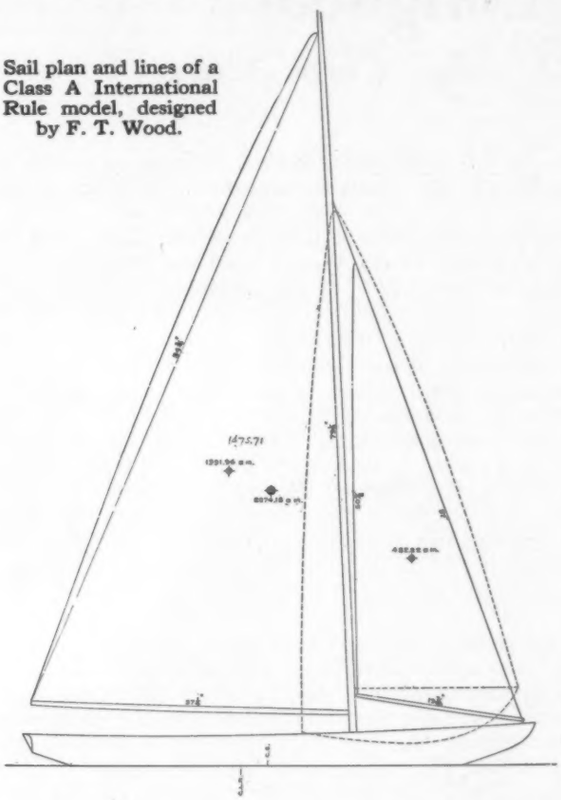
Model Yachting

An International Class A Six-Metre Model

WITH the growing interest in the International 6-Metre (A) Class models, the accompanying design of such a boat will prove of value to model yachtsmen who are contemplating building to this class.

These plans are by F. T Wood, who has turned out many fast models. They are of the *Mariposa*, owned by Wellington Rindge, Secretary of the Model Yacht Racing Association of America, and a member of the Boston Model Yacht Club.

The lines show a most interesting model, and one that should carry her sail well. The ends are unusually short, the over all length as shown being only 60″. The l.w.l. length is 45½″, beam 13″, and draft 10½″. Displacement is 1050 cu. inches, and average freeboard 3.84″, the minimum allowed. The sail area shows 2074 square inches, actual, or 2000 under the rule. The short ends and generous sail area make her an interesting model.



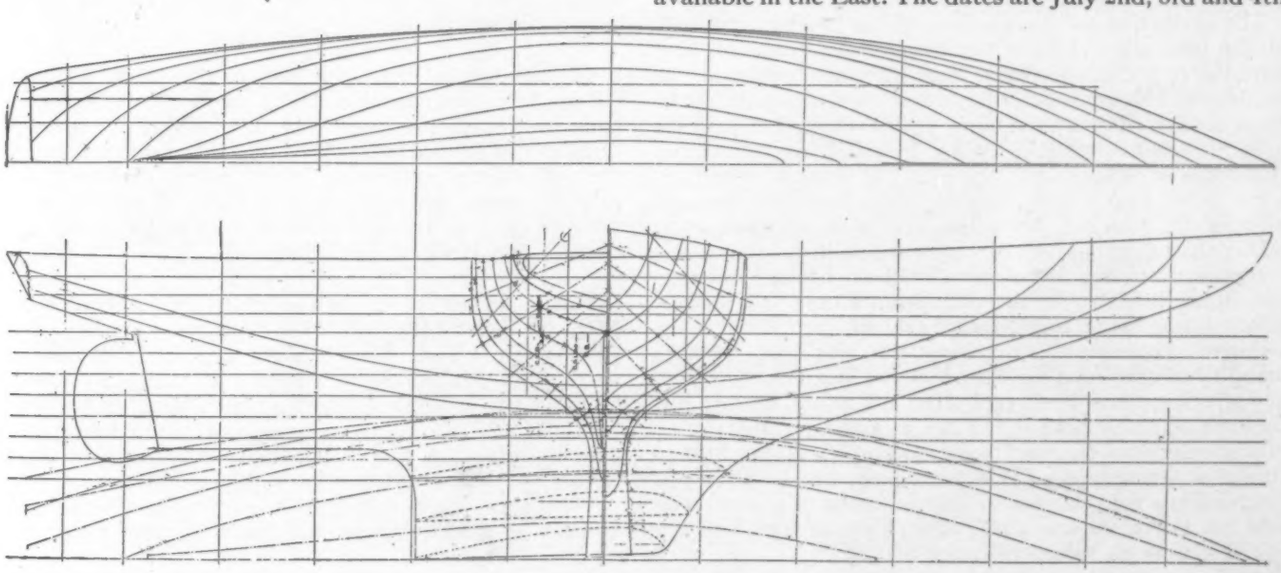
Sail plan and lines of a Class A International Rule model, designed by F. T. Wood.

Copyright Henry Miller Service

View of the Reflection Pool in front of the Lincoln Memorial, at Washington, where the international model elimination races will be sailed.

Eliminations to be Sailed at Washington

THE Washington elminations to select a model yacht to represent this country at Gosport are to be held this year at the Lincoln Memorial Reflecting Pool, Washington, D. C. The Washington Model Yacht Club invited the Model Yacht Racing Association of America to hold its races at Washington, and the invitation was accepted. The Lincoln Pool will offer to the Association conditions as near those to be found at Gosport, England, as is possible. In the past two years our challengers appear to have been about as fast as our foreign competitors, but we have lost because we have not had the experience in handling our models in pond sailing, which is quite different from skiff sailing. Realizing this, the Association selected the Lincoln Pool as the only pond available in the East. The dates are July 2nd, 3rd and 4th.



Under the Lee of the Longboat

by Cap Stan

JACK HANNA, the Sage of Dunedin, kicks in with the following: "Your comment in the March issue on the alleged windward ability of the Gloucester fishermen amuses me. If they are so good at windward work in rough weather, how do you account for the fact that literally hundreds of them have been lost through inability to beat to windward off lee shores in any real blow? Including, mind you, not only the less able vessels, but such peerless world's champions as *Mayflower* and *Columbia* and many another nearly as good? You and Jim Connolly are courteously invited to laugh this off. For comparison, tell us how many Gloucester fishermen with even a small auxiliary engine have been lost for lack of ability to get to windward.

"I agree with you that windward ability is a relative term. But the relativity is as follows: some boats are bad to windward, others are worse, and most are rotten. None are good, or at all to be depended on, when the sea gets rough. By 'rough' I do not mean rough for the Star Class.

"If you choose to ship on the greatest windward sailer ever built, I'll choose to ship with F. M. Gardiner and an auxiliary engine for the windward pinch when the sea gets really *rough*. And I'll bet you reach Davy Jones' locker a long time before I do. Give him my regards and tell him I will be along about 20 years later."

The invitation to "laugh that off" is hereby accepted. In the first place, I have never seen, nor heard of, any statistics or records to prove that "literally hundreds" of Gloucester fishermen have been lost through inability to go to windward in a hard blow. Jack is invited to provide such records or statistics before I accept his statement. Hundreds have been lost, yes — but of those hundreds, it is my belief that a vast majority have been lost through foundering, collision, stranding in thick weather, etc., rather than through lack of windward ability.

Again, when was *Mayflower* lost? Last I heard, she was still doing business at the old stand. Guess you're definitely wrong there, Sage. *Laugh that off.*

Anent *Columbia* — who says she was lost through inability to claw off a lee shore? I have heard that some of her wreckage has been recovered off Sable Island; but couldn't she have been out of her reckoning, caught in an unsuspected foul current, or unmanageable with a broken rudder or steering gear? Who *knows* why and how she was lost, inasmuch as there were no survivors, or anyone who saw her go? How was the *Cyclops* lost, or why was the *Marie Celeste* abandoned? *Laugh that off.*

I hope Jim Connolly sees this. Perhaps he would have something to say about the situation. Come across, Jim.

* * *

The fact that the two 6-metre boats, *Lanai* and *Priscilla*, went out to the West Coast and defeated *Maybe*, considered by many to be the slipperiest of the Scandinavian craft which routed our "Sixes" at Oyster Bay last fall, naturally leads to much speculation as to the cause of the reversal of form. After talking to several people who were in the West Coast races, I have about reached the conclusion that the "big jibs" supplied the principal reason. Conceding that I am correct in this assumption, two things seem to be fairly well proven: that our defeat last year at the hands of the foreign invaders was due to our backwardness in the matter of development in sails and rigging, and that, after all, our hulls are just about as good as any. Now that we have learned the lesson, the chances for our winning back the Seawanhaka and Scandinavian Gold Cup this year seem a lot brighter than they did previous to the form reversal on the West Coast.

Some people, who have used them, are all in favor of the overlapping headsails, while others are dead against them. I hear that the Class Q Association at Marblehead is considering barring them. Perhaps a season's use of them would give all hands a better chance to form an opinion as to their practicability, their effectiveness having been definitely proven already.

* * *

For the second time this season the U. S. took first honors in international contests when the Sound Interclubs walloped the Bermuda one-designs by a rather topheavy score early in April, the Stars having started the ball rolling in Havana in February. Perhaps this is a good omen for coming international events in the 6-metre class to be held this summer in England, Scandinavia and Holland. Let's hope so.

* * *

The outboard season on the East Coast opened with a bang on April 14th and 15th with the running of the Albany-New York Time Trials, and by the time the smoke had cleared away, a record of nearly 30 miles an hour for the 133-mile course had been hung up for others to shoot at, and both motors and boats had proven conclusively that they were thoroughly capable of sustained operation under unfavorable conditions.

Over short courses in calm water, what will the "egg-beaters" be doing before the season is over? Forty miles an hour? Or better?

Right of Way Problems and Answers

THE prize for the best answer to right of way problems Nos. 3 and 4, which appeared in the March issue, has been awarded to J. Rulon Miller, of Baltimore. Mr. Miller's answers follow:

In answer to your Problems Nos. 3 and 4, contained in March YACHTING, I wish to submit the following solutions:

Problem No. 3 — The Committee Boat becomes the mark of the course after the preparatory signal — Rule X, Section 8, and Rule XVII, Section 6.

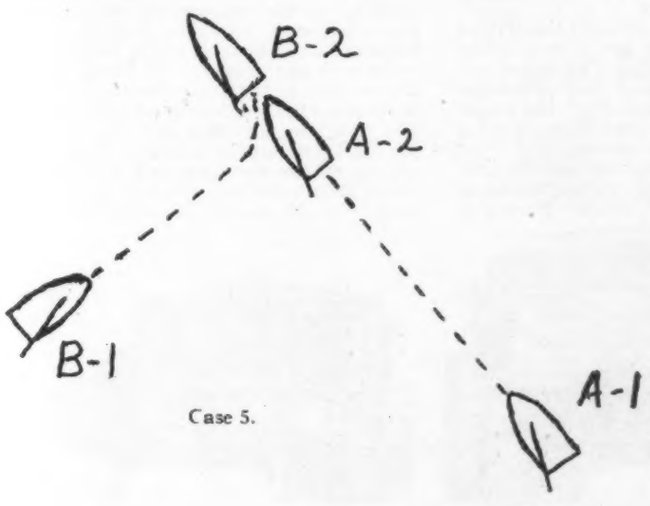
Yacht "A" on being hailed by the Club Member in charge of Yacht "B" must immediately give room. See Rule XVIII, Section 9, N. A. Y. R. U.: "When a yacht is approaching a shore, shoal, pier, rock, vessel or other dangerous obstruction, and cannot go clear by altering her course without fouling another yacht, then the latter shall, on being hailed by the Club Member in charge of the former, at once give room; and in case one yacht is forced to tack or to bear away in order to give room, the other shall also tack or bear away as the case may be at as near the same time as possible without danger of fouling."

Yacht "B" should be disqualified, however, for asking for room, as she has forced an overlap after Yacht "A" has started to round the mark, which is covered by Rule XVIII, Section 8, paragraph 2: "A yacht shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap and thus force a passage between another yacht and the mark after the latter yacht has altered her helm in the act of rounding"; and because the immediate obstruction is a mark of the course, as covered under Rule XVIII, Section 9: "But should such obstruction be a designated mark of the course, a yacht forcing another to tack under the provisions of this section shall be disqualified." This is further covered under Rule XX, Section 2: "And any yacht which shall wrongfully cause another to luff, bear away, or tack, in order to avoid fouling, or shall without due cause compel another yacht to give room or to tack under Section 9, Rule XVIII, or shall herself fail to tack or to bear away, as required in that Section, or shall in any other way infringe or fail to comply with any of these Rules or attempt to win a race by other means than fair sailing and superior speed and skill, shall be disqualified."

Yacht "B" should not have tried to force herself between the mark and Yacht "A" after Yacht "A" had reached the mark, but should have gone to leeward, unless the overlap was made, and they were sailing on the same tack, before the mark was reached — Rule XVIII, Section 8, paragraph 2. This rule contemplates the fair establishment of an overlap before the mark is reached.

Problem No. 4 — Yacht "B" should be disqualified as Yacht "A" is on the starboard tack — Rule XVIII, Section 2: "This section defines the starboard tack rule which underlies and controls all racing rules except as provided in Section 9 of this rule."

Yacht "B" had no rights under Rule XVIII, Section 8, because there was no overlap, and they cannot both pass the mark on the proper side without tacking. Yacht "B" should have held her course until she could have come about without interfering with Yacht "A" on the starboard tack.

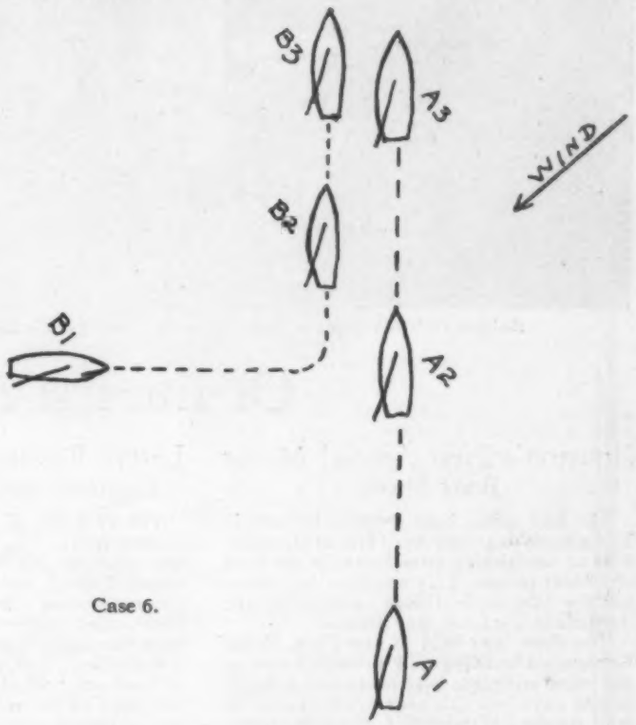


Case 5.

Two more problems are presented herewith, and a prize of a year's subscription offered for the correct and most clearly expressed solutions. The prize-winning answers will appear in the July issue of YACHTING.

Case 5

Two boats, A and B, are approaching each other on port and starboard tacks (A-1 and B-1). Boat B tacks just ahead of A and gets her sails full on the new tack. A second or two later, boat A strikes B on the transom, the latter having lost headway while tacking, and not having gathered full headway when struck. Whose foul is it?



Case 6.

Case 6

Two boats, A and B, are approaching each other on opposite tacks (A-1 and B-1). B cannot cross A, so tacks on A's lee bow (A-2 and B-2), being slightly ahead on the new tack when her sails become full. Because of tacking, B's speed is reduced, with the result that A establishes an overlap (A-3 and B-3). B then luffs sharply, a foul resulting. Did B have a right to luff, or didn't she?

Case 1 Comes Up Again

Two letters have been received questioning the awarding of the prize for the best answer to Case 1, which appeared in the March issue in answer to the problem submitted in the January issue. Both letters were along similar lines. Mr. A. H. Goesle submitted an argument "for the defense," and requested that we print it, along with the names of the individual, board, or committee which chose the proper solution. We hereby print Mr. Goesle's case, together with our answer to him.

MR. GOESLE'S DEFENSE

Your correspondent bases his answer on Rule X, Sec. 8; Rule XVII, Sec. 3; and Rule XVIII, Sec. 8. For the sake of brevity I will not quote these rules here, but they refer to the N. A. Y. R. U. rules.

The preparatory signal establishes the marks of the starting line as marks of the course, right enough, but it does not establish a course; therefore what does he mean by saying that the boats are about to pass a mark on the required side and invoking Rule XVIII, Sec. 8? There is no required side of the marks at this time, and this rule cannot apply.

(*Continued on page 124*)

Exhibit of Chris-Craft at the first motor boat show held at Houston, Texas. The attendance recorded was 58,000.

Of Interest to the Skipper

Houston's First Annual Motor Boat Show

The first motor boat show to be held in Texas came to a close April 7th, at Houston, with an astonishing attendance for the week of 58,000 people. This seems to indicate a healthy interest in things nautical by the dwellers in the Lone Star State.

The show was held in the Dow Motor Company's building and presented one of the most complete lists of marine exhibits shown anywhere this year. Here were to be seen runabouts, cruisers, outboards, marine engines and marine supplies and equipment of every description. So successful was the exhibit that the show committee has already laid plans to make it an annual affair and to hold the second one about the same time next year.

The show was sponsored by Henry Falk, Houston Chris-Craft distributor. Mr. Falk's years of boating experience as Chairman of the Committee of the Mississippi Valley Power Boat Association, and as a former commodore of the Houston Yacht Club, were drawn upon to good advantage in making the necessary arrangements and supervising the innumerable details.

J. E. Clifford, General Sales Manager of Chris Smith & Sons Boat Company, Algonac, Mich., manufacturers of Chris Craft, was in attendance during the entire show and was greatly impressed with the interest displayed and with the number of bonafide orders secured.

Latest Refinements in Scripps Engines, and a New Model

The 1928 line of power plants which the Scripps Motor Co., Detroit, showed for the first time at the New York Motor Boat Show, looked quite different from the former models, and many features have been added that will appeal to those who want the latest in marine engines.

Following a policy of constant progression without any radical changes, the equipment has been added to and certain external, as well as many internal, refinements have been made recently. From the photographs of the model F engines it will be noted that these engines are now supplied with enclosed flywheels, as well as neat nickel plated hand operating pumps for removing the old oil from the sump, thereby encouraging proper maintenance. The complete power plant is very neat, compact, cleanly and silent, making it ideal for pleasure boat use. These changes have been included in the complete Scripps F line, the F-4, the F-6, and the F-6 Junior Gold Cup Model.

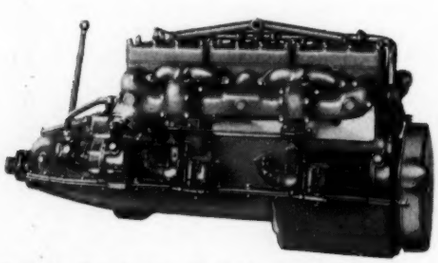
In addition to these changes the Scripps Company has brought out a new model known as the H-6 200 h.p. This motor is a development of the Model G-6, in a larger unit. The bore is 5″, stroke 5¾″, the weight is 1100 pounds, and the over all length is but 65½″, making it the shortest and most compact 200 h.p. marine engine in the field. Power developed is as follows: at 1500 r.p.m. — 163.6; 1600 r.p.m. — 172.4; 1800 r.p.m. — 182.4; 2000 r.p.m. — 196.5; 2100 r.p.m — 201.

Perhaps the most outstanding development is the manifolding and carburetion. Dual carburetion will be continued, with a Duplex carburetor having a single bowl, but otherwise functioning as two separate carburetors. The carburetion is of the downdraft type, which permits of greater ease in starting and practically eliminates all fire hazard.

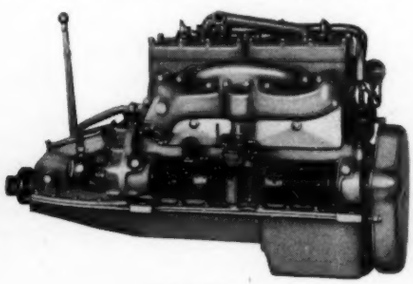
Gordon Boat Building and Olympic Motor Boat Companies Combine

H. H. Gordon, Jr., President of the Gordon Boat Building Co., has recently returned from Seattle where he concluded arrangements with the Olympic Motor Boat Corporation, whereby a large number of the Gordon boats will be built by the Olympic Corporation from the designs and specifications of the Gordon Co. The consolidation is of far reaching importance inasmuch as the combined interests of these two companies will give yachtsmen the benefit of a considerable saving in first cost.

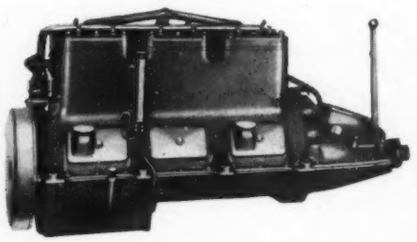
On both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts the product of these two companies is too well known to need description. However, it is a significant fact that each has centered its chief interest in building a seagoing cruiser of the strongest and finest type. Boats they have built have made enviable records in this respect. Recently Mr. R. J.



Scripps F-6 Junior Gold Cup Model for 1928, 125 h.p.

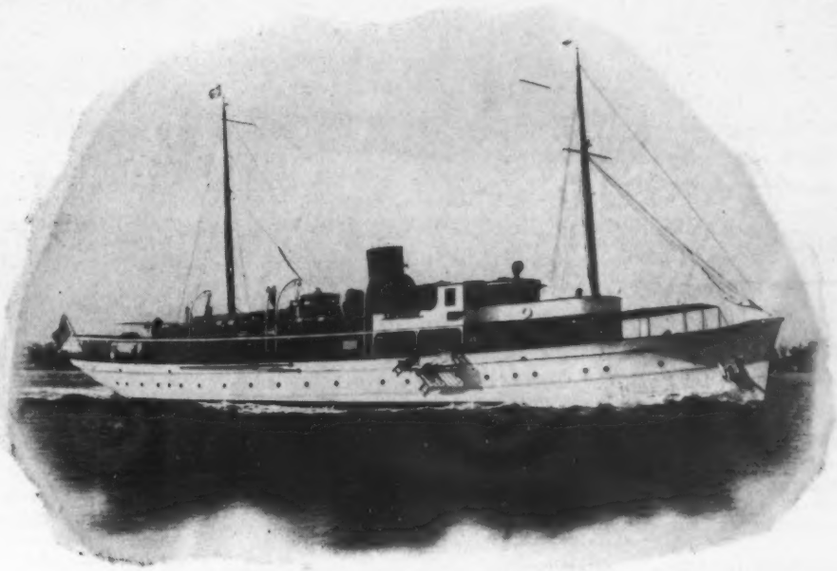


Model F-4.



Model F-6, 100 h.p., with enclosed flywheel and other refinements.

In keeping with the character of your yacht!



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Indian Harbor
Yacht Club

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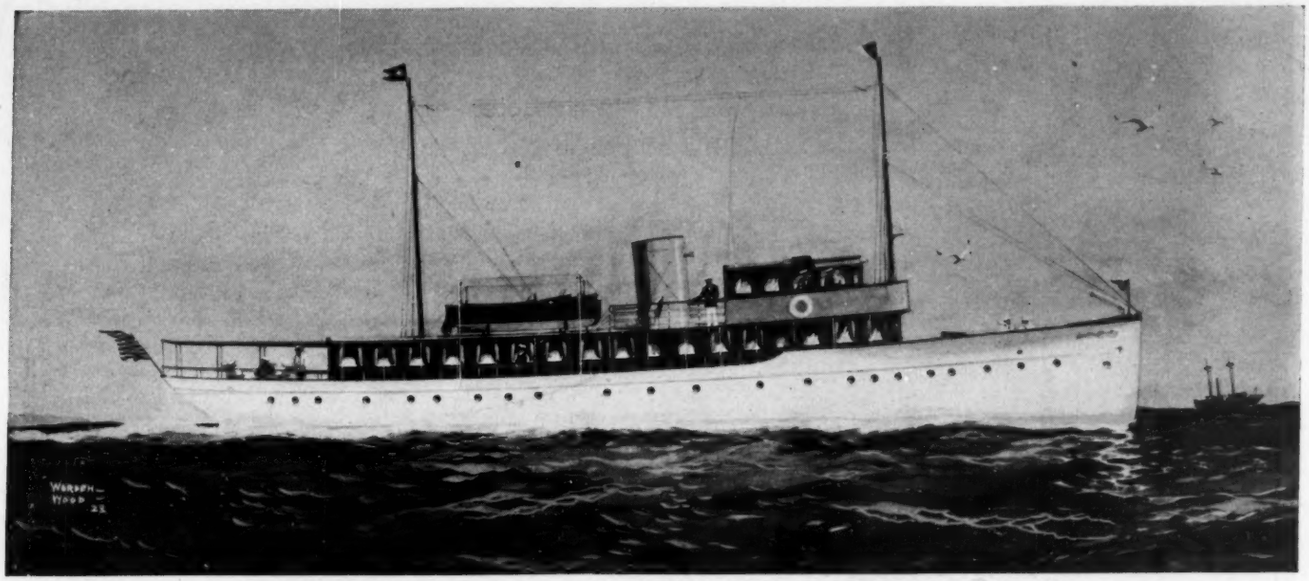


A recent 120-foot steel motor yacht design from the boards of the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation, New York City, to be equipped with two of the new Speedway Diesel engines.

Henry, President of the Olympic Co., made a trip in his 42-foot Olympic Cruiser from Seattle to San Diego, California, a 1300-mile journey completed in heavy winter weather. The boat made the trip without shipping solid water.

In addition to their reputation for seaworthiness and strength, both the Gordon and Olympic Cruisers are noted for their exceptional interior arrangement, and refinement of detail.

The Gordon-Olympic Deep Sea Cruisers, as these boats will be known in the East, will have the latest yacht refinements. The hulls will be built in standardized sizes of 28, 35, 42, and 50 feet and will be constructed as strongly as it is possible to build a boat.

Six-cylinder Cummins Diesel engines will be used for power in the larger of the Gordon Olympic Cruisers. These 50-foot cruisers have a cruising radius of 1500 miles without refueling and at the exceptionally low operating cost of one-fifth that of gasoline.

Universal Builds a "Straight Eight" of over 100 H.P.

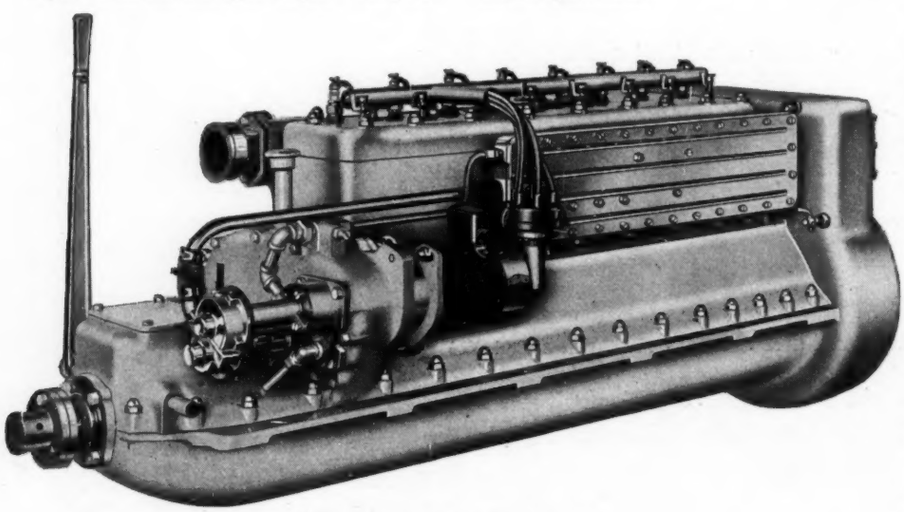
The Universal Motor Co. have announced a new Straight Eight to develop over 100 h.p. One of the outstanding features of the new motor is its extreme light weight — only 640 pounds. The new "Eight" has a bore and stroke of 3½" x 4½" and the design and construction is along the same lines as the new Universal "Six" 80 h.p. motor which was shown at the New York and at the Boston motor boat shows.

Nine bearing crank shaft, nine bearing camshaft, Ricardo cylinder head, Lynite rods and pistons, chain-driven timing gears, hand pump, extra oil reserve tank and oil cooler are some of the outstanding features of the new "Straight Eight." The standard motor is a right-hand motor, but the company builds both right-hand and left-hand motors for twin installation. The new "Eight" will also be made with the Universal silent reduction drive, with reduction ratios of either 2¼ to 1 or 1¾ to 1.

Chicago Boat Mart Moves

The Chicago Motor Boat Mart, established about a year ago as an exhibition location for motor boats, engines and accessories, is now located at 2222 Diversey Parkway, Chicago.

The new location will make available added conveniences that will make the Mart even more popular than it has been heretofore. A fine display of boats and engines is offered, and copies of YACHTING may be purchased.



New 8-cylinder Universal motor.

The Slop Chest Sheath Knife

The Slop Chest, Derby, Erie Co., N. Y., has brought out a new sheath knife. The Slop Chest sheath knife is designed especially for use aboard ship. The sheath is of a select shoulder grade of leather, treated for exposure and moisture. It is heavily sewed and riveted at the top and fitted on the inside with a "hilt stop" that prevents the blade of the knife from being pushed through the point of the sheath.

The knife is of swedged stainless steel, and the metal boster at the hilt is of nickel silver. The dense Coco-Bola wood is secured to the tang of the blade with non-rust rivets and the wood is hefted down to form a comfortable grip.

The marline spike is of 40–60 carbon steel, forged from the rod, polished, heavily plated and buffed, heat treated and hardened.

An Echo From the Motor Boat Show

The 80 h.p., 6-cylinder, 6½ x 8½ direct reversible Atlas-Imperial Diesel engine exhibited at the New York Motor Boat Show was recently sold to Joseph Ecock, of Sheepshead Bay, N. Y., who will install it in the *Elmar*, a craft 81 feet over all.

This Atlas-Imperial Diesel engine is of the latest design, with enclosed fuel pumps and governor wedger that actuates the lift of the fuel valves. At 550 to 600 r.p.m. this engine will swing a 38" x 26" propeller with which this vessel is expected to attain a speed of 11 miles per hour.

The Atlas-Imperial Diesel Engine Co. is located at Oakland, Cal. The Honolulu Iron Works Co., 165 Broadway, New York, are Eastern distributors.

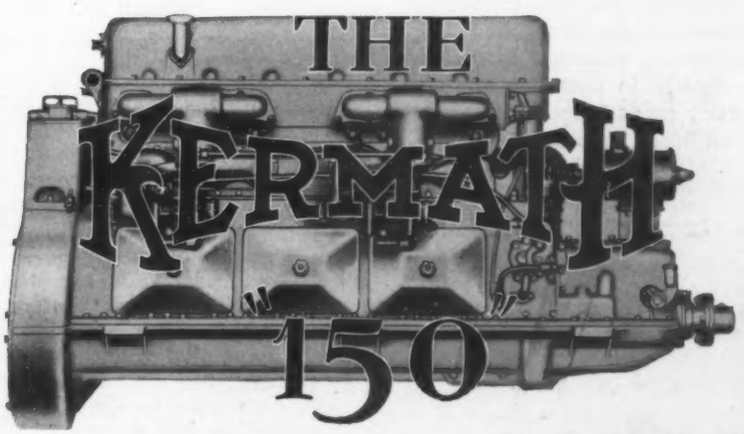
Pnumaticraft Gains in Popularity

The Pneumatic Boat Corporation, 102 Murray St., Newark, N. J., manufacturers of the Pnumaticraft collapsible boat, are making daily deliveries to yachtsmen and sportsmen who appreciate its portability.

Owing to its design, the Pnumaticraft cannot be capsized, and can be used in the roughest weather. It is built of the highest grade of material, and can be inflated in two minutes. It is interesting to note that the committee in charge of the Bermuda Race has suggested to all entrants that they carry a collapsible life boat. The Pnumati-

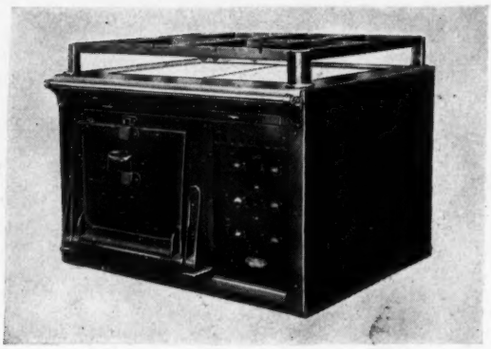
(Continued on page 132)

Hacker Dolphin Runabouts are optionally equipped with that dependable source of power –

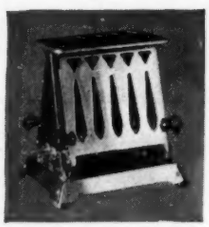


Convenience

only one of the advantages of the Westinghouse electric cooking and heating appliances for yachts.



Westinghouse Marine Range



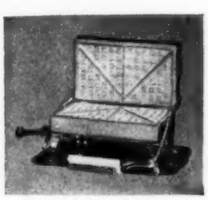
Westinghouse Toaster

Electric cooking appliances on board ship assure clean galleys —there is no handling of fuel. They save space and are economical in operation by eliminating waste heat.

Westinghouse ranges and bake ovens, with their ease of heat regulation and automatic control of temperatures, greatly simplify the preparation of food at sea. Other electric cooking appliances manufactured by Westinghouse are percolators, toasters and waffle irons.

Westinghouse Solar Glow Wall Heater

For the heating of staterooms and living spaces of yachts, Westinghouse Solar Glow wall heaters meet all requirements. They are attractive in design, effective in operation and occupy no deck space, being fitted flush in the wall.



Westinghouse Waffle Iron

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company
Mansfield Works Mansfield, Ohio
Sales Offices in All Principal American Cities
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Aboard the Privateer

(*Continued from page 64*)

Sliding gunter or fore topgallant mast, 34 ft., head 16 ft., diameter 5½ in.
Gafftopsail yard, 31 ft., diameter 5 in.

The list is given just as it stands in the papers. Reading it over, one gets a mental picture of a racing schooner — for the privateer was essentially a racer — utterly different from any hundred-footer any of us have seen.

A nosepole in three sections, more than 60 feet outboard — even allowing for the doublings — bowsprit, jibboom, and flying jibboom! And the biggest spar inboard the squaresail yard, 58 feet in length, longer than the mainboom, and with two 30-foot booms to spread the clews of the squaresail! That squaresail is rather a puzzle. The short jackyard, 25 feet long, is about the breadth of the vessel. What was it for? To flatten the foot of the squaresail? Or was it used as we have all used a spinnaker boom — to thrust the tack of a squaresail out to windward? Then what were the squaresail booms for? To spread lower studdingsails?

There were four studdingsail booms, it will be noted, giving a pair for the squaresail yard and a pair for the topsail yard, if she carried topgallant studdingsails — which is doubtful. The second pair may have been spares, or they may have been for the lower studdingsails. At any rate, when those booms were rigged out on the squaresail yard, the ends, with a generous allowance for doublings, were about a hundred feet apart. Some spread! But privateers' lives and livelihoods depended on sail area. They could not afford to economize on muslin.

There was no foreboom, it will be noted; that was in keeping with the loose-footed foresails of the time, which sheeted well abaft the mainmast, and brailed up to the foremast when furled. And the fore topgallant mast was a sliding gunter, a pole hoisting up through iron bands on the foretopmast. One would be inclined to suspect a clerical error in the 16 "feet" allowed for the head of this fore topgallant mast, and also in the 14 "feet" allowed for the head of the maintopmast. Inches, more likely. The maintopsail was a fore-and-aft sail, a jack-yarder.

It is interesting to speculate upon this old spar plan, and to put one's speculations into pictorial form, even if one's guess goes wrong in spots. One item in the catalog is missing — one which constitutes a great disappointment. That is a ringtail. No self-respecting privateer of fore-and-aft rig went to sea without a ringtail, to be hung out as an addition to the mainsail, on extension spars. Christopher Bergh forgot to specify dimensions for the ringtail gaff and boom.

Rough Sledding with *Mary*

(*Continued from page 61*)

of a romp, a proper sort of rough sailor sweetheart. Her back-handed slaps and punches should not be taken too seriously and at any moment her flurries may pass by. Her fits of turbulence are more alarming than dangerous. Many times, watching them, I have wondered at the lack of rhythm in her roughness, and the tide-rip formation of the waves even when the wind was with the current. Eddies, probably, and one sometimes encounters these steep pyramidal waves even remote from the Stream and where the water is over a mile deep. In my voyagings with *Mary*, which so far have logged over 7000 miles of deep sea, I have struck areas where the surface was equally tormented, like Pollock Rip with the wind against the tide. This must be due to vagrant currents and eddies cropping out just there.

It is annoying to have the sun dodge in and out behind the clouds, insistent on playing peek-a-boo when one wants to take it down and stick it on the horizon daintily,

Q. C. C. CRUISER LORNA DOONE: *Owner*, H. G. Dechant. *Designers*, Eldredge-McInnis, Boston

acf

VIA THE OUTSIDE ROUTE — the open Atlantic—from New York to Florida, dry and comfy, and nothing but fun, "while larger boats were having their troubles"—in January. That's the log of the Lorna Doone; smart, game Q. C. C. 54-footer with Q. C. C. Hall-Scott engines.

Like every Q. C. C. standard craft—30, 35, 41, 45, 47, 54 and 68 feet—she was delivered ready-to-cruise and ready for anything, and she showed it.

Per foot of size, any Q. C. C. cruiser is more thoroughly sea-going, more spacious and fit-for-living, more sheer sport. They all *look* like boats built for speed and style, and they *are*, but with the substantial qualities and economy made possible only by seventy-five years of shipbuilding experience, and all Q. C. C. resources.

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The 30-footer—a full-fledged Double Cabin Cruiser
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Without a doubt Lux is the most efficient system of fire protection that we know of. We believe this system is a highly desirable addition to any boat and source of security to its owner. We are urging our clients to install it.

Very truly yours,
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MODERN boats are built so that you know they are safe for ocean service. Seaworthiness has been attained, but as long as gasoline and oil are used for fuel the danger of fire will remain.

But by providing for a fire emergency — with the Lux System — a real security can be attained. When you are aboard, you will feel safe from fire; and when you are not aboard, but your family is using the boat, you will know that there is no constant danger threatening their pleasure.

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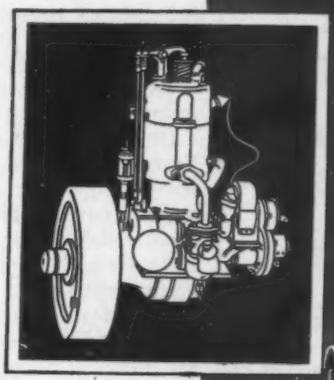
on its very rim. More annoying still is to have the sun complaisant for a few moments now and then and no nice clean horizon to stick it to. Aboard a small boat in a turbulent seaway the science of navigation becomes a good deal of an art, or sport, like wing shooting. But your ammunition costs you nothing and is unlimited, so you must never miss the chance of even a long or difficult shot.

Don't be entirely dependent on a meridian altitude sight with which to work out your time sight, and, on the other hand, never neglect to get one when possible. Before undertaking to navigate your vessel on a deep sea voyage learn the Marc St. Hilaire method, and what is in some ways easier, though longer, the Sumner Tangent method. The old-fashioned way is not good enough where the sun is frequently obscured at noon, and you are being drifted about whether hove-to in storms and squalls or merely to rest. Dead reckoning is scarcely worth bothering about in a little sailboat; it is more apt to be misleading. A good honest guess is better. But remember that all time sights are dependent on the accuracy of your chronometer, and an error of a minute in time puts you out 15 miles of longitude, whereas the meridian altitude sight, under favorable conditions is a close safe check. Remember, also, that with a big swell running, your Height of Eye, or Dip, must be estimated not from your eye to the water beside the boat, but from your eye to the mean level of the sea close aboard you, and that the correction for even 10 feet is as much as 3.06 minutes.

If you are being tossed about violently, take the telescope out of your sextant and sight through the ring, as near the center as possible. This will save you a lot of wear and tear and prove about as accurate. Unless the sea is calm and you are pretty good, leave the stars alone. Trying to sight on a star in a seaway is like trying to spear a lightning-bug with a hatpin, and you take a chance on spearing the wrong bug.

To get back aboard *Mary*, the next two days, October 15th and 16th were overcast with a N.E. wind that let us hold our course. At 6 A.M. of the 16th, the barometer began to sag away again, but it did not need this more or less useful instrument to tell me that there was more trouble ahead. A man who is any way weather wise at sea can usually beat the barometer to a forecast, as indeed the weather often does. The look of the clouds, the trend of the wind, the feeling of the atmosphere are enough to warn the experienced and observant mariner. As we were not yet under the tropic some of the premonitory signs of a West Indies hurricane were lacking, but there was enough to go on. We secured things for another slam.

Then, about 6 P.M. of October 17th, it started in to blow S. by E. This time I judged that we were smack in the storm track, which proved to be the case. In the former gale I had, from the veering of the wind and the action of the barometer, judged myself to be well away from the storm center in the dangerous or unnavigable semicircle. With power it would have been easy enough to get clear of it by running off at right angles to its track. But, for one thing, my little 16-h.p. would not have got us far or fast enough in that disorderly swell and, for another, I could not afford to burn gas except when on my course. It had been in my mind from the start that perhaps I might not fetch Bermuda at all, whether through continued bad weather that would make the approach to those dangerous shoals unwarrantably risky or, possibly, through not being able to find that small cluster of elusive islands that seem to have a way of shifting their position on the chart. It is all very well to say "just make sure that you are to the eastward or the westward of the Bermudas and then run down your latitude till you get there, keeping a margin of safety north or south if to the westward." But what if you are in a little underpowered auxiliary sail boat and can neither buck the wind and swell on your course or get a sight for several days? Or



Start it right

Of course you have a powerful N K or Z R Palmer in the cruiser, but the fun should start with the trip from the float. With a dependable Y T engine in the tender, there will be no embarrassing delays getting started. During the smooth trip to the big boat your guests will enjoy the confidence of sailing with reliable equipment.

Palmer engines are primarily dependable. They are free from all faddish freaks and their designers have only adopted those principles that have proven merit. You are not experimenting with a Palmer.

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ZR4 — 4-cylinder	40 h.p.
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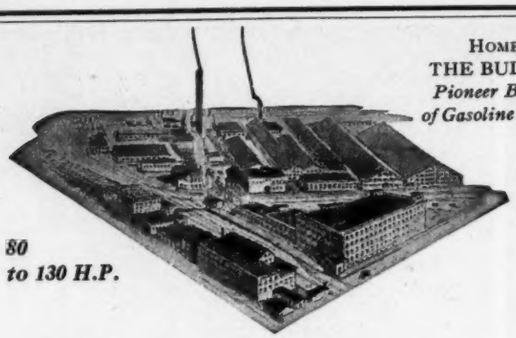

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what, again, if a heavy westerly drives you far to the eastward and keeps on blowing? Position by observation is not difficult to get with precision aboard a small boat in decent weather, but when it is stormy, it may be impossible or, at least, inexact. Boosted and dropped by a big swell, your horizon is alongside one moment and 20 miles away the next. Although my chronometer was of the best, a Baraud that we had used aboard *Endymion* in the Transatlantic race for the Kaiser's Cup in 1905, I could not be sure but that the fearful flinging about might have put it off. It did not check within a minute of two other small Shipping Board chronometers I had aboard and which checked within 15 seconds of each other, but I preferred to stick to the Baraud.

Therefore I was prepared, if necessary, to hold on for the West Indies should conditions prove such as to make my fetching Bermuda too difficult or dangerous or subject to indefinite delay. The West Indies Pilot book advises sailing vessels to make plenty of westing when bound to Bermuda at this season and it says also that sailing vessels bound north to Bermuda from South American ports and approaching from the eastward sometimes have great difficulty in making the Islands. I might truthfully add that not infrequently they fail to make them at all. My man, Quinton, who had served as cook aboard the salvage tugs out of St. George's, told me that schooners were sometimes sighted trying to beat up to Bermuda from the eastward and before the tug could get to them they would be driven off several times. This happened during the war to a four-master with a cargo of coal that was much needed in Bermuda and the next news they had of that schooner was from Rio Janeiro. She had given up Bermuda and made for what appeared to be the next best market for her coal. About a hundred years ago a British frigate bound out from England for Bermuda cruised six weeks looking for those tricky islands, then sailed home and reported that they had sunk. Even in the best of weather it is apt to be hazy round Bermuda and the visibility low.

We were hove-to this time from 10 A.M. October 17th, until 5 A.M., October 19th, when the wind hauled S.W. then W. and enabled us to get on our course again. The weather had made it impossible to take a sight except for an unreliable one on October 16th. I could only guess at the drift. The taffrail log was useless, owing to the profusion of weed that followed it. All reckoning was not only dead but buried.

This must have been a storm of wide axis, its center passing directly over us and lasting for several hours. The sea was absolutely crazy during this time, with no wind. What appeared to be violent puffs from different directions were probably made by ourselves in our wild gyrations. We took in sail and lashed everything down to prevent the slamming about that must surely have damaged us. Even as it was, my heavy spars were whipping violently. The strain had slackened the shrouds, and I did not dare set them up because I did not want to break the hold in the turnbuckles, of which the threads were slightly rusted.

This was a miserable period of inaction. It made one feel like a bug on a chip. The pyramidal seas leaped up in any and all directions. Sometimes it felt as though a mine had been exploded underneath, tossing the boat in air. Now and then *Mary* would seem to fall off the peak of one of these crazy waves, landing in the trough any old way, headfirst, on her side, or quarter, with a terriffic crash. Nevertheless, I was hoping that the swell would smooth out a little before the roaring nor'wester that I was pretty sure must soon bear down on us.

There came then on the afternoon of the 19th a violent squall, after which at 2:30 P.M. the wind shifted S.W. Two hours later there came another hard squall from N.W., and that ushered in Old Boreas with a whoop and a yell.

Winner GREEN TROPHY

ANNUAL MIAMI, FLORIDA REGATTA MARCH 15-16-17

AUSPICES AMERICAN POWER BOAT ASS'N.

Before 25,000 spectators, at the most spectacular and important regatta of the 1927-1928 Florida Racing Season, a verified stock model Evinrude 16 H. P. Speeditwin won the famous Green Trophy, March 17. This honor, the greatest of the year thus far, is even greater because outboard motors of any number of cylinders and any horsepower may enter this event. Another Evinrude Speeditwin won Class C Free-for-All.

32.75 MILES PER HOUR NEW OFFICIAL WORLD'S RECORD

PALM BEACH, FLA. FEBRUARY 23, 1928

AUSPICES MISS. VALLEY POWER BOAT ASS'N.

Again—at Palm Beach, a stock model Evinrude Speeditwin, driven by Johnny Patterson, set a new official world's record of 32.75 miles per hour, February 23. Distance 2½ miles, two turns, over rough water.

At same regatta, Evinrude Speeditwins won the Free-for-All Trophy, Development Trophy, Class C Invitation Race and Chance Race.

226 MILES ENDURANCE RUN

OAKLAND TO SACRAMENTO CALIFORNIA AND RETURN—Mar. 10, 1928

And for reliability, listen to this: H. M. Barnes of Oakland, California, carrying one passenger in a 13-foot double cockpit mahogany runabout, Evinrude Speeditwin-powered, made a 226 miles endurance run from Oakland to Sacramento and return. First leg of 113 miles to Sacramento and return, in dense fog) was non-stop except for replacing a propeller pin, sheared when striking a log. Four hours and 40 minutes was the remarkable time made — exactly 24.2 miles per hour.

Write for new 1928 Evinrude Year Book showing Sportwin 2½ H. P., Fleetwin, 6 H. P., Fastwin 12 H. P., Speeditwin 16 H. P., Utility Single 2¼ H P., Twin Inboard, 4-5 H. P.

EVINRUDE MOTOR CO., 1516 27th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

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A new method of sail cleaning has now made gleaming white sails possible for every yacht owner — with the same ease with which he sends his linen to the laundry.

By the NAP-O-VAC process any sail up to five hundred pounds in weight (in one piece) can be cleaned, quickly, thoroughly and economically with an absolute guarantee against damage *including shrinkage.*

By the NAP-O-VAC method the sail goes into a machine dirty and comes out clean, with no scrubbing or rubbing — all dirt, grease and oil spots, except mildew stains, are removed by the NAP-O-VAC Hot Naphtha in a Vacuum Process. Your sails come back as clean as a freshly laundered suit of white ducks — with no shrinkage, no change whatever except that they are *clean.*

Yacht owners at distant or local points should send sails by express prepaid.

Write or phone for information. Telephone Greenpoint 5301.

UNITED CRESCENT
DRY CLEANING CORPORATION

508 Morgan Avenue, Brooklyn, New York

It was no use heaving to in that fearful water and, besides, this new gale from the opposite direction was going in the general direction of our course, whatever that might be. I got off before it under double-reefed foresail and mainsail and a full jib. To shelter the cockpit and the man at the wheel we took one of our heavy awnings and lashed it completely over the gallows frame, rigging the heavy weather cloth of 00 canvas made for that purpose from the life line, on what promised to be the weather quarter. This made a nice sheltered nook for steering and kept out the broken water I thought might fill the pit faster than the scuppers could free it. But as a matter of fact, *Mary,* tearing off before it, kept her stern on top. Her amazing buoyancy lifted her so that she seemed actually supported by this great mass of broken water, fleeing along in a boiling snowy mass that reached at times for 50 yards on either side.

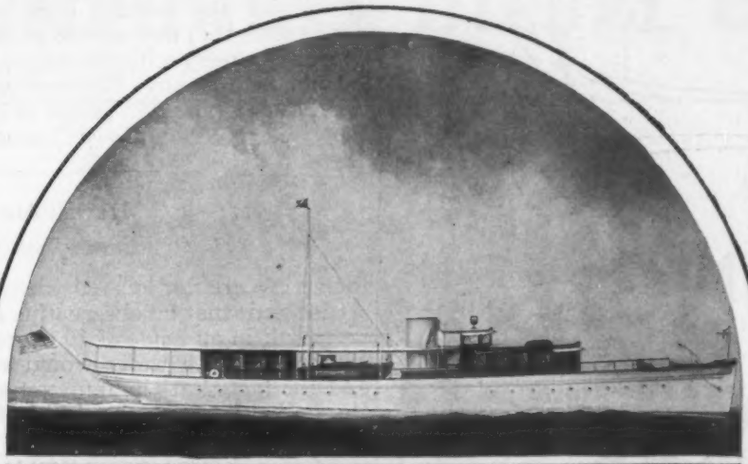
I must say that it was exhilarating — surf-riding on a grand scale. It seemed to me that some of those big swells would carry us along a good quarter-mile before leaving us in the trough and at the tender mercies of the next. We got used to it. The wind was quartering enough so there was no great danger of a jibe if the wheelman watched his job. Also, *Mary's* full high bow, with its great flare, supported this lifting of the stern without fear of running under.

This thing continued from 5 A.M. of the 19th until 5 A.M. of the 21st, forty-eight hours of scudding before a heavy gale and sea with intermittent squalls. All of this time I knew that I was being driven too far to the eastward, but there was no help for it; the least attempt to swing up a little seemed to invite disaster, to expose ourselves to a mass of broken water boiling over us. We sighted a three-masted schooner about four miles to leeward in the same fix. She was probably trying for Bermuda but, with a deckload of lumber, could not risk getting swept.

At 5 A.M. of October 21st, I judged that we must have made southing enough and hove-to. The sky was clear so that I could get a fairly good time sight and at noon a meridian altitude. Our position worked out Lat. 33–20–12 N., Long. 61–30 W.

This was disheartening, though it did not surprise me. Nearly in the latitude of Bermuda, we had been driven 3½ degrees of longitude to the eastward of it. The wind was westerly but moderating, and in the hope that it might drop or haul I laid a course for Bermuda and started the engine. Twelve noon of the following day gave our position Lat. 31–54–38 N., Long. 62–44 W. The wind hauled ahead and we had to lower our sails that had been close-hauled, but ineffective from their stretching.

The west wind dropped, but the sea was slowing us so much that I hove-to for the night to save gas, hoping the wind might moderate, then shift. Moderate it did, but the next morning freshened again dead ahead. There were sharks all around us and big patches of guif weed. During the gale a big dead octopus had washed aboard. There were on deck almost every morning two or three flying fish, fresh enough for a fry. We were cheered by brief visits from a couple of long-tailed gulls, the "pilot birds" of Bermuda. They would circle the boat, not very high, then line out on a course that Quinton claimed to be a true one for his bright little tight little isle, particularly the latter for visiting Americans since our country went dry. He told me of being aboard a salvage tug of which the captain lost his bearings for awhile, after scouting around in search of a disabled vessel, or one that couldn't fetch the islands. The skipper could not be sure whether he was to the eastward or westward of Bermuda, and was at a loss which way to steer. About that time a "long-tail" circled the tug, then bore off to the westward. "Captain," ventured one of the crew, "that bird is heading for home." The captain took a bearing on the bird's course, and ran



"Waleda"—owned by Walter H. Lippincott, designed by Thomas D. Bowes. The "Waleda" is 128 ft. long, 19 ft. beam and 6 ft. draft and is powered with two Model ER-8 Bessemer Diesels of 300 H. P. each at 650 R. P. M.

THE STRAIGHT EIGHT DIESELS—Pioneered by Bessemer and proved by performance—embody all of the characteristics essential to out-of-the-ordinary yacht service. They are en-bloc engines, built along automotive lines, with silent chain-driven overhead cam-shaft; light weight, yet remarkably strong; unusually simple; highly efficient; and built both for heavy duty and medium high-speed service.

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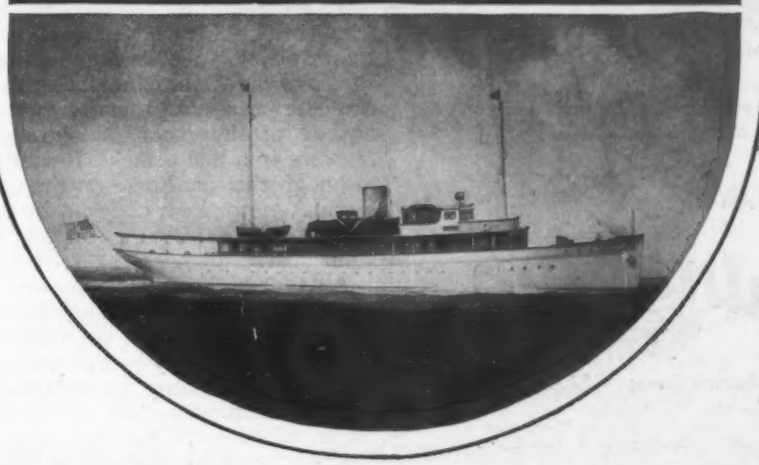
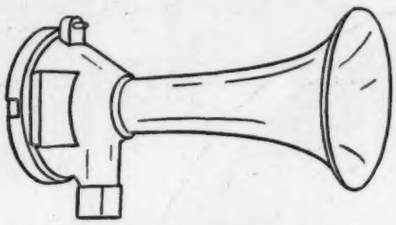
BESSEMER

"Memory III"—owned by A. E. Fitkin, designed by Thomas D. Bowes and building by the Defoe Boat & Motor Works. The "Memory III" is 143 ft. long, 23 ft. beam and 9 ft. 6 in. draft and is powered with two Model GR-8 Bessemer Diesels of 425 H. P. each at 350 R. P. M.





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it, sighting the verdant coral reef a few hours later.

The birds that flew around us, then bore away, checked up pretty closely with the course in their flight, but that did not help us any. What we wanted was a bird that could coax a fair wind astern of it.

(To be Continued)

Hawaii Ahoy!

(Continued from page 70)

the article are not located where the Admiral says they are located; that an observation across the calabash does not result in an angle of 19 degrees; that the instrument when filled with water would weigh over 100 pounds; and the fact that the museum authorities declare flatly that the thing is no nautical instrument but a traveling trunk of an ancient chief similar to many others in their possession. I suspect that any yachtsman who visits the Bishop Museum will be inclined to agree with the museum authorities and wonder how the Admiral's informant could have kept his face straight while he talked with the distinguished contributor of the *U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings*. In a later issue of this publication the Admiral admits that it may have been some other calabash, but the museum authorities maintain that they never heard of such an instrument in use by the Polynesians.

The only possible way to use the thing described by the Admiral as a navigating instrument would be to fill it with something rather stronger than a mixture of H_2O and Na. Cl.

California Calm

(Continued from page 68)

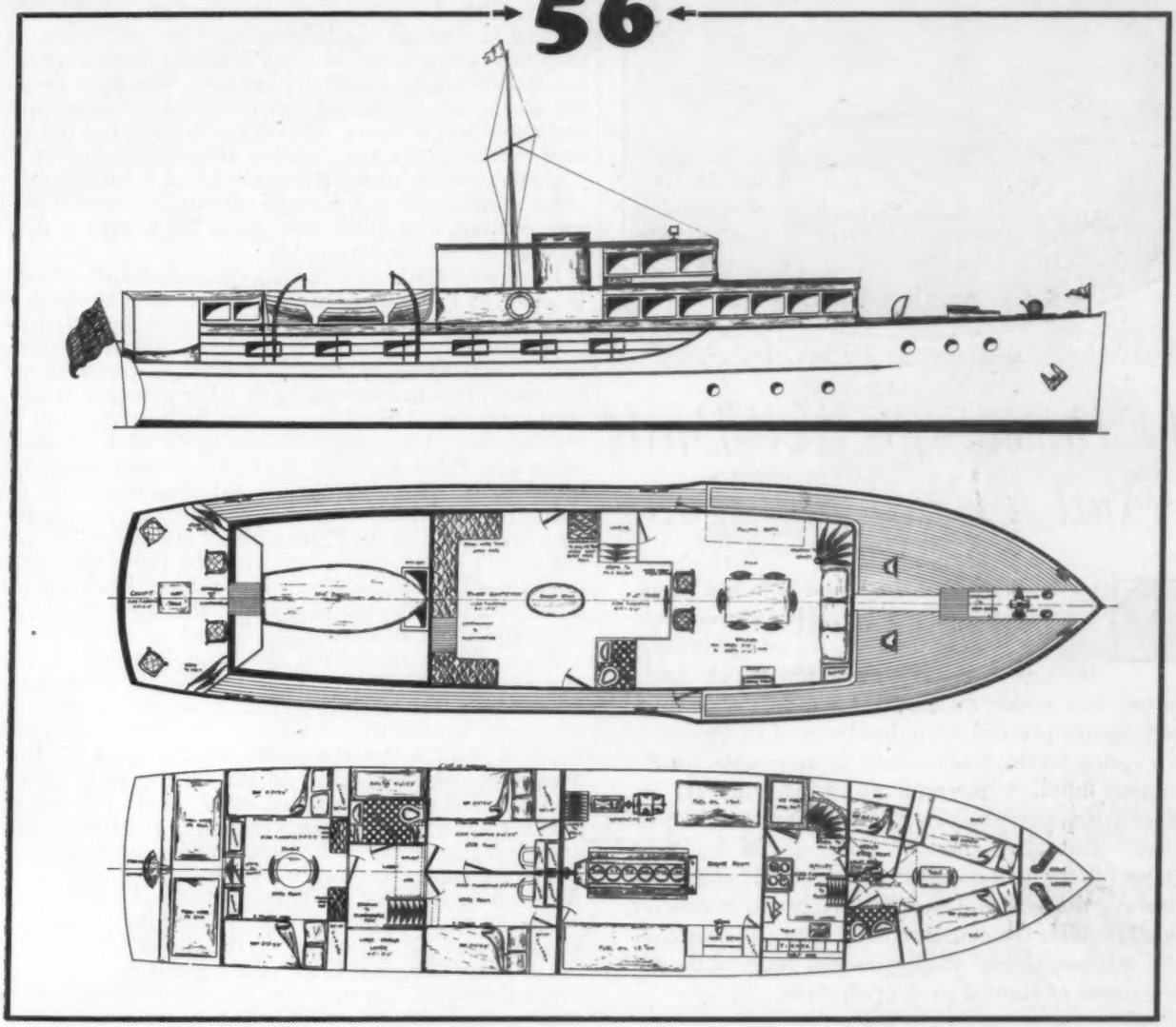
another bow came out of the fog, headed for the spot where we were going to be when it got there! They evidently heard our horn but couldn't make us out, for our gray sails and white hull against the fog must have been hard to see. We turned aside and let them have the right of way, and they groped past at dead slow speed. Apparently all the steamers along the coast had ganged up on us, for there were other whistles here and there in the fog, but none of them came close enough to cause any immediate fright.

All day we worked in toward the coast in the fog and with never anything more than light airs. Part of the time we rolled in a glassy calm. Occasionally there was a bit of sunshine and a fleeting glimpse of the tops of the mountains. At any rate, the steamer whistles were now all far astern of us and that worry was gone. The calmness of the sea indicated that we were under the lee of Pfeiffer Point and we slowly worked our way in, sounding as we went. Then a break in the fog gave us a glimpse of the hills, and from their profile we were enabled to make a fair guess as to our position.We were undoubtedly in the bight under Pfeiffer Point. Kelp, indicating the close proximity of the shore, appeared, and finally through the mist loomed the outline of the rocks. We dropped the hook in eight fathoms in a bed of kelp. It was a very quiet anchorage, although the surf broke on the nearby rocks with terrific force. A motor boat chugged by out in the fog and a little later a steamer, with a tow and evidently very close in, went past.

All that night and all the next morning the fog blanketed everything, occasionally shutting out even the nearby rocks. Then in the afternoon, it lifted somewhat and a light westerly breeze sprang up. We started out in the hope of making the mouth of the Sur River before dark. According to the old Pilot there is an anchorage there, where — in the old days — "an occasional otter hunting schooner anchors in the late winter and early

THE HUMPHREYS DIESEL CRUISER

56



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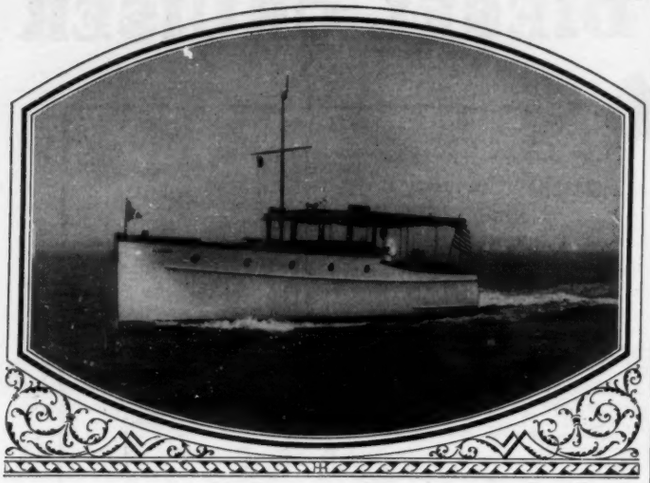

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spring." The fog broke more and more and finally revealed the coast line. We had missed the actual anchorage under Pfeiffer Point by about a half-mile.

This time the wind held all afternoon and the sun shone. We made the few miles to the mouth of the Sur River and worked in through the kelp beds to the anchorage. It is only these great kelp beds that make the anchorage at all possible, for it is practically exposed. The kelp smooths out all the smaller waves, but lets the big swells slip by, and there was a heavy surf on the beach. The old Pilot says that there is a boat landing and, encouraged by this, Joe went ashore to see if he could find a ranch and get some supplies. He got himself thoroughly soaked in the surf, walked five miles, and came back with a can of tobacco to pay for his trouble.

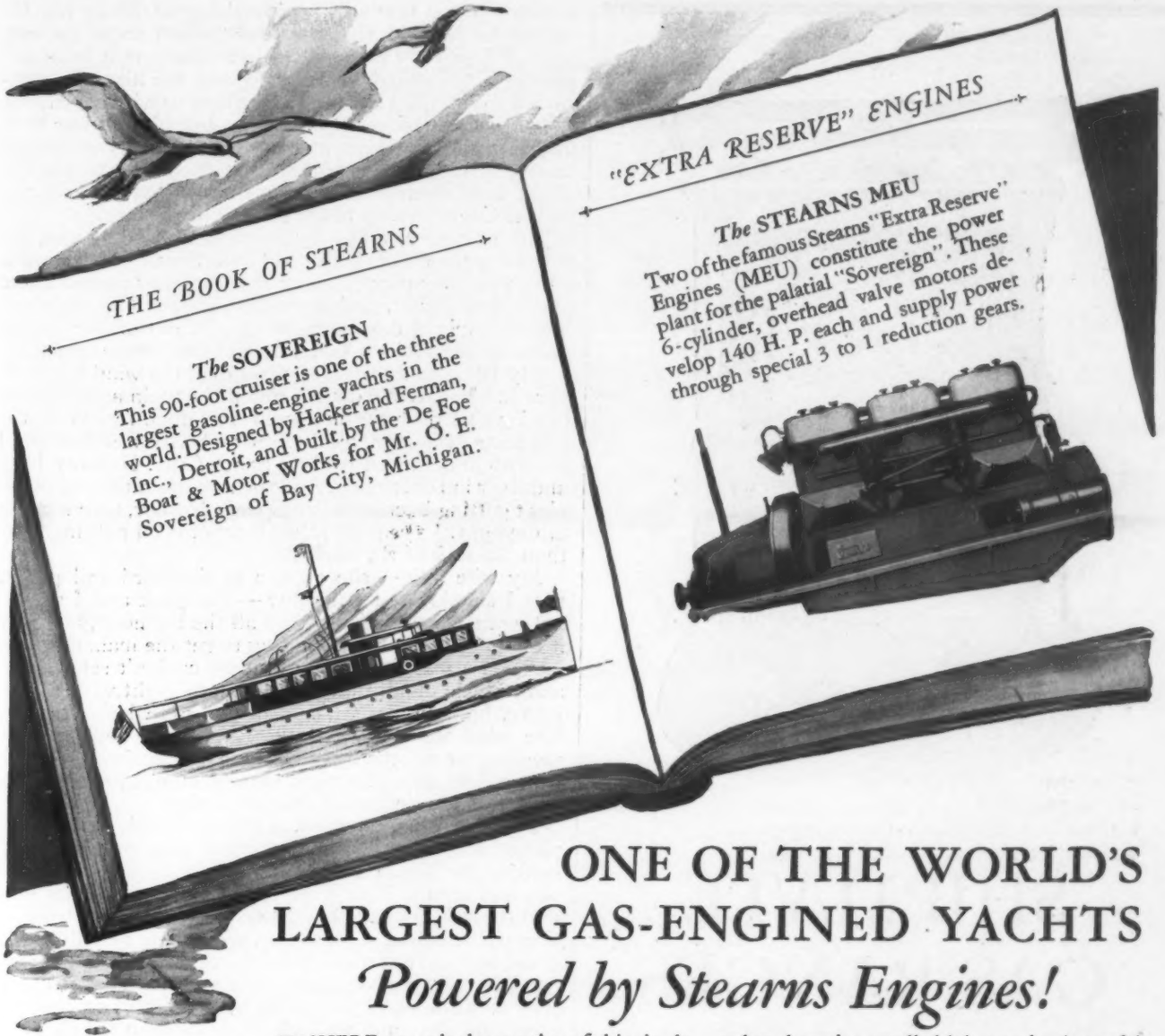
I had anchored in three fathoms and entirely too close to shore, as I found out the next morning. The swells had increased during the night and they were breaking most uncomfortably close to us. We could not afford any foolishness in getting away, and so we kedged the boat out a hundred yards before making sail. We managed to get an offing and a good fix of our position by bearings, and then the fog came down again. To the north of us about four miles was Point Sur, one of the landmarks of the California coast, with a lighthouse and a fog signal. By dead reckoning, aided by occasionally picking up the fog siren, we worked around the Point without ever seeing it. About the middle of the afternoon, with the Point well behind us, we decided to close in with the shore. Luck was with us. We came out into a sunny spot that gave us our position, just about where we had figured we should be.

Then, for the rest of the afternoon, in bright sunshine and a splendid little breeze, we beat up the coast toward Point Lobos and Carmel Bay. Our hopes were high that we would be able to make Stillwater Cove on the north shore of the bay for the night. This is a splendid little anchorage, where several yachts usually lie during the summer. But our luck failed us. At four o'clock, with scarcely more than five miles to go, the wind let go again, and all night we lay and rolled, mostly in a flat calm.

The fog came down again, and out to seaward sounded the steamer whistles, while from the land side came the menacing roar of the surf. Once in a while the fog would lift and give us a glimpse of the lights on shore, and occasionally the great beam of the Point Sur light would break through. Once the Point Pinos light came into view and we were able to get a fairly good fix of our position. And then the fog shut down again. There would be no going into Stillwater Cove, even if there had been wind, for its entrance is marked by rocks. So when the wind came up in the morning we held on for Santa Cruz, on the north shore of Monterey Bay. All morning the fog held, but the wind blew a good breeze and we romped along, making five knots, until about noon. Then the fog lifted and the wind went down. We rattled and banged and thumped our way across a little more of Monterey Bay, until we were scarcely two miles from Santa Cruz, and then the wind disappeared entirely.

We lay and rolled the rest of the afternoon. An aeroplane rose from the shore and started toward us. "Ah," we remarked, "doubtless a welcoming committee from Santa Cruz." The plane came down, barely cleared our masts, the engine stopped, and down to us came the astounding greeting, "Get t'hell outa here." And then the plane went back to shore. We were shocked. Joe, who is an R. O. T. C. man and had spent part of the summer in camp at Monterey, divined the meaning of it all. The Army has a post near Soquel and they wanted our particular part of the ocean for target practice. Still, there was nothing we could do about it.

We lay and rolled. The plane came back and swooped over us, repeating the request that we move on. Apparently, the pilot thought that we had an engine concealed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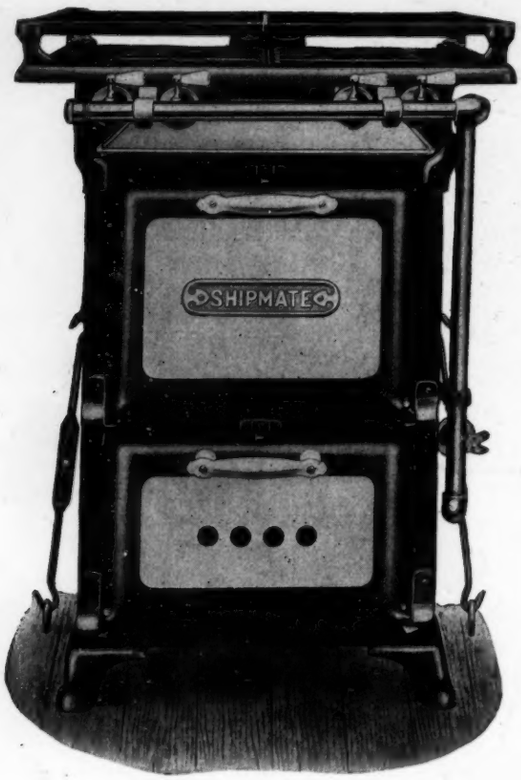

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somewhere and that we were just doing all this for fun. Or maybe he thought that a sailboat could make its own wind. We shook a rope at him to intimate that he might give us a tow, but he refused to take the hint. We continued to sit. Then he started bombing us with something that looked suspiciously like rocks, but his aim was bad, and even that could not make us move. Finally we simply thumbed our noses at him and let it go at that. Finally about dark a gentle breeze came up and we worked into Soquel Cove, coming to anchor at nine o'clock.

The next day, aided by a splendid land breeze, we worked around the Point and into Santa Cruz Harbor while the army popped away at aeroplane targets. There Joe had to desert, and my wife and Jack Calvin joined me. A couple of days later we started out on the last 60 miles to the Golden Gate. In a light breeze we made nearly 10 miles up the coast and then the wind began to blow in earnest. We double-reefed the main and held on, but by this time the new crew was done for. With the prospects of a long, hard night and with a sick crew, I gave up and started back to Santa Cruz. Halfway back and the wind quit again. And then we spent the rest of the night getting back into Santa Cruz Harbor, arriving just at daylight. I swear we made most of it on nothing more than the kick of the swells.

My wife quit — she objects to the word and prefers that I should use some other — and Jack and I started out again. Again light breezes all the forenoon, and then it began to blow. In attempting to get the main down for reefing we tore it so badly that we couldn't set it again, and we held on all that afternoon and night with jib and jigger, barely holding our own and even losing a little. The wind went down during the night, and the next morning we set the repaired main and again were under way in light airs. This night we made the cove under New Year Point, a delightful little anchorage.

Next morning, no wind. A group of little harbor seals played about the boat, one of them even coming up and sniffing the side. Finally with a light breeze we worked out and around New Year Island. There is a light here, and the keepers have hundreds of sea lions for company. The entire island was covered with them and their roar could be heard out to sea, even above the sound of the surf.

Night, and we had made three or four miles. All night long no wind, and by morning we had added scarcely one more. All day, and we had made all of a couple more. Night again, and no wind. Then, at midnight, there came from the northward the hum of fast motors.

"Here comes the coast guard."

They swept down upon us and turned on their searchlight. We hailed them. "Will you give us a tow into Half Moon Bay?" The answer came back so quickly and so cheerfully, "You bet," that we thought they must have misunderstood us. But they backed down to us, a heaving line flew across the deck and we hauled it in with a hawser at its end. We made the hawser fast to the bitts and the old *Arcturus* went for a ride. And then, at anchor in Half Moon Bay, they came alongside and the commanding officer invited us to come aboard, took us down to the galley and set forth the coffee and snails, and fried some eggs. And to top it off he remarked that they would take us on to San Francisco when they went back if we wished. Let the name of this boat and its commanding officer be known to all honest yachtsmen who have nothing to fear. I take off my hat to Officer Nielsen and the *Smith*, ex-subchaser.

And so we came at last into the Golden Gate, and the *Smith* dropped us at Sausalito. Twenty-five miles still to go to reach the southern end of the bay and the home anchorage, and at that it took us two days to do it, making most of it on the tide. But that was nothing more than ordinary bay sailing. The hook went down once more into the familiar black mud and the *Arcturus* was home again.

29-ft. Dolphin Sedan
Ten Passengers
Sterling Petrel Engine
Speed 40-42 miles an hour
$5850 f. o. b. Mt. Clemens

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Until you have seen these 1928 Hackercraft, your boat education is incomplete. Until you have ridden in one, you have missed the most exhilarating experience in the whole world of sport.

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29-ft. Dolphin, eleven passengers	**$4950**	**26-ft. Dolphin Jr., nine passengers**	**$4275**
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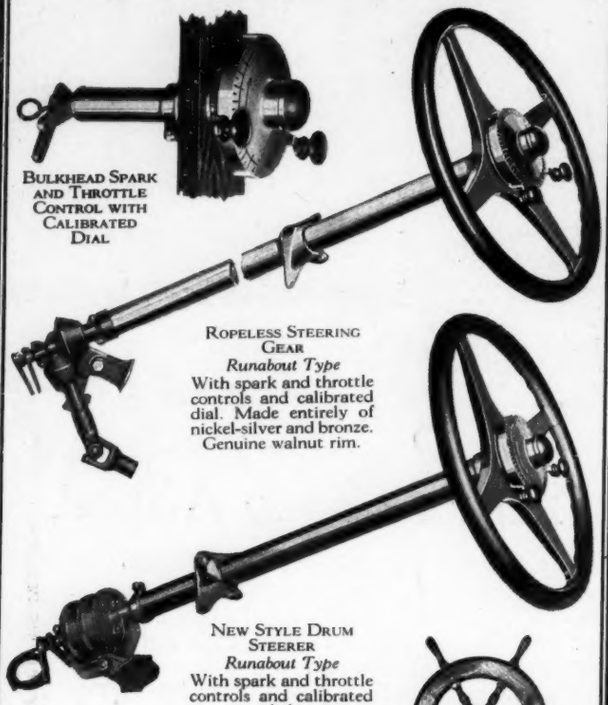

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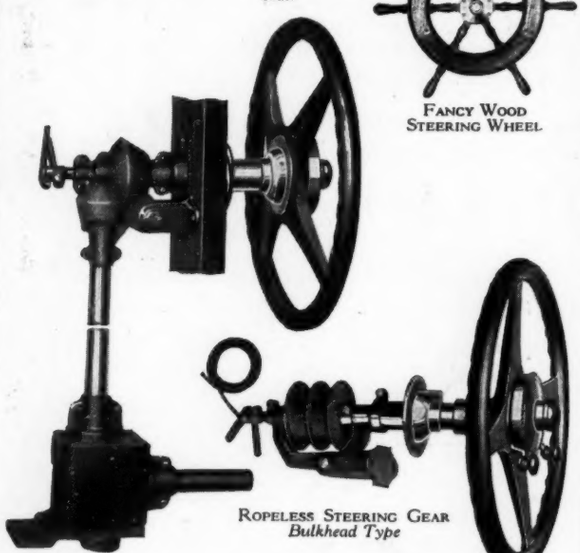

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Sea Scouts in the Yacht Clubs

(*Continued from page 72*)

this one from a member of the Toledo Yacht Club.

"In the three years in which the Toledo Yacht Club has sponsored Sea Scouting it has developed a splendid lot of boys, who are receiving a wonderful education along nautical lines, and at the same time their training has been such that it is a pleasure to have them around the club, for they are a very courteous and manly lot of boys.

"I had the pleasure of having one of the older boys aboard my boat all of last season, and through the training which he had received during the preceding two years he was able to take practically complete charge of the vessel, and being an extremely good navigator could lay out courses from the charts, had a very complete understanding of general ship routine such as is necessary in handling a vessel under almost all conditions, whether favorable or unfavorable, and also kept a splendid log during the entire season. Having been in close contact with the boys during all of this period I feel that all of these boys are equally proficient and will follow the sport of yachting as long as they are able to participate in sports of any nature whatsoever."

And here, in conclusion, is the experience of the Columbia Yacht Club, of Chicago, as outlined by F. W. Weston, chairman of the Sea Scout Committee:

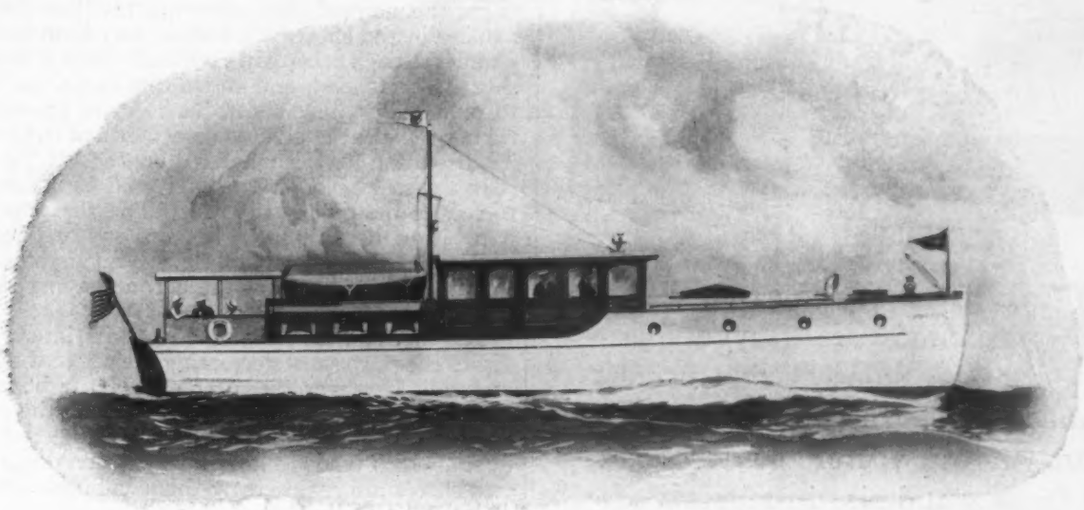
"In June, 1925, the Columbia Yacht Club offered the privileges of the club ship to the John Paul Jones Sea Scout 'ship.' They also offered to present junior membership cards to all boys who had reached an advanced grade in Sea Scouting. In 1926 permanent quarters were provided for the John Paul Jones 'ship,' which were used by the boys for their meetings. The Scout Committee for this 'ship' has always been composed of club members and during 1927 the older boys were made members of the various yachting crews and the total mileage which they were able to sail reached the thousands, one or two of the boys going north with the *Northern Light* to Alaska.

"This year the Columbia Yacht Club is arranging for more extensive quarters for the John Paul Jones, as they have just qualified as a first class 'ship.' The yacht club committee has also arranged equipment so that the boys might issue a weekly paper.

"The club has also purchased a 28-foot navy cutter and has assumed the responsibility of keeping it in condition. This cutter is to be used as a drill boat for the various 'ships' in the northwest district of Chicago. The enrollment in the John Paul Jones 'ship' is being increased and we soon expect to have full membership for four boat crews. The club has a gymnasium in the hold of the club ship, including a boxing and wrestling ring, and they recently held the championship bouts for the Sea Scouts of Chicago, having more than 200 Sea Scouts and club members present."

Well, there's the gist of the story I have to tell. Rich boys and poor boys, freckled ones and pasty-faced ones, fair-haired boys and black sheep and all the others of the assortment can be educated and entertained about a clubhouse and taught how to be self-reliant in and on the water and will repay with principal and interest the effort that is expended on them. And, in case I have neglected to mention it before, Thomas J. Keane, National Sea Scout Director, 2 Park Ave., New York City, is the man to write for information.

THE NEW GORDON-OLYMPIC CRUISERS



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Powered with single or twin motors

The recent consolidation of the Olympic Motor Boat Corporation of Seattle, Washington and the Gordon Boat Building Company of New York provides a combination of boat building and merchandising facilities that will enable the prospective yacht owners of the East coast to enjoy the many advantages of purchasing a Seattle-built craft. The reasons why you should ascertain the merits of these new boats are many.

Most prominent of these advantages is the low cost of the yacht. The lumber used in the building of these fine yachts is grown in our territory — labor conditions and costs are most advantageous — engineering and building personnel are experienced and seasoned. The cost of shipping a boat from the West to the East coast is offset by the greatly reduced purchase price of the Gordon-Olympic deep sea cruiser.

Dimensions: 50′ x 12′ 6″ x 4′; 36′ x 9′ x 3′

These boats are powered with Diesel Engines manufactured by the *Cummins Diesel Engine Company* of Columbus, Indiana. Much serious consideration was given to the power plant and the adoption of the Cummins Diesel was based solely on the efficiency of the engine. The materials used in the Gordon-Olympic cruisers are equal to all and superior to most materials used in other boats.

Proven performance and the admitted ability of the builders to produce a yacht of the utmost excellence are bywords on the Pacific coast. These boats are of heavier construction than need be. The galley is exceptionally large and is designed by experienced yachtsmen. The accessories are high grade. The fittings are made of special cast brass from own designs.

Five Gordon-Olympic deep sea cruisers will be delivered on the East coast about May 31st. It will be to your distinct advantage to defer the purchase of a cruiser until you have had an opportunity of inspecting them.

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Getting the Greatest Efficiency Out of Your Rig

(*Continued from page 54*)

the mainsail. The whole problem thus depends on a question of friction, so that one is enabled to haul in each sail at will, and quite independently of the other, *by one and the same sheet.* If one hauls in the sheet quickly, or by jerks, the jib comes in closer than the mainsail; whereas by hauling in the sheet slowly and smoothly it is possible to get the mainsail close more quickly than the jib. Upon hauling in the sheet in a normal way both sails come in parallel to each other. On each tack there is thus only one sheet to be tended, and on shifting tacks one has merely to pull in the other sheet. This device proved itself extremely efficient in all kinds of winds and is, therefore, the ideal solution for a single-hand boat.

In the case of larger yachts, it may be found advisable to reduce the pull of the sheet. This does not, however, necessitate discarding the system, and one need only insert a double block between the main boom and the traveler, as is shown in the accompanying sketch. (See Fig. 6, No. II.)

In general, the traveler, due to its lateral extension, serves the purpose of decreasing the sag of the leech of the mainsail. However the after end of the boom does not lift, but, in fact, is pressed downward by the upward pull exerted by the luff of the jib on the fore end of the jib-boom, which tends to hold the after end down. When the two sheets are replaced by this combined single sheet, a traveler is, nevertheless, absolutely indispensable, that the sheet may have the desired direction of pull.

The first practical trial with this rig demonstrated a fact very surprising to the layman. As soon as the jib was tautened after the mainsail had been set, and its luff properly stretched, the mainsail became as rigid or stiff as a drum. As has already been observed, the jib pulls the fore end of the jib-boom upwards, whereas the stretcher on the main boom holds it fast to the deck at that point, the result being that the after end of the main boom is pressed downward with considerable pressure. Thus a lifting of the boom is quite impossible, and this gives the following advantages:

1. The whole mainsail becomes a rigid surface, sounding like a drum when touched. As is well known, a rigid surface develops considerably more drive than a resilient one.
2. Inasmuch as the main boom cannot rise either before the wind or with the wind abeam, the sail will always draw in its largest projection.
3. The upper after leech cannot sag off to leeward. Thus the unfavorable twist of the upper part of the sail is eliminated.
4. The rigidity of the surface prevents breaking of the battens either in a heavy wind or when jibing.

Apprehensions of overstraining the after leech of the mainsail proved uncalled for, and, in any event, this could be rectified by running a leech line from the top of the mast to the end of the main boom.

In order to give the foot of the sail the favorable arching of the other parts, *i.e.*, to prevent the boom from flattening out its lower portion, a sail-pocket with a piece of duck sewed horizontally to the foot of the mainsail was inserted along the boom. (See Fig. 7.) This main boom "pocket" proved to be especially practical for this new rig, and can be highly recommended.

The apprehension that it might not be possible to stretch the luff of the mainsail taut enough, or that it might sag out to one side, was ungrounded. Similarly, my fear of not being able to pull the luff of the jib taut enough was superfluous. This hardly sags at all, and in a strong wind it is, moreover, automatically stretched by the increased pressure on the mainsail, which tends to pull the

8 firsts
10 seconds
9 thirds
5 fourths
2 fifths

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Att. Mr. S. C. Kyle.

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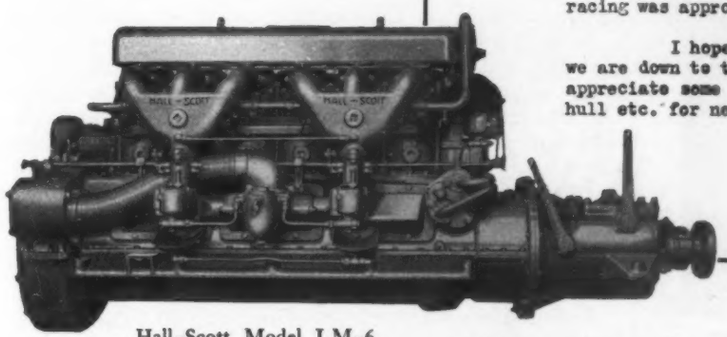
We enclose picture of some of the cups we have won. With the exception of two small cups in the picture, these cups were all captured by the Wildcat. I drove the Wildcat in 34 bona fide racing heats with the following results: 8 firsts, 10 seconds, 9 thirds, 5 fourths and 2 fifths. Some of these races were for points in series races. Having a sufficient number of points for safety we did not drive the boat to the limit in order to finish first as it was not necessary for us to do so in order to hold a safe margin in the series in which we raced. It is very pleasing to us to report that the motor never gave us the slightest trouble. No repairs were necessary. All that we ever did was the usual tuning up that is necessary to give a motor. We raced in no heat of less than 10 miles nor over 25 miles. The total distance this motor was driven in actual racing was approximately 400 miles.

I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you when we are down to the boat show this coming month. I would appreciate some suggestions from you as to the type of new hull etc. for next season.

Very truly yours,

Glenroy W Scott
GWS.



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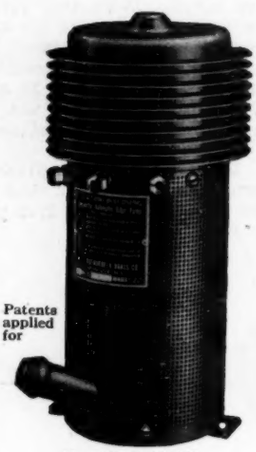

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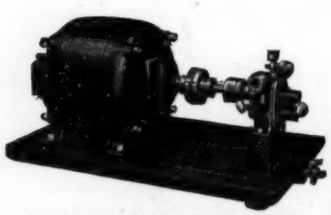
New Model "B" AUTOMATIC BILGE PUMP

HAND BILGE PUMP



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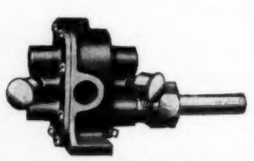

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after end of the jib-boom upward, thus pressing its fore end down. In the case of a large boat a slight sagging of the jib luff can hardly be avoided except by the use of a spar on which the jib sets and is held fast. I should, however, by no means recommend the use of such a spar, as these always cause considerable disturbance in the flow of the air and diminish the efficiency of the jib, even if they are built on streamlines and constructed so that they can turn freely.

A further apprehension was that the masts might bend. As may be seen from the photograph of the boat under sail, they do bend toward the inner side in a very strong wind, but this is a matter of little moment and may, moreover, be remedied by the use of traverse strips between the masts if desired.

In order to offer a practical proof of the advantages of this rig, and at the same time of the new design of hull which had, however, not yet been confirmed, two boats of the same size and design were selected; the one carried her normal rig of 13 square metres (mainsail and jib) and the other the new rig of only 10 square metres. The trials showed that the latter proved on an average to be as fast as the former, if not faster. This corresponds to an improvement of some 30 per cent, provided the other factors were equal. The superiority was especially marked off the wind. The reason for this lies in the coupled system embodied in this rig which, on all courses, sets the sails in the most favorable position to one another, so that the most advantageous funnel effect is always assured, even with the wind abeam.

If we compare the accompanying sketches, Fig. 8, of the lines of flow of the ordinary rig with those of this new rig, we observe the difference in the effect quite plainly.

In sketch I, we see how the jib forms a pocket with the mainsail and inconsiderately throws its wind off onto the latter. This effect is familiar to every practical skipper. On the lee side of the two sails there are only eddies. The flow is interrupted — there is no longer any funnel effect.

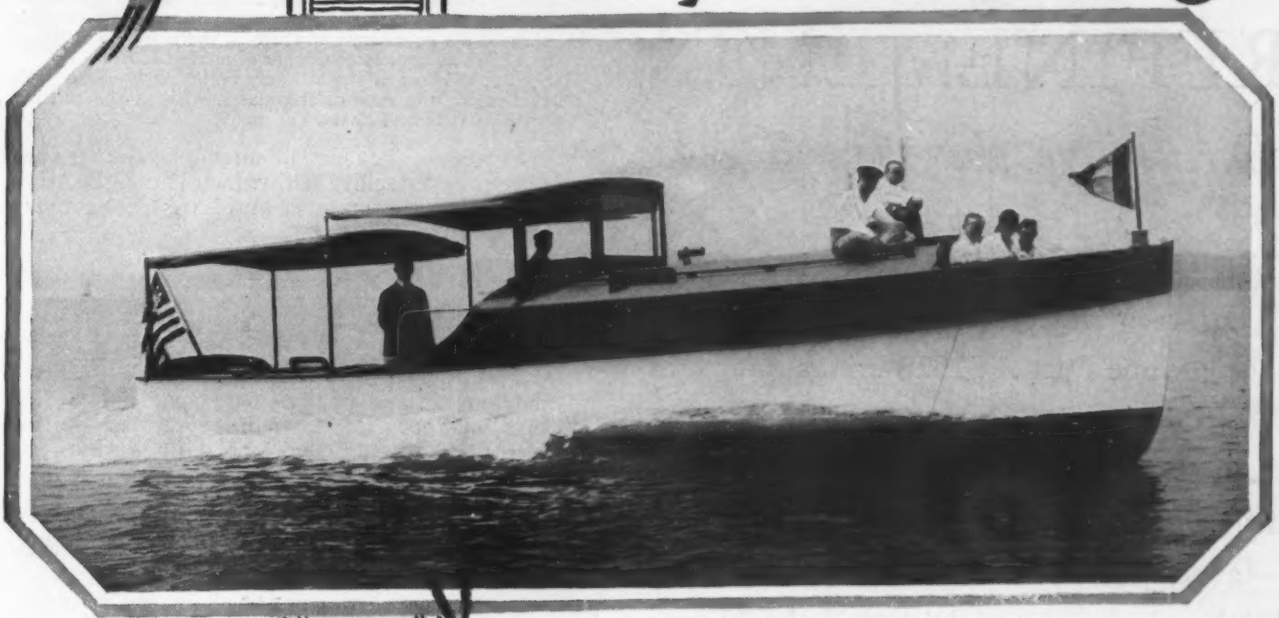
In sketch II the flow is unhindered, the lines of flow are bent, and, as the sails are in the same position to the direction of the wind as when on the wind, the funnel effect is in operation. This accounts for the superiority shown with the wind abeam.

I should estimate this superiority at 30 to 40 per cent, but it is considerably less on the wind. This was to be expected. On the wind we must therefore count on a slight decrease in drive caused by the more windward position of the jib, but this disadvantage seems to be counterbalanced by the sharp wind cutting edge of the mainsail. At all events, it has proved impractical to have too large a jib or too great an overlapping of the two sails. The possibility of the masts causing a disturbance in the flow of air on the mainsail, which might be expected toward the top of the masts, did not exist. This was confirmed by experiments with down.

We may summarize the advantages of the double mast rig with swinging jib-boom as follows:

1. The drive of the mainsail is increased by the minimum disturbance in the air due to the sharp wind cutting fore edge of the sail.
2. The same "coupled funnel" system is in effect on all courses (also with the wind abeam).
3. Spinnaker and shifting sail maneuvers are no longer necessary. (See Photographs Nos. 7 and 9.)
4. Complete rigidity of the mainsail and hence its increased efficiency (drive).
5. No twist in the upper parts of the mainsail and hence more effective utilization of the force of the wind.
6. Frictionless, and hence the jib-boom swings out easily.
7. The mainsail draws with its greatest projection before the wind; its surface is not decreased by constrained swinging out of the upper part of the sail, as is the case with bent masts.
8. The main boom does not swing in amidships in light airs, as the stretcher itself is the axis on which it turns, and the weight of the main sheet is light.

The thrills and enjoyment of "Play Boating"



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9. The pressure on the mainsheet is so small, being partly counterbalanced by the jib, that no block is necessary.
10. The two sheets replaced by a single sheet. (In spite of sloop rig, the boat can be managed by one hand alone.)
11. Even with the wind abeam, the mainsail draws with its maximum area, as the projection of the sail is not decreased by a lifting of the main boom.
12. As the fore leech of the sail is not attached on a mast, the battens may remain in the sail after the latter is lowered, and the sail may be furled with them in it.
13. The changing of the sails for another set takes only a few minutes, as there is no leech line, no gaff jaws, nor boom fastening to be loosened, and no battens to be changed.
14. The setting and lowering of the sails takes only half the time, as they are hoisted easily, without friction, by only two halliards and without having to fit the runners on the rail on the mast.
15. No shrouds are necessary and there is, therefore, no danger of a shroud breaking or loosening, or of uneven tension.
16. The center of effort of the sail may be instantly shifted at will by changing the rake of the masts, without the shifting of shrouds and shroud cleats.

Thus, as we see, the chief advantage lies in the simplified rig and in the facility with which it may be tended, and thus the increased speed is, in this case, not connected with unusual complications.

Deep Water Sailing

(*Continued from page 50*)

sary for trimming and steadying the spar, and so can be made of small rope. The after-brace does all the work. Ours were made of a stout wire pendant shackled to the yardarm band and having a single block for a rope whip spliced into the other end.

There is no object in having expensive canvas for a square sail, provided it is reasonably strong, for the sail need not stand like a fore and aft sail. Ours was made of a soft flax canvas which was not at all closely woven.

The Raffee

This is a wonderful sail for pulling. In light winds, if we had to lower it when a sheet chafed through, or for any other reason, the ship seemed almost to stop. Ours was made of the sort of duck which might be used for a balloon staysail, and was too light. As we sailed with both topmast preventer backstays always set up aft, we could carry the raffee in a fresh breeze, and sometimes it would tear because it was not strong enough. Like the squaresail, it was made in two separate vertical halves, stopped together. One half could be used at a time, and on one occasion we did this with the result that we pulled that half out of shape and the sail could not be joined together neatly afterwards. I see no object in dividing a raffee, and would sooner have it in one piece. Ours was cut hollow in the foot so as to clear the jib halliards, and this I think is a mistake, because when the sail is full of wind it bunts out clear of them. A lot of valuable canvas would be gained by giving the sail a moderately rounded foot. At the start our raffee was fitted with a headstick about four feet long. (See photo 4.) This was a mistake, as the stick gave a lot of trouble by fouling the topmast backstays and other gear when the sail was being hoisted. We condemned the stick and just bunched up the head of the sail. A small semicircular board in the head would be the best thing.

I have never met with any sail which is as troublesome to handle as a raffee; but it does such splendid work that one must put up with its vagaries. In theory it is simple enough; you bend on the halliards and sheets and hoist away. In practice it is quite otherwise. One is dealing with the longest halliards in the ship. The spinnaker halliard block was 65 feet from the deck. The squaresail is almost always set before the raffee goes up, and bellies out so that it is very difficult to see whether the halliards lead clear when they are bent on to the raffee. One of the

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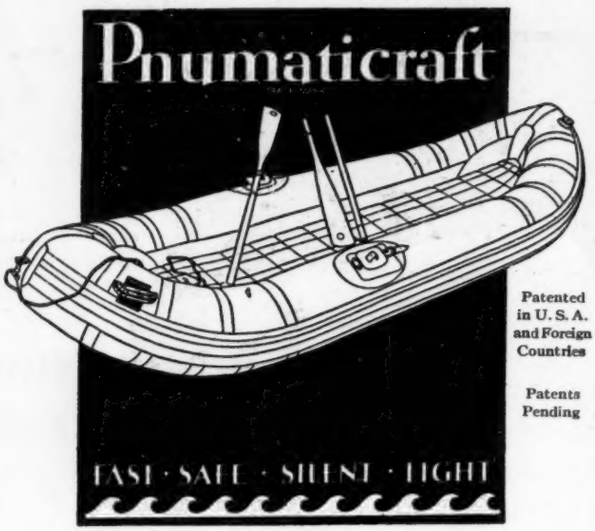

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sheets must be passed around outside the luffrope of the jib. It is absolutely necessary to have a downhaul on the head of the sail, and leading down on the foreside of it. In addition we found it best to use one part of the jib topsail halliards, rove through a thimble on the head of the sail, as a jackstay. This leads down abaft the sail. All this sounds complicated and we only arrived at it by degrees. But we found it necessary, for the sail was of about 450 square feet and could be carried in a fresh breeze. When running one sometimes does not realize the strength of the wind until one comes to reduce canvas.

The ship is generally rolling freely when she is running, and as soon as a raffee is hoisted up clear of the square-sail it forms a sort of balloon which sways wildly from side to side with every roll. If it is set without a downhaul, or should a downhaul break, there is no means of lowering the sail below the level of the yard, so this rope is vitally necessary. It took us some time to learn all the little tricks of our raffee, but once we knew them we never had any difficulty in getting the sail off her in a moment. This is all the easier, because once it is below the level of the yard it is quite becalmed and drops gently to the deck. The setting of it was always rather troublesome, owing to the difficulty of seeing that the ropes lead clear. The photograph gives some idea of the way in which the sails bunt out. Fortunately, as long as a sail can be got off the ship in quick time it does not much matter if the setting is rather troublesome. (See photo 6.)

Sailing for days and weeks on end, dead before the wind, is an extraordinary experience; somehow it scarcely seems like real sailing. This I think is partly due to the feel of the helm, for, of course, the ship does not take any steady helm as she does on all other points of sailing. With each succeeding sea she tends to sheer a little, this way or that, and has to be steadied now on one side and now on the other. One makes splendid progress; with our square rig the ship would do about 5 knots in very light breezes, and would reach 7 as soon as there was any heart to the breeze. But the rolling is incessant, and really trying at times. Sometimes we used to set the trysail, sheeted flat aft, to steady the ship, which it did to some extent; but it spoiled the balance on the helm and so we generally just rolled along without it.

When running before a strong wind, the West Country fishermen sometimes set a staysail "across the deck," and this plan was sometimes so useful to us that it is worth mention. (See photo 7.) The sail is unhanked from the forestay and tacked down by the shrouds on one side, and sheeted on the other. We carried a wire spinnaker-boom topping-lift, and used to set this up taut on one side so that we could run the staysail up it on the hanks. In a yacht without ratlines the fore shroud might be used. Set thus the staysail makes a splendid sail for running before a hard wind. It cannot possibly get out of control, and does a surprising amount of work. Sometimes we logged 7 with no other canvas set.

The conclusions which I think may be drawn from our long run are that it is worth while providing the largest workable sail area. That the yard must be rigidly attached to the mast and is certainly more convenient than when it is in two halves. That the gear must be strong, and that it is useless to fit anything but chain in certain places. The owner, in fact, must not look upon this part of his outfit as a sort of makeshift for running before the wind, but must provide a real square rig as an alternative to his ordinary rig. If he does this he will be certain of making a fast fair wind passage and will have no trouble with his gear. I do not think that the Trade wind passage across the Atlantic would be exactly comfortable in any yacht less than about 100 feet long, because of the quick roll which all small craft have, but it is a glorious sailing experience and leaves a memory of real deep water sailing which will last a lifetime. It is such memories as these

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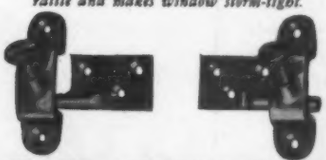

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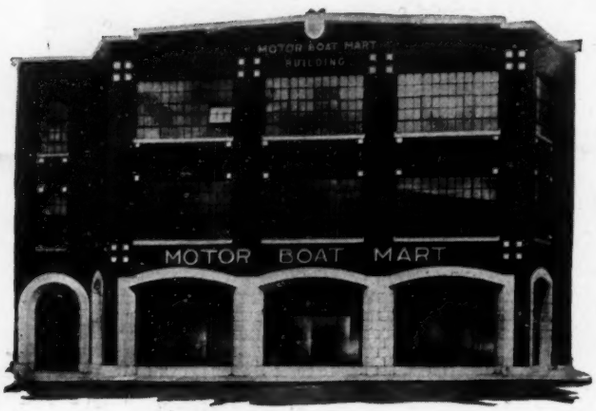

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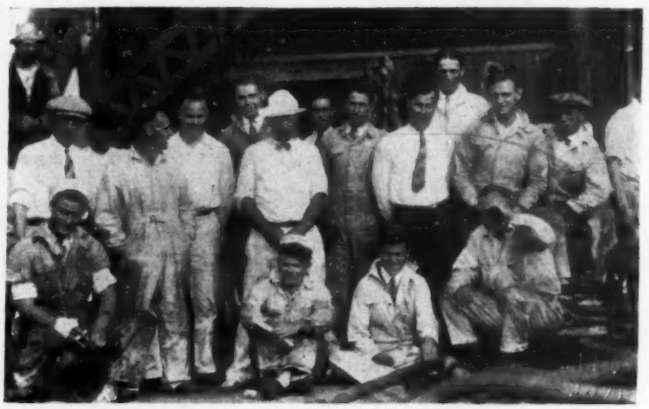
(To be continued)

Havana Sets the Pace

(Continued from page 48)

STOCK RUNABOUTS

		Total Point Score (both heats)	Total Time (both heats)
Mater III	M. Macias	578	29:22
Sea Wolf	E. Wolfe	722	22:54
C-12	F. Boone	648	26:44
C-11 Miss Alice	C. Debrawer	578	29:22



The crews of the speed boats which raced off Havana in March.

BISCAYNE BABIES

Habana	R. Suero	722	25:03
No. 15	G. Bradfield	689	26:46
No. 23	C. Pease	648	28:48
No. 12	Paul Prigg	289	D.N.F.

151-CLASS

Miss Buckeye	G. Bradfield	724	22:07 (Winner)
Miss Rioco	R. Snoddy	724	22:49 (Second)
Miss California	D. Loynes	722	20:18 (3rd)

SPECIAL CLASS

Miss Okeechobee	Mrs. W. Conners	800	27:09
Miss Largo II	W. Crowson	722	27:47

FREE-FOR-ALL

Miss America V	Gar Wood	800	21:39	Total 12 laps
Miss Okeechobee	Mrs. W. Conners	722	22:34	
Miss Largo II	W. Crowson	648	27:16	
C-12	F. Boone	578	17:01	5 laps only
C-11	C. Debrawer	256	17:38	

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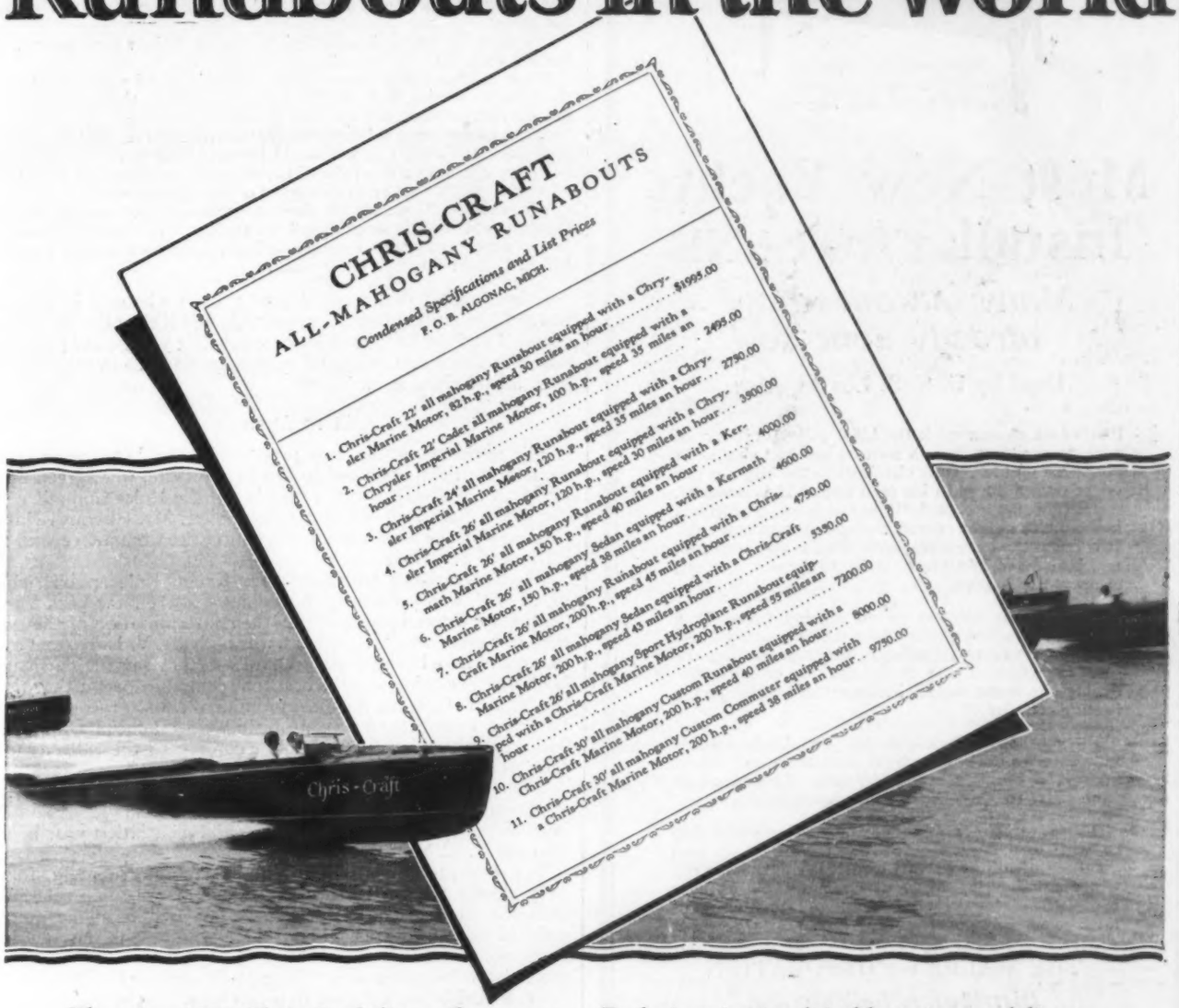
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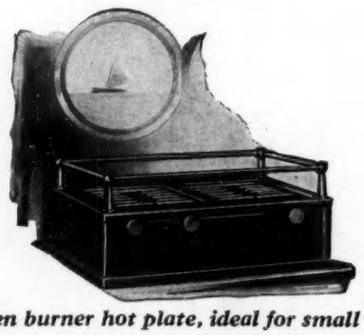

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Right of Way Problems and Answers

(*Continued from page 91*)

As far as the other rules are concerned, in refutation of his argument based upon them I quote from the "Handbook of American Yacht Racing Rules," edited by the old regatta committee of the New York Yacht Club.

Question: Whether before the start a leeward yacht may luff slowly at pleasure without considering whether an overlapping boat to windward is overtaking, converging, or not, is to be considered a correct ruling? If not, when does the right of a leeward boat to create converging courses by luffing cease?

Answer: Before the starting signal, no question of proper course can arise.

(1) If either yacht is overtaking, the conditions are covered by Racing Rule XII, Sec. 6, Clauses (a) and (b).

(2) If neither yacht is overtaking, the windward yacht must keep clear, under Racing Rule XII, Sections 3 and 4. As the leeward yacht has the right-of-way, she may luff slowly, at pleasure, but the leeward yacht must not start a luff when in a position where by Racing Rule XII, Sec. 6, Clause (a), she would be forbidden to continue to luff.

Under the above conditions, the leeward yacht might carry the windward yacht past or to windward of the starting mark.

When the starting signal is given, there is a proper course, and the leeward yacht should bear away from the line if in a position to do so. If the windward yacht has an overlap on the new course then the leeward yacht must give her room.

It is apparent that most of your readers who sent in answers learned their rules from this handbook, and if the rules have been changed and the handbook become obsolete you should publish a notice to that effect, with the supporting data, so as to put us all back on the right track.

Our Answer

The decision on the two protests in the January number, answers to which appeared in the March issue, was agreed upon by Mr. C. Sherman Hoyt, a member of the Rules Committee of the North American Yacht Racing Union; Mr. Gherardi Davis, Chairman of the New York Yacht Club Race Committee; and the Editors of YACHTING.

The Handbook of American Yacht Racing Rules, published by us, in 1923, was written by the members of the New York Yacht Club Race Committee, and was their interpretation of the rules then in force. At that time there was no N. A. Y. R. U., and each race committee interpretated the rules as they saw fit. The Handbook interpretation was the best that could be done at that time, the N. Y. Y. C. being the most prominent club in racing matters, to whose committee many protests were unofficially appealed. This committee wrote the book according to the rules as they then were, and as they interpreted these rules.

The change of rule making a starting mark a mark of the course at the preparatory gun was made some two years later, and has been so published in numerous club and association year books, also the N. A. Y. R. U. book.

The interpretations in the Handbook, unfortunately, follow very closely the British interpretations of the same rules. For instance, as to a "proper course." The Britons make quite a point of this. On the other hand, there is nothing in the American rules, nor has there been in the past, any reference in the American *rules* to "proper course." If you will read the Handbook carefully, we think you will find that this is so. It is in the *interpretation* of the rules, by the committee which wrote the Handbook — and not in the rules themselves.

Very few race committees with whom we have come in contact accept, in full, the British interpretations. Wherefore, certain Handbook interpretations have not been accepted in various quarters. Nevertheless, we believe the Handbook, as a whole, is an excellent piece of work. It is the only explanation of the American rules which has ever been published, to our knowledge.

The officials of the N. A. Y. R. U. are well aware of the fact that there is need for a new book, similar to the Handbook, with interpretations of both old and new rules by a representative Rules Committee of the Union, rather than a committee of a single club. However, this is quite a task, and one which they have been unable to undertake so far. We hope they will be able to tackle the job in the near future.

Regarding luffing before the start: While the rules say that the weather boat shall keep clear, they do not give the leeward yacht the right to luff *unless she is an overtaken boat.* In the case to which we are referring, she was not an overtaken boat, and therefore had no right to luff the weather yacht.

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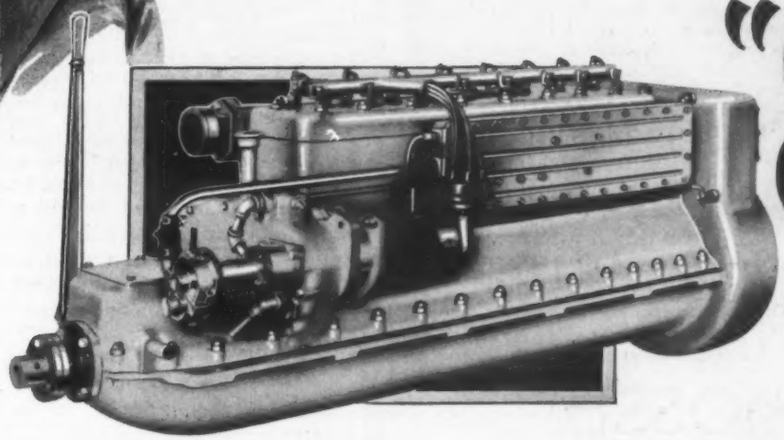

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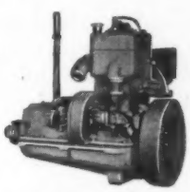

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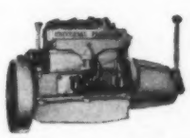

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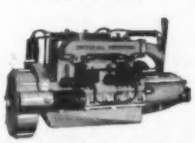

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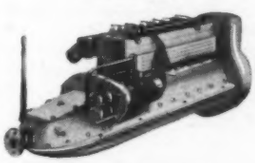

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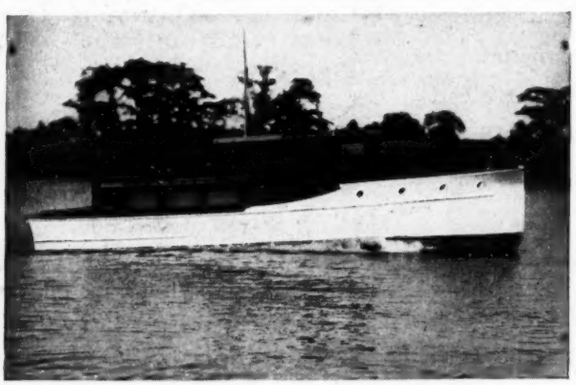

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EDWIN M. HILL, Pemaquid Harbor, Maine

Sound Interclubs Win in Bermuda

(*Continued from page 51*)

up and all but nipped him at the finish, the difference being one second.

The last day, Wednesday, gave them wind aplenty, twenty knots and better, and in the puffs they had all they wanted to cart with single reefs. Over the triangular course again, they finished about as they started. *Ahab* was the only one to try a port tack start, and she got away with it, crossing the bows of the whole fleet. Not only that, but she kept going and stretched the lead out into a minute and a quarter over *Aileen*, which finished second, with *Babette*, Sound champion last summer, in a good third place. *Longtail*, late at the start, never had a chance to get up within hailing distance of the fleet. As usual, *Atlantis* came in first of the Bermuda boats, which meant fourth place this time, and saved the point that won her individual honors.

It looks decidedly as though the Interclubs averaged to be better boats than the Bermudians, who had two tail-enders out of the fleet of four, and anybody who has watched the Interclubs will tell you that there aren't four harder men to down in a team race than the four who sailed the American team. However that may be, the Bermudians are so far from discouraged that they are coming to Long Island Sound next September for a return match.

The spectator fleet, though remarkably large, was nicely policed by Captain C. A. Sarel and Lieutenant Commander Norwood, of the Royal Navy, while the race committee, Commander G. M. Ridgway, E. F. Darrell, and Maxwell Allen, handled the races perfectly. As one American skipper put it, "Windward legs were windward legs and starting and finishing lines were perfect." A more amicably, not to say cordially, conducted series of team races would be hard to imagine, and all are anxious to continue the race as an annual affair.

The summaries of the four races:

FIRST TEAM RACE — START, 2:00 — COURSE, 8 MILES

Yacht and Owner.	*Finish H. M. S.*	*Points*
Atlantis, E. H. Trimingham (B.)	4:06:03	8¼
Starling, J. Pearman (B.)	4:10:14	7
Babette, J. B. Shethar (U. S.)	4:10:16	6
Ahab, E. A. Sachs (U. S.)	4:11:29	5
Chinook, G. Lauder, Jr. (U. S.)	4:11:30	4
Aileen, C. Shields (U. S.)	4:15:12	3
Sea Witch, K. Trimingham (B.)	4:16:27	2
Longtail, E. C. Gosling (B.)	4:16:53	1

SECOND RACE — START, 10:45 — COURSE, 9 MILES

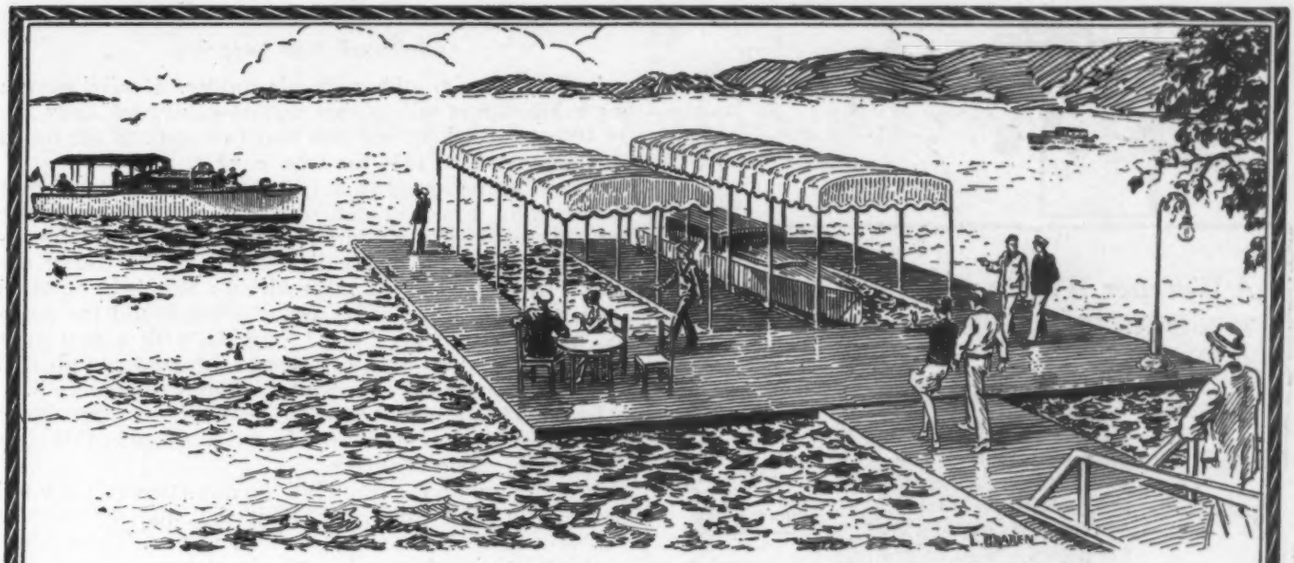
Babette, J. B. Shethar (U. S.)	12:22:04	14¼
Atlantis, E. Trimingham (B.)	12:22:35	15¼
Aileen, C. Shields (U. S.)	12:25:36	9
Ahab, E. A. Sachs (U. S.)	12:26:23	10
Starling, J. E. Pearman (B.)	12:26:40	11
Sea Witch, Lloyd Jones (B.)	12:28:05	5
Longtail, E. C. Gosling (B.)	12:29:34	3
Chinook, G. Lauder (U. S.)	Withdrew	6

THIRD RACE — START, 2:45 — COURSE, 8 MILES

Aileen, C. Shields (U. S.)	4:29:53	17¼
Ahab, E. A. Sachs (U. S.)	4:29:54	17
Atlantis, E. H. Trimingham (B.)	4:30:57	21¼
Sea Witch, L. Jones (B.)	4:30:58	10
Chinook, G. Lauder (U. S.)	4:31:00	10
Babette, J. B. Shethar (U. S.)	4:31:10	17¼
Longtail, E. C. Gosling (B.)	4:31:28	5
Starling, J. E. Pearman (B.)	4:31:52	12

FOURTH RACE — START, 2:30 — COURSE TRIANGULAR, 9 MILES

	H. M. S.	
Ahab, E. A. Sachs (U. S.)	4:01:18	25¼
Aileen, C. Shields (U. S.)	4:02:34	24¼
Babette, J. B. Shethar (U. S.)	4:02:57	23¼
Atlantis, E. H. Trimingham (B.)	4:05:11	26¼
Sea Witch, L. Jones (B.)	4:05:47	14
Chinook, G. Lauder (U. S.)	4:08:35	13
Starling, J. E. Pearman (B.)	4:09:54	14
Longtail, E. C. Gosling (B.)	4:16:58	6



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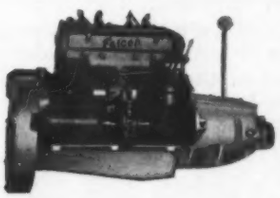

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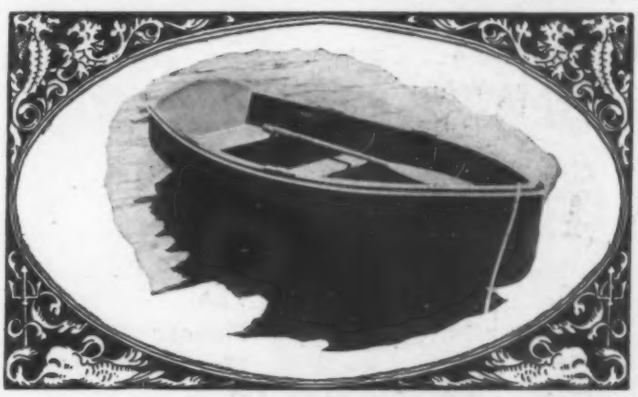

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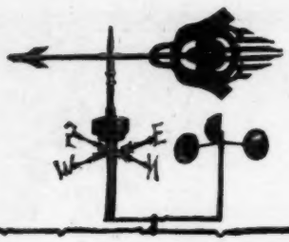

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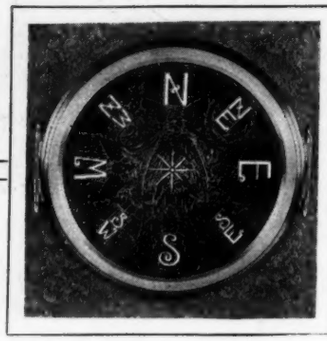

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East and West Meet on the Pacific

(*Continued from page 46*)

as he had some trouble with his rudder. *Maribel* gave a fine exhibition of sailing that last day and beat *Lady Pat* by 40 seconds. With one first and two seconds she rolled up 19¼ points to 14½ for *Live Yankee*.

It is to be regretted that *Live Yankee* did not sail that last day. It was a golden opportunity to demonstrate her claimed ability in a breeze, and she failed to take advantage of it. The breeze that day took its toll of the fleet. *Friendship* lost her mast within a couple of hundred yards of the start. *Heather* and *Patricia* found the going too hard and did not finish, *Priscilla*, with a new mast that buckled, did not start, *Harpoon* doused her jib and withdrew on the last leg, *Almardine* split her mainsail.

In the 45-foot class the schooner *Wilitie* romped home a winner, but the cup for the four day series in this class went to the sloop *Holdiran*.

In summing up the results of the races two things stand out clearly. The first is the fact that the overlapping jibs proved their case in American waters. Those boats that used them effectively undoubtedly were faster than those that did not use them. In light to moderate weather they were invaluable. On the last day *Maybe* carried her big jib in the 30-mile breeze that was blowing. She finished third that day, but whether the sail helped her or not in a wind of that strength is uncertain, as neither *Lanai* nor *Clytie* carried theirs that day, being content with working jibs. They certainly gave the boats life in light breezes, and in the case of *Lanai*, at least, made a good moderate and light weather boat out of what was considered before only a heavy weather boat. It goes to prove also that *Maybe's* great showing in the Scandinavian Cup races was due in large measure to that sail, and the way her crew handled it. *Maybe* would probably have beaten *Lanai* on the coast if the latter had not had a big jib. Also, the outriggers for trimming this sail undoubtedly make it more efficient. The skippers of the western "Sixes" were at somewhat of a disadvantage in this series as they were seeing and using these sails for the first time, whereas most of the Eastern skippers were more or less familiar with how they should be trimmed and handled.

The other outstanding result was that the "Sixes" in all eight races, saved their time handsomely on the "R's." If the "Sixes" had been measured under the Universal Rule, and had been sailing against the R's on time, the leading 20-rater would not have saved her time once. On several occasions the leading "Sixes" passed some of the R's and beat them boat for boat in spite of the ten minutes start of the latter, and once or twice the elapsed time of the "Sixes" was better than the fastest 20-rater and this in breezes that were generally fair and true.

As hosts the California yachtsmen left nothing to be desired. The visitors were entertained most hospitably. There were dinners, smokers and diversions of all kinds, and the wonder is that they had energy left to race. And last, but not least, the race committee composed of Milton Hesselberger, D. M. Callis, J. Park Dougall, F. H. Bosbyshell, H. B. (Skip) Warren, C. M. Neuner and E. W. Taylor, assisted by the Sea Scouts, were on the job early and late. Yes, it was a great series, any way one looks at it.

First Race. — Course 9½ miles. Wind W.S.W., moderate to fresh

CLASS R		SIX-METRE CLASS	
Boat	*Elapsed time*		
Live Yankee	1:49:20	*Lanai*	1:52:39
Lady Pat	1:52:27	*Maybe*	1:53:09
Friendship	1:53:36	*Ayayay*	1:53:45
Patricia	1:55:26	*Priscilla*	1:54:17
Pirate	1:56:26	*Clytie*	1:55:28
Heather	1:58:19	*Synnove*	1:56:00
Maribel	1:59:40	*Harpoon*	1:56:44
Lady Gay	2:07:49	*Corinthian III.*	1:56:47
		Smiles	1:58:53

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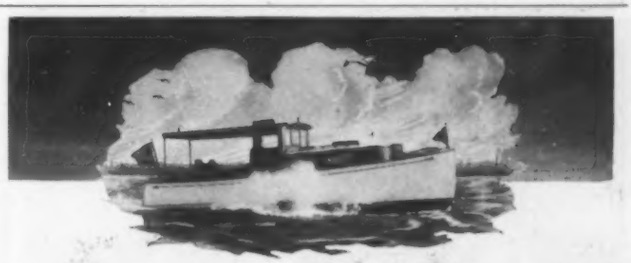

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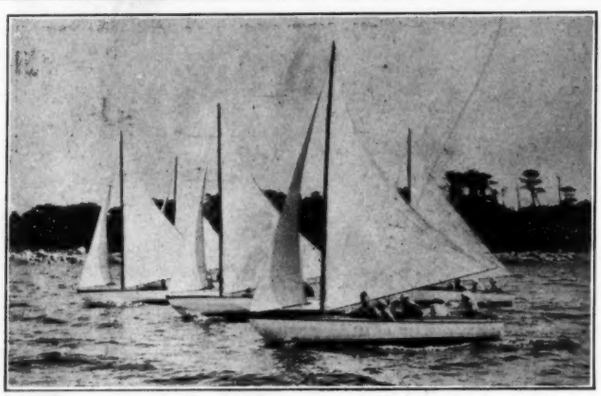

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Second Race. — Course, 6 miles, triangular. Wind S.W. to W., very light

CLASS R

Boat	Elapsed time
Friendship	2:53:15
Lady Pat	2:57:15
Live Yankee	2:59:50
Pirate	3:01:00
Patricia	3:01:12
Maribel	3:01:14
Heather	3:27:50
Lady Gay	D.N.F.

SIX-METRE CLASS

Corinthian III	2:45:53
Harpoon	2:50:15
Priscilla	2:50:23
Smiles	2:50:32
Synnove	2:50:50
Lanai	2:53:33
Maybe	3:08:38
Clytie	3:13:00
Ayayay	3:13:08

Third Race. — Course, 12 miles, triangular. Wind S.W. to W., light

CLASS R

Boat	Elapsed time
Lady Pat	2:40:40
Live Yankee	2:43:40
Friendship	2:47:47
Pirate	2:49:53
Patricia	2:55:50
Maribel	3:02:12
Heather	3:08:40
Lady Gay	D.N.S.

SIX-METRE CLASS

Priscilla	2:46:31
Harpoon	2:49:37
Lanai	2:50:11
Clytie	2:50:31
Corinthian III	2:50:34
Ayayay	2:52:42
Synnove	2:53:10
Maybe	2:56:29
Smiles	2:57:10

Fourth Race. — Course, 15½ miles for Class R; 9½ miles for Six-metre. Wind moderate, westerly, increasing

CLASS R

Boat	Elapsed time
Live Yankee	2:49:13
Pirate	2:53:18
Lady Pat	2:54:00
Friendship	2:54:45
Maribel	2:58:05
Patricia	2:59:08

Heather and *Lady Gay* did not start.

SIX-METRE CLASS

Ayayay	1:56:25
Lanai	1:57:14
Maybe	1:57:21
Corinthian III	1:58:18
Clytie	1:58:38
Priscilla	1:59:58
Harpoon	2:00:05
Synnove	2:03:02
Smiles	2:03:30

Fifth Race. — Course, 12 miles. Wind west, light to moderate

CLASS R

Boat	Elapsed time	T. pts.
Live Yankee	2:42:17	37¾*
Lady Pat	2:46:00	35¼
Patricia	2:47:46	22
Friendship	2:50:52	30¼
Pirate	2:51:05	25
Maribel	2:55:30	15

*Winner, Lee Challenge Cup.

SIX-METRE CLASS

Maybe	2:44:32	29¼
Priscilla	2:46:28	34¼†
Clytie	2:47:25	25
Harpoon	2:47:30	28
Ayayay	2:47:58	26¼
Lanai	2:48:04	32¼
Synnove	2:48:26	17
Corinthian III	2:49:35	24¼
Smiles	2:51:28	10

†Winner, Meyer Challenge Cup.

SECOND SERIES — MARCH 16–18

First Race. — Course, 12 miles. Wind westerly, fresh

CLASS R

Boat	Elapsed time
Live Yankee	2:15:57
Maribel	2:19:05
Friendship	2:20:25
Pirate	2:22:10
Lady Pat	2:23:23
Patricia	2:25:25

SIX-METRE CLASS

Lanai	2:17:40
Clytie	2:19:05
Harpoon	2:21:50
Corinthian III	2:22:10
Maybe	2:22:50
Priscilla	2:24:06
Ayayay	2:25:20
Synnove	2:26:45
Smiles	2:28:15

Second Race. — Course, 12 miles. Wind westerly, fresh

CLASS R

Boat	Elapsed time
Live Yankee	1:52:55
Maribel	1:52:55
Patricia	1:55:30
Pirate	1:55:45
Lady Pat	1:56:35
Friendship	1:57:12
Heather	1:57:45

SIX-METRE CLASS

Lanai	1:54:50
Clytie	1:56:20
Synnove	1:58:33
Ayayay	1:59:24
Maybe	1:59:34
Corinthian III	2:00:00
Harpoon	2:04:58
Smiles	2:06:53

Third Race. — Course, 9½ miles. Wind west, fresh to strong

CLASS R

Boat	Elapsed time
Maribel	2:09:30
Lady Pat	2:10:10
Pirate	2:10:58
Friendship (Lost mast)	D. N. F.
Heather	D. N. F.
Patricia	D. N. F.
Live Yankee	D. N. S.

SIX-METRE CLASS

Lanai	2:14:18
Clytie	2:14:57
Maybe	2:15:57
Ayayay	2:18:04
Synnove	2:19:05
Corinthian III	2:22:26
Smiles	2:32:45
Harpoon	D. N. F.
Priscilla	D. N. S.

Point Score. — Eastern, 55¾; San Francisco, 46; So. California 30

Assuming a rating of 17.75 for the Sixes measured under the Universal Rule, the differential in time between the two classes is as follows: 6 mile course 2 minutes 58 seconds; 9½ mile course, 4 minutes 42 seconds; 12 mile course, 5 minutes 56 seconds.

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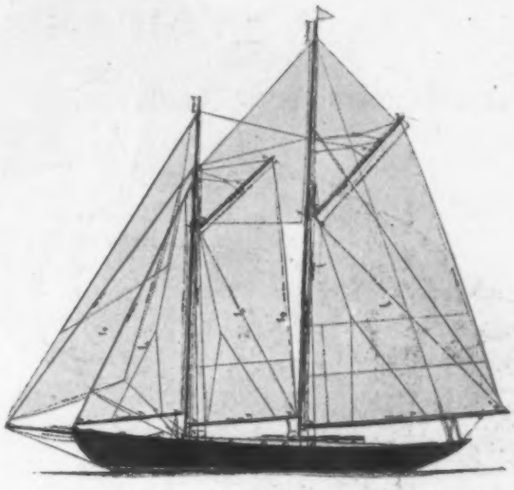

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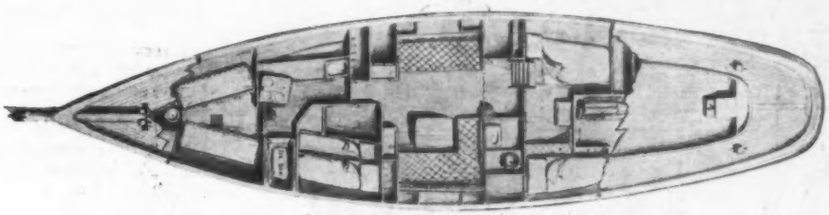

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Of Interest to the Skipper

(*Continued from page 94*)

craft will meet the above suggestion with exactitude.

The New Red Wing Motor

The Red Wing Motor Company, Red Wing, Minn., announce that they have produced their famous BB-Six in a new size. The new model is known as the Thorobred BB-Six "Special." This engine is built along the same general lines as the BB-Six 4¼"–6½" which has been popular for several seasons. The new BB-Six has a 5" bore and a 6" stroke. It weighs 1,250 lbs., with aluminum base, and 1550 lbs. in the medium duty iron base type. The engine can be stepped up to 150 h.p. at 2,000 r.p.m., and with 707 cubic inches of piston displacement it offers the maximum amount of power and speed from a motor of reasonable weight and dimensions. The Red Wing line is now well balanced. Catalogs covering the entire products of the company are now available.

Rockland Standardized Tenders

Every yachtsman appreciates the service of a smart, well built tender — one that will be a credit to the yacht and at the same time carry a heavy burden safely in choppy seas. The Rockland Tender & Rigging Co., P. O. Box 1655, Boston, have brought out a design which gives promise of fulfilling these conditions. The boat is of selected cedar, with mahogany sheerstrake and trim, all copper-riveted; frames and keel are of clear, thoroughly seasoned oak. All brass fittings, cotton fender rope and a pair of leathered spruce oars are regular equipment. Because of standardization in design and production, the price is lower than that charged for custom-built tenders of equal or inferior quality. The price for the 10-foot length is $175.

The boat department of John Wanamaker, New York, is acting as distributor in the New York district; the Walter S. Moreton Corp., 1045 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, serves in a similar capacity for Boston and vicinity; and M. M. Davis & Son, Solomon's Island, Md., are distributors in that locality. Rockland tenders may be secured in 8-, 10-, and 12-foot lengths, and are adapted for outboard motor power. Prompt deliveries can be made if orders are placed early.

New Yacht Block Catalog

The 1928 catalog of Merriman Brothers, Inc., 183 Amory St., Boston, Mass., is being mailed to yacht owners who request it. The catalog, containing many new items of deck and spar fittings, turnbuckles, winches and anchors, is well printed and illustrated and is strongly bound.

Merriman blocks have been favorably known for over 30 years. The line embraces yacht blocks for every purpose.

Drake Sparkman Adds to Staff

Drake H. Sparkman, yacht broker, of 11 East 44th St., New York City, reports that during a recent month 21 yachts were sold through his office.

Mr. Sparkman also announces that Mr. James D. Sparkman, Jr., of New Rochelle, N. Y., and Mr. W. Hayward Powers, of Rye N. Y., have joined his sales organization.

Appel's Uniform Catalog

S. Appel & Co., 16–18 Fulton St., New York City, have issued a neat catalog, descriptive of their uniforms, that will prove of interest to yacht owners. The catalog is well illustrated and covers uniform requirements for owners and all departments of the crew.

Johnson's Latest Model

George T. Johnson and Sons, Cambridge, Md., have developed a new outboard motor boat that combines safety and comfort and which gives promise of speed as well. The boat is named the Johnson Semi-Speed model and is 16 feet long, with beam of 4′ 8″. The deck is covered with canvas from the bow to a length of 4 feet. It is of the "V" bottom type, seam battened, and planked flush. The boat is timbered with white oak, ⅞″ sides and 1″ floor timbers and is finished in either white oak or mahogany trim. This boat appears to be light and strong and one that will have a good turn of speed.

Now with Whites, of Southampton

S. N. Graham, who has been employed for a number of years as chief draughtsman by a well-known English firm, has been appointed to a similar position with Whites Southampton Yachtbuilding & Engineering Co., Ltd., Itchen, Southampton, England.

Rice Bros. Open Maine Show Room

Rice Brothers Corporation, East Boothbay, Maine, manufacturers of standardized motor boats and outboards, have opened a large show room at 26 Forest Ave., Portland, Maine. The exhibit consists of their 18-foot models of standardized mahogany motor boats with Universal engines, their 14-foot mahogany family runabout, Debutante, for outboard motor, and of marine engines and outboards.

Fay & Bowen Appoint Dealers

Fay & Bowen Engine Co., Geneva, New York, builders of famous power boats and marine engines, have appointed the Knox Marine Exchange, Camden, Maine, as their representatives along the Maine coast. Mr. John Bird, manager of the Knox Marine Exchange, has had much experience in marine affairs. Walter H. Moreton Co., Inc., of Boston, are handling the Fay-Bow "Middy" in the Boston territory. The "Middy" is a 16-foot outboard motor boat which has attained a deserved popularity.

Joins Cox & Stevens

Ralph C. Megargel, an active member of the Cruising Club of America, has joined the brokerage staff of Cox & Stevens, Inc. Mr. Megargel's main activity will be in connection with the buying, selling, and chartering of sailing and auxiliary yachts.

Portland, Oregon, Has Motor Boat Show

One of the most successful of the season's many motor boat shows was that conducted in Portland, Oregon.

Many of the leading concerns in the industry were represented, either by direct factory or distributor's exhibition. Of particular interest were the exhibit of the Beebe Co., of Portland, who handle the products of Wilcox Crittenden & Co., as well as the entire line of the Kermath Manufacturing Co., and that of the Evinrude Motor Co.

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BARBASOL SKIN FRESHENER
A Tonic Stimulant After Shaving—After Bathing Any Time
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At All Druggists

LET YOUR FACE DECIDE

You may think there couldn't be any better shaving preparation than your present favorite. Maybe you're right.

But millions of happy shavers think BARBASOL has everything else beaten at least *three* ways: *faster, smoother, closer.* We hope *they're* right.

Why not settle this shaving question the modern American way?

Make this 3-day test

Use your favorite shaving soap just the way you use it every day — lather up, rub in, hot towel, lather again — but *only on one side* of your face.

Now wet down *the other side* — with hot water or cold, so long as it's wet—and spread on a film of creamy, cooling BARBASOL. No brush. No lathering. No rub-in. Just shave! Like this:

1 — Wash the face (and leave it wet)
2 — Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in).
3 — Shave!
Do this three successive days, and —

Let Your Face Decide!

It will tell you, smartly, which is the soap side, alkali burn and razor pull and beard resistance.

It will tell you, coolly, the BARBASOL side is all smooth and soft—pliant with the natural oils left right in the skin. Just as we said: *Faster, Smoother, Closer.*

All druggists 35c and 65c. Send 10c for generous trial tube.
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